

Four questions people ask about life insurance dividends

1. What is a dividend?

In a mutual company such as Metropolitan, the premium paid by the policyholder is fixed at an amount somewhat greater than the company expects will be needed under normal conditions to pay for the cost of furnishing the insurance. This is a safety measure, in order to make sure that the company has on hand at all times sufficient funds to cover any unforeseen contingencies that may arise.

The policyholder receives back, in the form of dividends, such amounts as past experience and present conditions indicate are not needed for the current cost of insurance or for the maintenance of the necessary reserve funds which assure payment of future policy obligations. Dividends are not usually available, of course, in the very early policy years.

2. How are dividends arrived at?

After premiums and interest from investments have been credited... after payments to policyholders and beneficiaries, and expenses, have been met... after the reserve which is required by law to insure the payment of future obligations has been set aside... and after provision has been made for an extra safety fund (the maximum of which is limited by law)... any funds remaining are available for dividends. The company apportions and distributes these funds to individual policyholders in such a manner that the dividend on each policy represents the refund due on that policy for the particular year.

3. Why do dividends sometimes fluctuate from year to year?

When you read the answer to this question, you may wonder why dividends don't fluctuate more!

The actual cost of life insurance depends primarily on three factors: the claim rate among the policyholders, the interest earned, and the running expense of the company. Any material change in any of these factors may increase or may lower the actual cost of insurance.

For instance, when a life insurance company receives less in interest, insurance must cost more than it otherwise would. During the last ten years, there has been a substantial decline in interest income on most forms of investments available to life insurance companies. The savings resulting from a lower death rate and Metropolitan's slightly



Every day, hundreds of policyholders consult Metropolitan agents for services or information concerning their Metropolitan policies. Frequently the questions they ask have to do with dividends.

lower expense rates (except for taxes) have not been sufficient to offset such reductions in interest earnings.

As a result, the amount available for dividends, during the period of declining interest rates, has been reduced.

4. In what manner may I use my dividend?

If you own an Ordinary life insurance policy in Metropolitan, you may use your dividend in any one of four ways.

- (a) You can receive your dividend in cash.
- (b) You can apply your dividend toward the payment of premiums.
- (c) Except in the case of Term insurance, you can use your dividend to purchase additional paid-up life insurance. Any such insurance, purchased in this manner, will be added to the face amount which your present policy will have at death or upon maturity.
- (d) You can leave dividends with the Company to accumulate interest.

It is not feasible, of course, to make all of the above options available for Industrial or Group policies.

No matter how you elect to use your dividends, the final result is this: dividends reduce the amount you pay for your life insurance to the actual cost of providing it.

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This is Number 30 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

**Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company**
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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OCTOBER 5, 1940

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COVER

MARTHA SAWYERS

ANY WEEK

WHAT fate harbors for the Honorable William D. Keller of Lancaster, California, we wouldn't even try to guess, but Judge Keller will not be diffident about accepting it. We discovered this in the want ads where we read: "Lost: Brief case, brown, lost in Glendale or Pasadena, engraved Judge Bill Keller, six years a judge at thirty-two, independent candidate for Congress. Finder please contact Judge Bill Keller."

NOT that we were surprised. Nor should you be. California is no place for the human violet. When we read Judge Keller's plea for brief case and self we had just returned from Lake Arrowhead where, unbidden, we had been a sort of outside witness of the celebration of the wedding of Miss Ethel-Mary Hamilton and Mr. Harold Spurrier Anderson, Jr. As this agreeable ceremony was held an aviator swooped up and down the heavens, twelve thousand feet above the heads of Miss Hamilton, Mr. Anderson and guests. Nor did he leave until he had written in huge letters E.M.H. and H.S.A. surrounding his skywriting with an enormous, and what seemed to us, a hotly smoking heart.



WE'D have seen more had we had time and reaped additional proof that the rest of the world can go to hell in its own way but California will go on being California. We're sorry, however, that we didn't meet the gentleman who is universally conceded in Hollywood to have been that celluloid colony's uttermost word in The True Spirit of the Studios. He died a few months ago. A director was telling us about him, saying that there is a movement to erect a heroic monument to his memory. Anyway, he was the author of Hollywood's most terrific social code, adhering to it personally with complete observance. It consisted in the simple rites of greeting. If he met a fellow worker whose salary was a hundred dollars a week or less he not only refused to salute him but was careful to avoid looking in his direction. The two-hundred-dollar drudge got looked at but without a smile. At three hundred dollars you got a small smile but no words. Five hundred dollars a smile and "Hello, there." And so on up the social scale until it came to directors, producers and top-bracket stars who rated kisses, hugs and repeated congratulations

upon their beauty, excellent health and unrivaled successes. "The guy rates a monument," said our friend. "Personally, I was in favor of having him stuffed and mounted on the monument."

WE'RE glad to step aside for a moment for a letter from Mr. William B. Berger, a Chicago lawyer, brother of the late Mr. Henry A. Berger who was a trustee of the Chicago Sanitary District. In one of John T. Flynn's articles on the dolorous effects of machine politics in Chicago, it was said that all of the trustees were indicted by the Cook County Grand Jury. This, Mr. Berger notifies us, was "a misstatement of facts." Collier's and Mr. Flynn regret it. "My brother Henry," writes Mr. Berger, "was never indicted. He appeared before the grand jury that indicted the other trustees, waived immunity and, undoubtedly, they had nothing upon which to indict him."

THE northwest of our currently bewildered nation is regarding President Roosevelt's latest Canadian program with some misgivings. We talked to a number of people who think they foresee annexation or, lest they offend the Canadians, consolidation. A Mr. Dewdissi of Helena, Montana, told us that he's against it if it means the absorption of Alberta's premier, the Honorable Bible Bill Aberhart. Mr. Dewdissi thinks, oddly enough, that we have all the interesting governmental theories we need just now and that we can get along without the Aberhart version of Social Credit. "One of Bill Aberhart's stooges was on the radio the other night warning Canada against this Roosevelt plot to protect Canada into the custody of the United States. He gave both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie quite a massaging. I thought you might like his line on Mr. Willkie. He called him The Rich Man's Roosevelt."

WE GOT to Oregon just in time to receive a report on the shot- or beach-huckleberry situation. Mr. John B. Footcomber of Portland, had just returned from the shot-berry community of Wheeler where, he said, the crop is being harvested by men, women and bears. "The rivalry is high," said Mr. Footcomber, "and the crop is plentiful. It's nothing at all to see human pickers competing with the bears—the bears licking the berries off here and the pickers working like mad yonder. They all get along fine, however, the bears being vegetarians and the pickers having no hunting licenses. Once in a while you have to kick a bear away from your bush and occasionally you'll find a bear helping himself out of your berry basket. But there's seldom any trouble. Some of the men and women are kicking a bit because the bears pay no attention to working hours, refusing

to knock off at six o'clock. But the Agriculture Department agents have promised to do something about that."



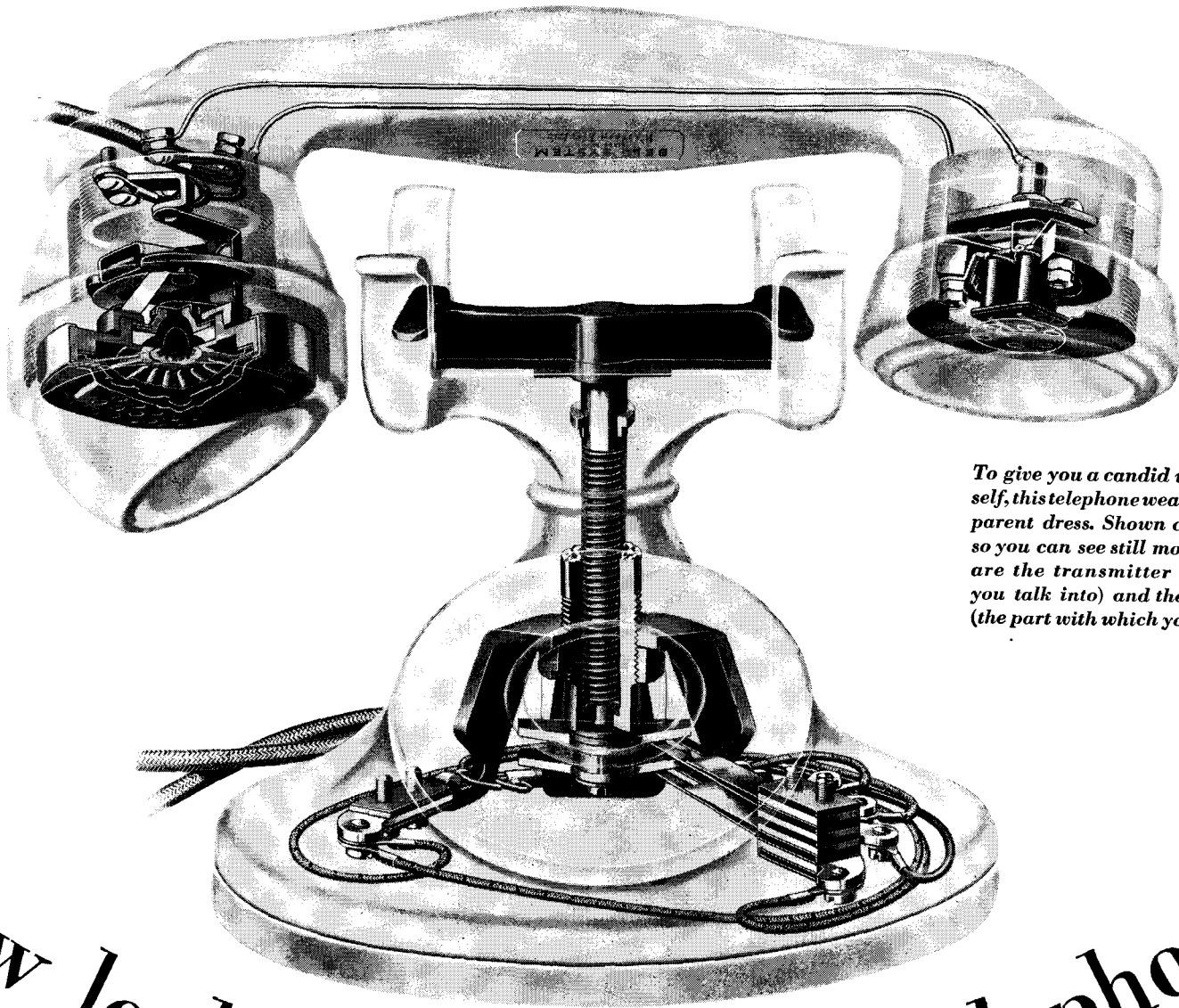
IN DENVER, Colorado, a gentleman was exhorting a group of citizens from a trailer which told us that he was Ben Gropping, Founder and Candidate of the Worldwide American Benefits Party. We missed the first part of Mr. Gropping's talk but we did get this: That as the United States was once owned by England, so, soon, would the United States own England. We'd take her over for her own good, to say nothing of the money she owed us. Germany would find herself bankrupt and hungry and appeal successfully to us to take her in. It followed, said Mr. Gropping, that France, Italy, Russia and others would come along. United we'd conquer Japan and take China just to round out the job. The only comment we heard was from a gentleman in the audience who said: "I don't know about them Chinks. I think this guy's goin' too far."

BUT perhaps nothing will come of Mr. Gropping's program. While we're waiting more or less expectantly we shall devote a little time to a friend of ours who applied at an army post for the privilege of observing the life of the enlisted man. He gave the colonel the name of the publication he proposed writing for. But the colonel told him that he'd have to have credentials. And just so our friend should not suffer for the want of directions, the colonel wrote down the following memorandum: "Have editor write to commanding general. Find out what you want. Present yourself to commanding general. Tell general. Follow directions implicitly."

THAT, we think, is the kind of direction this country needs if we're to snap out of our current bemusement. Running around as we do, we are always discovering reasons for thinking that a little tightening up wouldn't hurt us much. One of Utah's statesmen, motoring up to Idaho's panhandle, talked to us for five minutes about the wisdom of having Henry Wallace as Mr. Willkie's running mate. Watching our chance, we asked him whether he didn't mean Mr. McNary. "Hell, yes," said he. "But what's the difference?"

ONE'S supposed to be a Republican. W.D.

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To give you a candid view of itself, this telephone wears a transparent dress. Shown cut away, so you can see still more detail, are the transmitter (the part you talk into) and the receiver (the part with which you listen).

Now look **INSIDE** *your telephone*



"You'd never guess this one. It says our telephone has 248 parts."

"And think how seldom it gets out of order!"

To Americans, telephoning is second nature. They do it 94,000,000 times a day. To them, who thus conquer space and time, telephones are a commonplace — these familiar instruments, gateways to 21,000,000 others in the homes and offices of this land.

Making Bell telephones so well that you take them for granted, is the achievement of Western Electric craftsmen. It's what they have learned in doing that job for 58 years. It's the way they make cable, switchboards, vacuum tubes, all the 43,000 designs of apparatus for the Bell System. The excellence of their workmanship thus plays a part in your daily life.

Western Electric . . . is back of your
Bell Telephone service



1. "I was simply stunned when Ann, my roommate, told me the brutal truth . . . that perhaps halitosis (bad breath) was the reason for Jim's recent indifference. 'Better start using Listerine, dear,' she suggested. 'I think you'll get Jim back.'"



2. "I took Ann's advice . . . it's Listerine Antiseptic for me every morning and night and before dates. It's marvelous how fresh it makes the mouth feel and how much sweeter the breath. What a fool any girl is to take her breath for granted! . . . when she may be risking romance and friendships."



3. "Well . . . Jim and I are happy as two larks again, just as Ann predicted. I really owe her a deep debt of thanks for tipping me off to my trouble. Otherwise, Jim might have stayed away for good."

Some cases of halitosis (bad breath) are due to systemic conditions, but most cases, say some authorities, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine

Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter and less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic every day.

Let LISTERINE Antiseptic look after your breath



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Each January Florida holds, usually in Orlando, a cockfighting tournament in which as many as two hundred gamecocks, from a number of countries, are entered at a fee of \$500 a bird. When the purse amounts to \$10,000, as it often does, the winner gets \$5,000, the second bird \$3,000 and the third \$2,000.

One new type of American liquid-cooled airplane engine, which operates best at a temperature of 250 degrees and therefore cannot use water as a cooling agent, employs a coolant called ethylene glycol whose boiling point is 387 degrees. —By Joseph Trojan, Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

Neither the Army nor the Navy has any Negro airplane pilots. The Army, however, has five Negro commissioned officers, the one with the highest rank being Colonel Benjamin O. Davis of the Cavalry.

The Supreme Court of the United States has ruled that a wife may be a competent witness in behalf of her husband in a criminal case, and Arkansas has a law that allows a woman to sue her spouse for personal injury caused by his negligence except when operating a motor vehicle.

Owing to a certain form of epilepsy, some goats are so nervous that they fall in a dead faint when suddenly frightened. —By Louis White Yates, Plainview, Texas.

Many states no longer follow the old common law that a person cannot be indicted and tried for a murder if the victim lives for a year and a day after the assault. For instance, in New York a short time ago, a man was convicted of murder although the deceased did not die from the bullet wound for more than four years.

The 500 songs on the life of Abraham Lincoln constitute the largest number of musical compositions ever written about one man. They consist of approximately 420 nomination and campaign pieces, presidential numbers, emancipation selections and minstrel and comic compositions; and about eighty funeral marches and memorial hymns.

The finest ruled lines in the world are Nobert's lines, made by diamond points on the glass plates used to test the power of microscopes. Some of the plates have more than 225,000 of these hair-lines within the space of one inch.

Fingal's Cave on Staffa, one of the Hebrides Islands off Scotland, is believed to be the only cavern in the world in which one may hear natural musical sounds. It was this "music," produced by the wind playing around the prism-shaped pillars, that inspired Mendelssohn to write his famous overture, Fingal's Cave.

More than half of the people in the world worship in temples that have no seats and that prohibit the wearing of shoes within their doors. —By Dr. Heath Crumbaugh, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Prayer is not an inseparable part of all religious worship. The 150,000 Druses of Syria never pray, believing that it would be both presumptuous and impertinent to ask the Creator to consider their own personal needs and wishes.

The Fountain of Tears in Bakhchisarai, Russia, is one of the world's most romantic memorials. Erected by a Tatar ruler to express his grief at the death of his Polish princess, it has shed a single drop of water once a minute for more than 300 years. —By Mary Birchhead, Baltimore, Maryland.

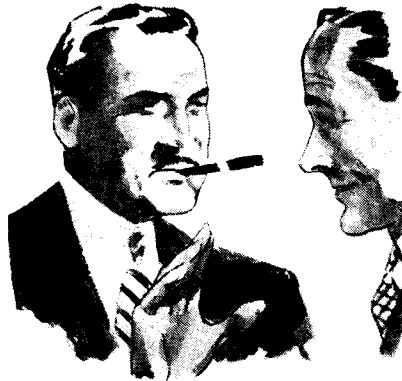
There is no such thing as a flawless emerald, a perfect vacuum, a bulletproof vest, a hiss that echoes, perfectly balanced dice or man-made sea water in which fish can live. —By Allan E. Sloane, Providence, Rhode Island.

As late as 1925, street traffic lights on Fifth Avenue in New York City flashed yellow for "start," red for "caution" and green for "stop." —By Ruth Herschberger, Chicago, Illinois.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



WHAT D'YA MEAN *Double-Checked Fit-* HE GROWLS



1. **THIS CUSTOMER** comes in about 9:30 this morning and he's plenty tough. "Listen," he says, "I've bought a lot of suits in my time and what gets my goat is the way most of 'em *don't* fit. Now what's this I hear about Hart Schaffner & Marx *double-checked* fit?"

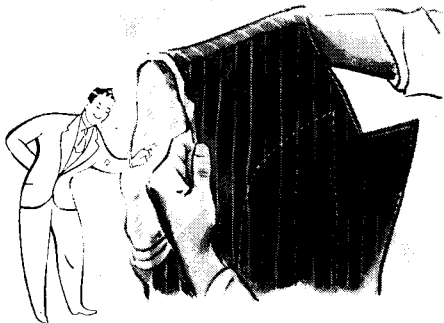
"**SIMPLE AS ABC,**" I tell him, "but awfully important. The fit of every suit we sell is checked *first* in the Hart Schaffner & Marx tailoring shops, then *double-checked* in the store."

2. **HE GIVES ME A FISHY EYE.** "How," he wants to know, "can Hart Schaffner & Marx fit in their shops a guy they've never seen?"

"**THAT'S JUST IT,**" I tell him. "Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes are designed for men of *all* builds. No matter whether you're extra tall, hefty, short, or what have you, they make a model to fit you for they have developed more specialty sizes than any other manufacturer. That's step number one—now take a look at these pictures."



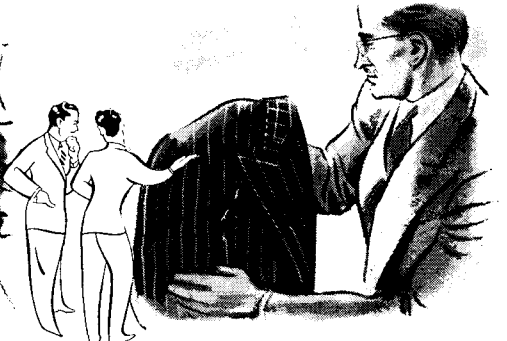
3. **HE GRUNTS A BIT** but I can see he's beginning to thaw. "Here's a step in the evolution of a coat," I explain. "Note how the waistline is beginning to take on a definite shape, both on the sides and in the front. That's so the coat will follow the *contours* of your body and really fit. This is pretty ticklish business, because if anything goes wrong *here* the coat won't *ever* fit. See?"



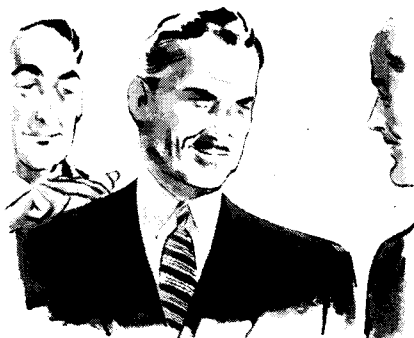
4. **"I CATCH,"** he says, "go on." I show him this picture. "Here they're checking the fit of the shoulders. Shoulders, you know, have to have a certain amount of fullness put in just so, so the coat will hug the shoulders smooth-like but without gripping." He grinned... "I didn't—but it's a good idea."



5. **"EVER HAVE** a coat collar that didn't fit?" I ask him. "Too many of 'em," he snorted. "Exactly," I says, "now here's a hawk-eye making sure the collar of this coat will lie smoothly around the neck. This is an art and takes a lot of skill—and plenty of checking!" He looked impressed.



6. **"WHEN A SLEEVE** marries an armhole," I go on in my best classroom manner, "the hitch has to be smooth or you get no comfort out of the suit." Then I drop a little bombshell in his lap. "And these few checking operations are only the beginning. There are 27 checks altogether." His eyes popped.



7. **BY THIS TIME** the store tailor is laying a tape on the Triple Test Worsted my customer had slipped into. "And here," I explain, "you see the *double-check*—an operation that every store selling Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes has pledged itself to—in order to make certain that you *do* get a perfect fit! When this tailor gets through—the collar, back, sleeves, trousers length, will all fit 100%—and the suit will have a longer life simply because it *does* fit well."

8. **HE STOOD THERE** admiring himself and he was all smiles. "I think," he beamed, "you've shown me how to get rid of one of my pet peeves—poor fitting clothes. Have a cigar—you know your business!" And, wouldn't you know it... the boss didn't even hear him! Just my luck!



Triple Test Worsted

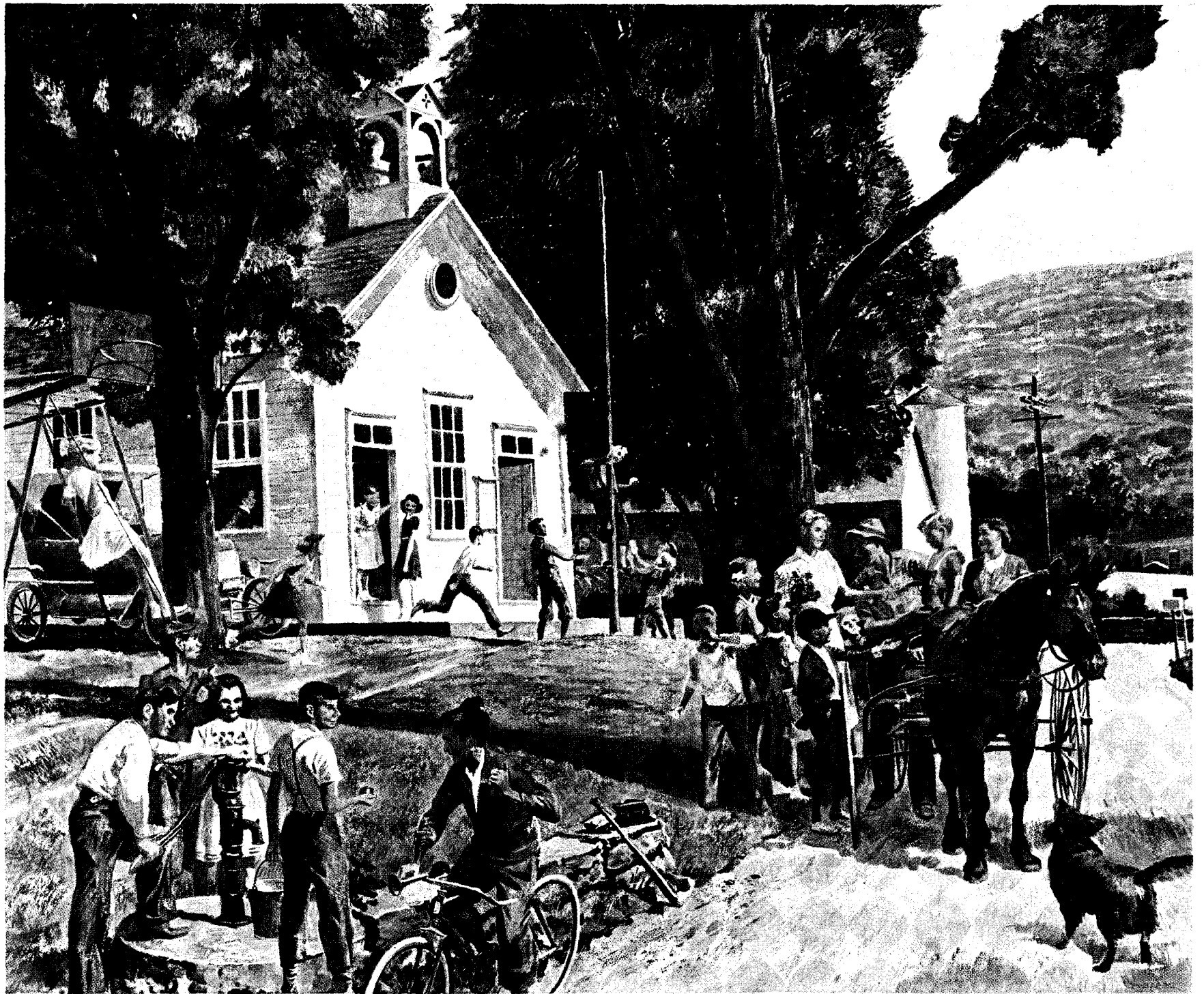
—Hart Schaffner & Marx ace value—is the suit shown here. It's ready for you now in a wide new variety of colors and patterns at a price that, dollar for dollar, unquestionably offers you one of the best clothing buys in the country this fall! And remember... this Triple Test suit, like every Hart Schaffner & Marx suit... **FITS.**

**HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX**

The Trumpeter Label



A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR... A BIG THING TO FIND



Copr. 1940, H. J. Heinz Co.

SCHOOL DAYS

An Old American Institution

IF YOU LIVE to be a hundred, you'll never forget the excitement of the first day at school . . . your hair plastered down with cold water . . . squeaky new shoes . . . a shiny pencil box. Nothing, not even your name in gold on an office door, can equal the pride of writing 4B at the top of your paper—instead of 3A. You're *promoted* . . . to a new room, a new desk, a mysterious new arithmetic book full of the strange workings of long division.

THIS year twenty-three million young Americans in our public schools will be putting down roots into the deep riches of American culture and they will be learning, along with their three R's, the history and traditions, the stories and songs of our great land:

"I love thy rocks and rills
Thy woods and templed hills . . ."

Thy rocks—veiled by the fine, cool spray of waterfalls. *Thy rills*—the shallow brown rivulets, edged

with forget-me-nots, that criss-crossed the low fields, early in spring. *Thy woods*, where you gathered the first pale arbutus for the teacher's desk. *Thy hills*, templed with apple orchards and solemn evergreens...

SUCH are the memories that build up your love of the land—the truest form of patriotism . . . memories of homely sights and sounds, scents and *tastes*. And the *tastes* of childhood linger on the tongue, longer than remembrance of voices, longer than the look of a well-loved room. That's one reason the H. J. Heinz Company, maker of American foods for the past 70 years, has become so important a part of our national scene. Generations of Americans have been brought up with Heinz 57 Varieties—well know the satisfying flavor of Heinz good, old-fashioned cooking.

TIMES change—but good things stay the same. For instance Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Chili Sauce, Oven-

Baked Beans or Heinz new Strained Foods for babies. They are heartening to the soul as well as the body, for they make folks feel more at home in a changing world.

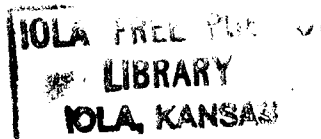
IN a sense, the world-wide use of Heinz old-fashioned foods is a continuation of the neighborliness of other years. Nowadays Heinz helps out with the cooking in many a busy household. Every year more and more of America's favorite foods are added to the Heinz list to bring you modern convenience, along with that well-remembered savor that comes from the finest ingredients, careful cooking, old-time recipes—as dependable as old friends. (57)

H. J. Heinz Company
An Old American Institution

THE DRIFTER

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



Beginning a new novel of the West. The story of a man whose shadow always led him into peril—until at last it led him into love

HE ENTERED town late in the day, stabled his horse at Connoyer's and crossed to the hotel; and when he came to register he held the pen motionless a while, as though the recollection of his full name were an unfamiliar act. On his features, brown-burned by all the years of outdoor life, lay that grave and attentive serenity of a man long accustomed to his own company, to his own resources and solitary whimsies. He signed, "James T. Keene, Dalhart, Texas," in a broad, angular hand and waited for the key.

The clerk said hopefully, "Long way to come."

Keene's bland, "Yes," closed the clerk out. He took the key and turned to the stairs. Dust silvered his clothes, weather had faded them. His hair lay thick and black and ragged against his temples, there was no mark or scar or shadow of any worry on his face. His mouth was broad below a heavy nose, his eyes were of that shade of gray which is almost blue. Riding had trimmed him, and limbered all his muscles so that his boots left almost no noise on the stairs. At the upper landing he looked back with a sudden flip of his head and caught the clerk's following glance, and at that moment his eyes were nearer black than gray, with glass-sharp splinters of interest in them. Thus catching the clerk's off-guard curiosity, he was a man hard and fine-drawn by the habits of his life; the next moment he erased that impression with a smile and entered his room.

In this room's stale warmth every ancient odor of a frontier hotel lay as a musty remembrance. Once there had been crimson roses in the pattern of the shabby carpet. A pine bureau held its pitcher and bowl; there was an iron bedstead whose enamel was chipped by the roweling of countless spurred boots, a rocking chair, and on the wall a lithographed picture of an old Indian scout belly flat beside a desert water hole.

It was one more hotel room in one more prairie town but for Jim Keene it was the first night beneath a roof in sixty days. He stripped to the waist, scrubbed away the dust of long travel, and shaved in a growing twilight; standing by the window, he had a better view of the town.

The main street was a crooked river of silver dust running from a yellow depot at one end of Prairie City to the out-scatter of sheds and corrals at the other. Keene looked down upon single-story buildings sitting shoulder to shoulder, on board awnings shadowing the street walks, on alleys leading to rear compounds. A wagonload of barbed wire rolled past, driven by a man with a square-cut beard; a homesteader in every mark. In front of a



Keene caught the drunk by the collar and hauled him back. He whirled the man around, and the drunk cried: "Hey—Broken Bit!" The girl tried to break away but the crowd quit moving

saloon that advertised itself as the Cattleman's Palace, cow ponies stood heads down and half asleep.

There was something wrong with the town; he had caught the smell of that at first entry. He considered the street—the saddle shop, the Cattleman's Palace, the grain and feed store, the sign that said: "Worsham and Ross, Gen'l Mdse", the flimsy bank building, the courthouse. He made a picture in his head of it, for to Jim Keene the real world was made up of stray words overheard and the odd change on people's faces, of prints in the sand and houses sitting empty in the middle of sagebrush, of bullet holes in a hotel wall, of a man enormous in every physical detail standing now in the doorway of the Cattleman's Palace watching the homesteader and his load of barbed wire.

THE wagon stopped, the homesteader got down and started for the hotel. As he did so the man at the saloon—a man nearly as tall and as broad as the saloon door—moved into the street. When he passed the homesteader he swerved aside deliberately and his elbow caught the homesteader and knocked him off balance to the dust. The big man walked on, never looking back, but immediately a small crowd of cow hands appeared in front of the saloon, watching this scene with a narrow amusement. The homesteader got up from the dust and stood still, staring at his feet; in a moment he went on to the hotel, slightly limping.

Jim Keene rolled a cigarette, watching the big man turn back to the punchers gathered at the saloon door. The big man had made his play for the entertainment of the punchers; now he grinned and wagged a hand and the whole group passed into the saloon. Keene lighted the cigarette. He took one deep drag of smoke into his lungs. To his face came the wry tightness of distaste and a feeling—the old feeling over which he had never had any control—rippled through him. He murmured to himself, "Always something like that," and went downstairs.

In the dining room he saw the homesteader again. The homesteader was at a corner table with his wife and a grown son and two small children. It appeared to be a holiday for them, a break in the hard work and loneliness of some sagebrush quarter section a long way from town. They were all cheerful except the man himself who sat at the head of the table without appetite or interest. Keene thought, "He didn't tell them about the knockdown."

Rising from his finished meal, Keene left the dining room. He was fed and at ease, his muscles were idle after the long ride and every sound and sensation of this town pleased his hungry senses.

He stood on the street to watch the crowd flow by. Ranch outfits came in and sent the street dust high as they wheeled before the Cattleman's Palace.

He heard a man say: "You see Jesse Morspeare knock Spackman down?"

Keene crossed the street and was caught in the slow-drifting stream of the crowd. On a wall of the saddle shop he saw a sign which read, "Re-elect Sheriff Ben Borders," and beside it a second sign said, "For Sheriff—Jesse Morspeare. The Cattlemen's Choice." He paused by these notices, bracing himself against the steady push of people, and remembering what he had heard only a moment ago. Morspeare was the big one who had rammed his elbow into the homesteader. The homesteader was

He remembered how this always went. It never changed. A man rode a thousand miles but the pattern caught up



Spackman. At that moment the story of this town and the surrounding prairie was as clear to Jim Keene as though he had lived his life in it.

A wave of homesteaders broke against him and stirred him out of his tracks—and moved on. A girl drove her rig against the walk and jumped to the street. She made a complete turn in the dust, saw Keene and spoke: "Have you seen Doctor Ellenburg?"

Her hand touched his arm to stop him, bringing his attention down to the steady, gray alarm in her eyes; strain pushed the edges of her lips together. Keene removed his hat before he answered, and still delayed his answer. She was a tall girl whose hair had been whipped loose from fast riding. The touch of her arm was a weight and the tilt of her head was a picture in this noise and shadow and confusion. He said, "Sorry, but—" and saw her thrown backward by the collision of a man's blunt shoulder. The man had put his head down to make a way through this crowd. He was drunk and saw nothing, and he was laughing to himself as he shoved forward.

Keene caught the drunk by the collar and hauled him back. He whirled the man around and put both arms against his chest and slammed him against the saddle-shop wall.

The drunk cried: "Hey—Broken Bit!"

The girl straightened and tried to break away but the crowd quit moving; it made a tight ring around Keene and the girl and the drunk. Men pushed down the street and somebody called out: "That you, Snap? Hey, Broken Bit! Hey, Red!"

"No," said Keene to the girl, "I haven't seen the doctor. I'm a stranger here."

The drunk planted himself firmly on his feet, bowed his head and butted Keene in the chest. Cow hands slid through the crowd and stood still, carefully watching. The drunk pushed against Keene, making no headway. He got rougher and angrier, he stamped his feet on Keene's boots, he swung his arms. Suddenly Keene slapped the drunk's face and straightened him up. Keene looked across the narrow circle, observing one redheaded puncher looking at all this with narrow interest. Keene said: "You Broken Bit?"

"That's my outfit," admitted the redhead.

Keene caught the drunk under the arms. He called, "Here's your baby," and threw him at the redhead.

THE redhead didn't care for that. He batted the drunk aside. "You're a little tough, friend."

The cool wind blew stronger and every piece of this scene was something Keene could repeat from memory. Regret and pleased anticipation ran through him in equal strength, side by side. "Tell your partner to pull in his elbows, Red." Then he forgot about the redhead and he forgot about the drunk. "This lady is looking for a Doctor Ellenburg."

Somebody in the crowd called: "Up at the courthouse."

The girl said: "Thanks." She had no reason for smiling, he thought, but still she smiled and murmured to him, "I'm sorry," and turned away. The crowd moved on. The drunk, having forgotten the last few minutes, rose from the walk and vanished, butting his way through the crowd.

The redhead remained, pushing his glance at Keene in a rough, half-aroused way. He was a long, freckled-faced man, never doubting himself. His red hair lay tight and short-curved against his head. He was bold enough for anything, but sufficiently smart to take his good time to read what he saw.

"You don't look like a homesteader."

(Continued on page 24)

Faith in Humanity

By Meyer Levin

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

SOAPEY could ride a bike already; his pal Ace owned a coaster, with an electric headlight. But if he had his own bike he could learn to ride with his feet on the handle bars in no time.

Saturday afternoons when he got his dime now Soapey had to walk alone to the Bijou, for Ace went on his coaster. The front of the Bijou just about took all the kick out of going to the movie; bikes were stacked row on row, even girls had bikes.

Once Soapey heard you could get a bike for cigarette coupons, so he stopped everybody coming out of Ace's old man's cigar shop. Murph, a hang-around big guy, got a kick out of giving the kid his coupons. "How many now? How many yesterday?" Murph would ask, for Soapey could remember the numbers for every single day. But once Murph said, "Hey, kid, you know how many of those coupons you need to get a bike? Five thousand. At the rate you're going that's a two-year stretch."

Two years! It was a gyp. They said they'd give you something and then you worked your head off and you couldn't get it. Soapey was sore. He let his ma take the fat wad of coupons. She got some dishes.

In the alley back of the cigar shop a bunch of bigger kids, hooky artists, ran a penny crap game. Once Soapey had four cents, and they let him into the game. He was up to seventeen cents when the look-out yelled "Jiggers!" and Vince the cop collared him. "Lemme go!" Soapey yelled. "I wasn't doing anything!"

"Shooting craps! playing hooky! baby bandit!" Vince accused him.

"I was not playing hooky! My teacher said to stay home because my sister is home sick, maybe she's got the whooping cough!"

Vince said he was a liar, and that made him furious because he was telling the truth, so somewhere there he kicked Vince in the shins and the cop said just for that it was the station.

"You gonna call the paddy wagon?" Soapey demanded.

Vince haw-hawed. "You can walk!"

And they didn't put Soapey in a cell, either. They sat him in the basement. At one end, fenced off by some chicken wire, he saw a lot of stuff: radios and tires and saxophones, and a whole stack of bicycles, in there! Twenty bikes! Some dandies, too!

Pretty soon Vince came down, acting not so nasty. He had checked on the story. Soapey's sister had a cold, but it wasn't whooping cough.

"Hey, whose bikes are those?" Soapey inquired.

"That's all stolen goods, kid. That's where we keep it."

"You just keep it?"

"If the owner don't call and identify it, twice a year we have an auction and sell it off."

"How much could I get a bike for?"

"I dunno. Couple of bucks." Vince was watching him, grinning.

"When is the next auction?" Soapey asked.

HE HAD three weeks to get a couple of bucks. He was sitting on the curb, bitterly lamenting his difficulties, while he and Ace played license-plate poker on cars going by. Murph watched them. "How can you remember all those numbers, kid?" he demanded.

Ace said, "Soapey can remember twenty plates in a row. Wanna bet?"

Murph bet a dime. Soapey performed, and split the winning with Ace.

Murph snapped his fingers. "Kid, I got an idea. How you coming with your bike? How many coupons you got?"

"Aw, I stopped," said Soapey. "If I only could make a couple of bucks I know where I could get a swell bike cheap."

"You wanna do a little work for me?" Murph offered.

The job was pie. It was even fun. Soapey went around with Murph to his policy customers, and Murph would tell Soapey a number to remember for each customer. The town was hot, Murph said. "You can't write anything down. But this way it's a cinch!" After, in a booth, Soapey would repeat the numbers

as Murph phoned them in. For that work, the kid got a dollar a week.

The last week, one night they were in the Seven Eleven and silence fell as Vince the cop entered, heading straight for Murph and the kid.

He called Murph a lot of dirty names. Teaching a mere baby—

"I ain't a baby!" Soapey cried. "I'm making money to buy a bike."

Vince shook his head, dourly. "You nurse-bottle punk! You'll land in reform school yet!"

Soapey got real mad. "First you tell me you'll sell me a bike and if I try to make some money you want to put me in jail!" he screeched.

"Easy, easy," the cop said. "You'll get your bike. Just have a little faith, my boy."

"Yah? Where am I gonna get it? Santa Claus?"

"Just have a little faith in humanity," the cop said. And Soapey felt so bitter he could have killed everybody in the world.

AUCTION day, he hated to go near the police station. Still, he had \$2.25 and it was his only chance. In the packed basement, on a makeshift platform, a cop displayed the articles, while another stood at a microphone, auctioning.

A radio went up to nine dollars. Soapey felt worried. But radios were for grown folks. They had big money. They wouldn't be after bikes.

Soon he heard, "Fine coaster bicycle, what am I bid—?"

Like a bullet, Soapey pierced through that crowd of people, to the platform. His chin just reached the level of the cop's feet. That coaster was practically new! "Two twenty-five," he piped with the little breath left in him. The cop looked down right at him and laughed. "Seven, seven, do I hear seven and a half—"

It sold for twelve dollars. A big telegraph boy wheeled it off.

They sold a dozen bikes. The cheapest was seven dollars. Grownups were buying them. It wasn't fair. Each time, he frantically bid his two twenty-five. He could have bawled. The lousy world. Everything was lies. Liars. Cops. Teasing him. Torturing him. And there was Vince up on the platform. The cop spotted him, and winked. Soapey wished he was big and could pound that bull to pieces.

He saw Vince bend to the announcer and whisper. The announcer looked at him, too. Soapey turned to flee. He'd become a bandit, maybe.

"Just a minute, fella!" He was hauled up onto the platform, in front of all that crowd.

"Soapey," Vince demanded, "how much money have you got?"

"It's my money! I worked for it!" he began.

They pulled out a low-slung bike. "Young man," the announcer addressed him, "we have here a no-name bicycle, good condition. Will you bid a dollar on this bicycle?"

It was a trick. They wanted to make him say something wrong, in front of all those people. "Two twenty-five," he babbled—

"Young man says a dollar," the announcer called, forbiddingly. "Any other bids?" Everybody was quiet. Then, some little kids began to pipe, "Dollar and a quarter, dollar and a half," and Soapey noticed cops grabbing those kids onto the platform.

"No other bids! Sold to this young man for a dollar!" Vince shoved the handle bars at Soapey. "Go on, kid! She's yours!"

As he pushed her down the runway other kids came after him with their dollar bikes; the whole crowd was suddenly hand-clapping and cheering. Almost bawling himself, Soapey got what all those people were clapping for: it was for themselves and him and the cops together! For humanity!

Vince said he was a liar, and that made him furious because he was telling the truth, so he kicked Vince in the shins





The man at the table breathed heavily. "So you've come back, 'ave yer?" he said

Traitor's Purse

By Margery Allingham

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

A VICTIM of amnesia, Albert Campion finds himself in a hospital room with no memory of his past life. Gathering, from a conversation he overhears, that he has seriously injured a policeman, he slips out, makes his getaway.

He is followed, and overtaken, by a car, the occupants of which—an attractive girl and an elderly man—pick him up. The girl's name, Campion soon learns, is "Amanda"; she reminds him that he is accompanying her to dinner! They drive for some time, reach the home of the man (Mr. Anscombe) and leave him there. Then they go to the home of their host, Lee Aubrey. There Campion changes his clothes. And there he learns, from a letter saved for him, that he has been entrusted with an important secret mission by Scotland Yard!

Just before dinner, the police arrive. They announce that Anscombe has been murdered; and they question Amanda and Campion, the last two people who had seen him alive. To his horror, Campion fears—that he is the murderer!

Late that night, Campion is summoned by Superintendent Hutch; and together they explore an old fortress that is used (Campion gathers) as a meeting place by a mysterious local group known as "the Town Masters." Leaving Hutch behind, he presently finds a hidden garage containing some three hundred three-ton lorries, ready for the road.

Who, he wonders, are "the Masters?" What are they doing? He questions Aubrey, who informs him that the organization is a very old, semisecret society that has become wealthy by backing and exploiting inventors. At his request, Aubrey takes him to the "Institute," a group of workshops and laboratories owned

by the Masters. There Campion inspects some amazingly powerful hand grenades—something new for the war office.

While at the Institute, a man approaches them. Aubrey says that, as the head of "Surveys Limited," which sells advice to businessmen and manufacturers, the man—one Pyne—employs thousands of persons. . . . Pyne draws near, greets them. While they converse, the man makes it obvious that he suspects Campion of knowing more about Anscombe's death than he cares to admit. Whereupon, Aubrey comes to the rescue. He defends Campion vigorously. Then, "Forget it," he says, "and let the police do their own chores."

V

PYNE allowed himself to be led out of the Institute gates and across the turf toward the house. If Aubrey was offending him he did not show it.

"I don't know Mr. Campion well. If you do, I've nothing more to say," he remarked at last in a perfectly unruffled tone. "But have you read the description of the man the police are looking for?"

"No, I haven't. I don't think I want to particularly."

"I found it interesting." Pyne's placid obstinacy was insuppressible. "The man they want is thirty-five years old and six-foot-two high. He has a

pale face and sleek, blond hair, and his chief characteristics are that he is very thin and yet powerful." He paused and when no one spoke added ingenuously, "When last seen he was wearing fireman's oilskins."

Lee crowed with delight. "And a brass helmet as well?" he demanded. "This is lovely. Pyne, my poor friend, you're giving me an enormous amount of innocent pleasure. Do go on! I wouldn't stop you for the world."

The plump man turned to Campion.

"What do you think?" he inquired.

Campion appeared to give the matter serious consideration. They had reached the ridge of high ground and were now sauntering down toward the poplar trees. He had his hands in his pockets and they were clenched so that the nails dug into his palms. His heart was thudding in his side, and before the dark curtain hung across his mind his conscious thoughts were as chaotic and useless as those behind it were lost. He was dithering, and that fact frightened him far more than this dangerous little man's questions.

"What name would you put to that description?" Pyne persisted.

He was waiting for an answer. He was waiting for an answer. He was waiting for an answer. A minute had gone by, a whole minute. A minute; perhaps another minute. Campion could not think. He could not think. This was horrible, terrifying. He could not think. The machinery for thinking had broken down. He was helpless, lost, at the mercy of this dreadful little creature with the cruel, predatory eyes of a bird.

What name? What name? What name?

"Almost any, I should say," he murmured, unaware that he sounded more bored than anything else. "John Smith, Albert Campion, Weaver Bea."

There was complete silence. It lasted so long that he was able to drag himself out of his floundering panic and glance around before anyone spoke.

Lee Aubrey was mooching along with his shoulders hunched under his sleek, almost foppishly cut jacket. He was clearly embarrassed by the personal turn which the conversation had taken. The ridiculous name that had slipped out so dangerously had not registered upon him.

(Continued on page 37)

The Willkie Way

By Walter Davenport

ILLUSTRATED BY REA IRVIN

The 1940 presidential campaign isn't running according to the rules. It's not a party fight; it's just a contest between two men, two personalities. And hard-boiled politicians are gasping at the unorthodox platforming of Mr. Willkie whose campaign headquarters seem to be principally under his hat

MR. WILLKIE, in Rushville, Indiana, in mid-campaign, had lost his hat. Mr. Willkie was completely unconcerned, being a chronic hat loser. He never paid more than a couple of dollars for a hat anyway, knowing that it wouldn't be with him long. And long ago he had ceased to make such incidents a major problem. Over the year, of course, it amounted to something—say twenty or thirty dollars. But that wasn't bothering the Republican National Committee.

It wasn't merely a hat, they reminded us; it was Republican Campaign Headquarters that was lost. And they weren't trying to be humorous either. In normal times with a conventional candidate it hadn't been thus. Campaign headquarters was inevitably a suite of elaborate offices manned by sizzling-platter hired hands who filled your ears with positive optimism and your pockets with winning statistics. At the top sat a shrewd gentleman who told you with considerable accuracy what the candidate was going to do next. Frequently you knew it as soon as the candidate did, and sometimes sooner. And, like as not, you'd have the great honor of shaking hands with the candidate who would, that done, be led back to his mothproof sanctuary to await his next showing.

But those were the days when professional politicians picked the candidate—days that had gone, maybe forever. A new deal had come to the Republicans. Mr. Willkie had ruined a racket. Instead of being picked up by politicians he was picking them up. And sometimes he let them down—hard. Instead of being told what to say, Mr. Willkie was telling them—and, alas, was not telling them privately. Most of the time the Republican National Committee had no idea what Mr. Willkie had on his mind before he told the country at large. In New York and Chicago there were the usual office suites, decorated with pictures of Washington, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie. But they were headquarters in name only. Headquarters was Mr. Willkie's hat and there was room therein for only one man.

For example, there was the day when Mr. Willkie, emerging from his hat with a rush, denounced that part of the Conscription Bill which would give the President the right to conscript industry. As far as we were able to learn, none of Mr. Willkie's friends, personal nor political, had any warning. It is highly likely, they told us, that even Mr. Willkie hadn't known he was going to say it. How could he? How was he to know what Congress was about to do?

Anyway, the professionals almost went into mourning. Had he consulted them? But he hadn't. And they knew he wasn't going to. Two or three of them—the old-guard lads—threatened to weep on our shoulders. Sure, he was an honest man. Certainly his aims were high. Of course his contention may have been sound. But also he had stuck his neck out and the Democrats were going to say: "See? He's willing to let your son have his head blown off but nothing must happen to The Interests."

And, of course, the Democrats did. Singly and in groups the Republican leaders, state and national, had serious words for Mr. Willkie. In theory, it was all very well for him to run his campaign along the same lines that he administered his office with the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation—making his own decisions, estimates, plans and strategy. But politics was

not private business. Wouldn't it be well, perhaps, to ask the counsel of his friends who knew the game at which he was, by his own admission, an amateur? Mr. Willkie agreed forthwith, and went on as usual losing his hat—Willkie headquarters.

Nevertheless, wherever you went, there were offices with the word Headquarters gilded on the door. From New York to San Francisco you were chin-deep in them.

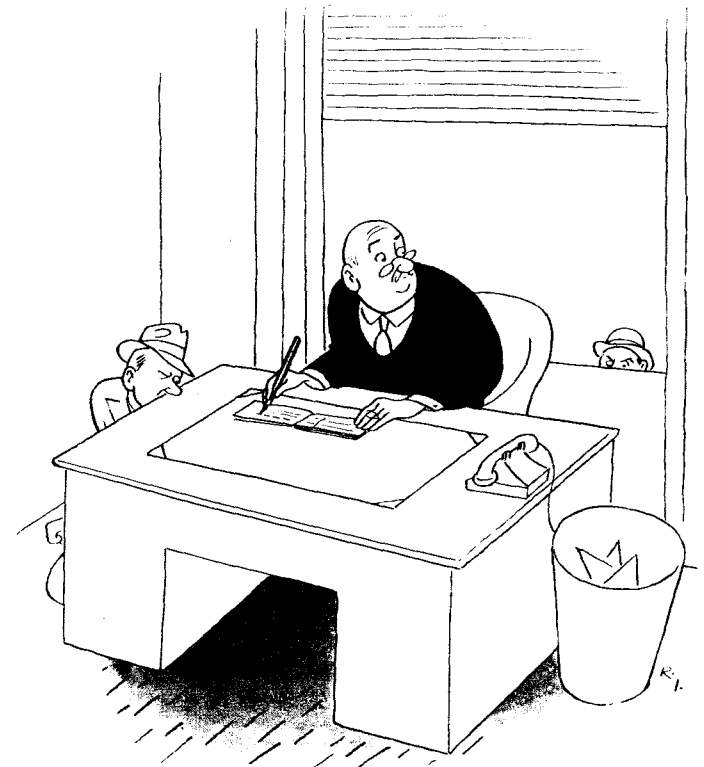
There'd be, for example, the regular state and local Republican offices which much resembled the near-by Roosevelt hangout in apathy and undiluted ignorance of what was going on. But there'd be, too, a Democrats For Willkie headquarters which seemed always to be whistle stops for the country-club crowd. Always in the immediate neighborhood you'd find the No Third Term centers—almost invariably doleful spots where activity seemed to be limited to filling the arms of the few visitors with leaflet reprints of what Washington and Jefferson had to say about third terms. But in the offices of the Willkie Volunteer Workers, creations of one of Mr. Willkie's early discoverers, Mr. Oren Root, Jr., you came upon evidences of life.

Nothing Made for Unity

Almost without exception you found a minimum of co-ordination between all these Willkie centers. Whatever they happened to be doing—they did quite independently of the others, and none too cheerfully. From Chicago to the Pacific the offices of the regular Republican party were sure to produce two or three persons, official or otherwise, who viewed the future with misgivings because, they said, Mr. Willkie was ignoring them in favor of such amateurs as the Willkie Volunteers who too occasionally had a slightly Junior Leaguish way of doing things. And the Willkie Volunteers who, whatever else they lacked, could never be accused of a shortage of energy, were ever slightly contemptuous of organization Republicans. The conventional Republicans, the regulars, would have to come along anyway—so what was the use promoting them? Mr. Willkie's chances, the Volunteers agreed, depended upon the so-called independent vote and the wavering vote. And that's the crowd the Volunteers were working on. However, none of this made for unity.

The Democrats For Willkie were for the most part completely respectable and frequently moneyed ladies and gentlemen whose interest in politics had been on the academic side and who differed from Republicans of their same social and economic strata only in party registration. There are sections of the country, aside from the South, where it had been socially okay for years to be a Democrat. Anyway the Democrats For Willkie were not having much truck with the regular Republican organizations, the latter consisting largely of doorbell-ringing drudges, aspirants for political jobs and the usual brush-beating oratory boys. And the regulars—the committeemen and Republican club stand-bys who had done the dirty work during the past eight profitless years—were eaten to the bone with suspicion of all these newcomers who, they feared, would walk off with the rewards of a Willkie victory.

After you had trudged around a number of states you began to awaken to the true situation. You began to realize the (Continued on page 45)



Men of finance had their ears warmed with whisperings of Treasury agents' activities



Regular party organizations are largely in the discard. This is a personality contest



Youth Congress boys and girls left the office-holder in no doubt that they were against war



"Oh, Mr. Parker, I was so proud I could've cried!" she said. "To tell the truth, I did cry a little when all those people were cheering. It was thrilling"

Iron Man Stunt

By Edward Stevenson

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

What's a no-hitter or two to a guy like the great Bixby? Love is the thing that counts

BILL and I were standing behind the portable backstop watching this Bixby toss up a few. He was making the hitters look bad but, of course, it was only the first week of spring training and they were rusty. Just the same, I liked the way the kid broke off his curve.

"He's got stuff," I said.

Bill snorted. "Look how he throws! He's got a wind-up like a politician on openin' day. The boys at the Stadium'll die laughin' when they get a load o' that wind-up."

"They won't laugh so hard," I said, "if he pitches like he's doin' right now. Where did we get him?"

"Binghamton. He won twenty-six and lost three."

"That's pitchin'."

"Yeah, an' Binghamton's Binghamton." He held up his hand. "Hold everything!" he yelled; and to me he said, "Come on, show this Mortimer Snerd how to throw a ball."

We went out to the mound and Bill took the ball away from Bixby. He was a big, rawboned kid, with corn-colored hair, blue eyes, and more freckles on his homely, good-natured face than I'd ever seen in one place before.

"Now pay attention," Bill said to him, "an' maybe you'll learn somethin'."

I wound up and tossed one down the alley.

"Do that again," Bill said.

I went through the motions eight or ten times, and all the while I was doing it Bill kept saying, "Watch his arm. . . Watch his legs. . . Get a load o' the way he puts his body into the pitch."

The kid didn't say anything.

Finally Bill said, "Now you try it."

The kid took the ball. "I do it better my way," he said.

He reared back and heaved one, and the way he did it would've made Al Schacht look like a straight man. The ball sailed over the top of the backstop.

Bill gave the kid a disgusted look.

"I got a feelin' you're gonna be back in Binghamton when the season opens," he said, and walked off the mound.

HE COULDN'T'VE been wronger if he'd picked Judge Landis to lead the league in stolen bases.

I gave Bixby a pat on the back. His face was sad and his blue eyes seemed to be getting ready to spill over. He looked like a kid who had been given the boot for something he didn't do.

"Don't mind Bill," I said. "He's got an awful bark but there ain't no bite in his store teeth."

Another rookie came out and took his place on the mound. He was a slick, cocky kid, up from Newark. "Lemme show ya how we do it in the big time," he said, taking the ball from Bixby.

"That guy's just a smart busher," I

said to Bixby as we walked across the infield. "He'll probably end up in the National League."

"Gee, Mr. Parker—"

"Tom's the name," I said.

"Well, gee . . . Tom, I can really pitch—I mean I *think* I can. It's just that I got a funny delivery."

"Sure," I said. "You an' me'll get a ball an' see what we can do about it."

I put on a catcher's mitt and he began tossing them up to me. He really had stuff, but every time I tried to get him to throw orthodox he got wilder than Tarzan.

"That's the end o' today's lesson," I said. "An' don't worry, kid—you're a pitcher, no matter what anybody says."

"Thanks, Mr. Parker."

"Tom," I said.

"I mean Tom," he said, grinning all over his face.

The next few days, when I wasn't getting the kinks out of my salary arm, I worked out with Walt Bixby—that was his name, Walter Bixby. Bill called me Mr. Chips, and some of the boys kidded me and said why didn't I open the Parker School for Backward Pitchers, but I got results out of Walt. Not that I could do anything about that crazy delivery, but I did get him to ease up on his arm and make his body do some of the work.

"You know, Tom," he said, in that funny, shy way of his, "I think I'm gettin' a little better already. If I ever get to be a great pitcher, I'll know who I owe it to."

"You'll owe it to your good right arm," I said.

IN THE first practice game I pitched for the Regulars and Walt pitched for the Yannis. I'd got Bill interested in giving the kid a little time. "He may pitch funny," I said, "but he pitches awful good."

Bill said, "I think he must be kickin' back half his pay to you."

Walt retired the first three men to face him without any trouble, two by strike-outs.

"He'll win twenty games for you," I said to Bill.

"If he wins ten," Bill said, "I'll buy you a hundred bucks' worth o' haberdashery."

Walt breezed through the second and had two men out in the third when I came up. At the plate I'm strictly a pitcher, but he put a big one down the middle and I walloped it for three bases. I died on third, though, because Walt whiffed the next man.

On our way to the showers—we just did three innings apiece that day—he said, "That was some hit you got."

"Yeah," I said, looking at him hard. "An' that was some nice fat cripple you fed me."

He laughed, pleased with himself. "You're my friend, ain't you?"

"Nuts!" I said. "Your own brother is your worst enemy when he's up there swingin' the wood. Remember that."

But that triple he gave me didn't make me hate him.

Bill was plain stubborn about the kid. When Walt pitched three hitless innings against the Bees, he said, "So what? My old lady could stop them hitless wonders." Even after Walt did a tidy four innings against the Cards, making Mize and Medwick and all them murderers look plenty bad, Bill still couldn't see him.

But after that classy four innings against the Cards, the newspaper boys began to give him a play. They didn't get much out of him, though. Walt was no pop-off and he was no good at fogging the personal pronoun over the dish. He handed out a couple of vital statistics, like when and where he was born, and let it go at that. He could've told them that Bixby Corners, N. Y., where he

came from, was named after his great-great-grandpa that fought at Burke Hill, and he could've told them that his folks'd been over here since just about the time the U. S. opened shop, and a lot of stuff like that. But like I say, he was no hand at slinging the slush.

WELL, you know how some of the newsboys are. When there's nothing to write about—and most of the stuff from the training camps is nothing—minus—they got to make something up. So they went to work on Walt and gave him one of those screwy build-ups. "The first citizen of Bixby Corners . . . The fugitive from the tall hay . . . The bucolic wonder boy." Things like that, they called him.

And they made up stories about how Walt had learned pitching by popping jack rabbits with rocks, and how he'd never even wore shoes till he got a trial with Binghamton. They put things in his mouth that made him seem like a cross between Dizzy Dean and Bob Burns' Grampa Snazzy.

Most ballplayers don't care what kind of wacks the sports writers make 'em out. But Walt was hurt.

"Why do they have to write that kind o' stuff?" he asked me, puzzled.

"You don't want to pay no attention to it," I said. "They got to write something—an' anyhow it's good publicity."

"I don't mind for myself," he said, "but if my folks get wind of it, they'll probably come gunnin' for me. Especially Pa. He's the mayor o' Bixby Corners, an' he won't like it. The Democrats might try and use it against him next election."

When we broke camp and started barnstorming, Bill still wasn't convinced that Walt was a big-leaguer, but he didn't turn him loose. "He may win a couple o' games for us," he said, "before the boys catch up with him an' swarm all



over him. I say *may*. Personally, I doubt it."

The day we broke camp, my roomy was traded to the Browns and Walt's was sent back to K. C., so he and I decided to bunk together. That let me in for a lot of ribbing. Veterans don't usually take up with rookies. You know how it is, sort of like the caste system they got in India.

"When're you two gonna set up house-keepin'?" Bill said.

"Listen, you wise Harp," I said, "you'll be callin' the kid *Mister* before the season is over."

We stopped over for two days in Atlanta, and that was when I first heard about Walt's girl friend.

I was looking out of the hotel window, waiting for him to finish unpacking, when he said, "Tom, do you mind if I put this—this picture on the bureau?"

I turned. "What's it to me?" I said. "The room's as much yours as mine."

It was a picture in red imitation-

leather framing, and when he'd set it up, I went over and took a look at it. It turned out to be a pretty, big-eyed little dame. Very nice.

"Who's the cutie?" I said.

Walt blushed. "That's Bonnie!" he said, kind of soft, like the name was something that might get bruised up if he said it out loud.

"Who's Bonnie?"

"My girl," he said, proud.

"She looks pretty good to me," I said, not knowing then that I was looking at the gal that was going to be responsible for the greatest stunt in baseball since old Abner Doubleday first played catch.

"She's wonderful," Walt said.

He picked up the picture and looked at Bonnie. His blue eyes were damp and he was shaking all over like a cooch dancer. You didn't have to be Dorothy Dix to know he had it bad.

HE WORKED regular on the trip north, and the more he worked the better he got. He still wasn't artistic, but he had speed, he had control and his Sunday pitch—a wide, sweeping curve with more oomph than Lana Turner—had the sluggers breaking their backs when they tried to get a piece of it.

Even Bill was impressed, but he was too pigheaded to admit it.

"By July first he'll be back in the bushes an' we'll be tryin' to remember the name o' that promisin' rookie with the funny delivery," he said. "Mark my words."

"I'll mark 'em," I said, "because I wanna be around when you eat 'em."

Walt had never been to the big town, and he was bug-eyed when he got his first look at it from the hotel window that night in April.

"Gosh!" he said, as if he couldn't believe any place could be so bright, so noisy and so tall. "It sure is big."

"Plenty big."

"It sort o' scares me."

"Nothin' to be scared of," I said.

Nothing much, anyhow. As long as you had what it takes and held on to it, the big town was your bluepoint. The Bronx cheers were just for the has-beens and the never-wases. But why should I tell Walt that? He'd find out for himself soon enough.

HE LEFT the window and came across the room to the bureau, where—as usual—the picture in the red leather frame was on display.

"I wish Bonnie was here," he said. "It's ten weeks since I seen her."

"You get a letter from her every day," I said. "What more do you want?"

"Gettin' letters ain't seein' her." He picked up the picture and held it close to his face. For a minute I thought he was going to kiss it.

"Gee, Tom," he said, "I just gotta make good. For her."

"Well," I said, "love an' a good curve is a hard combo to beat."

He got a chance to show his stuff quicker than he expected.

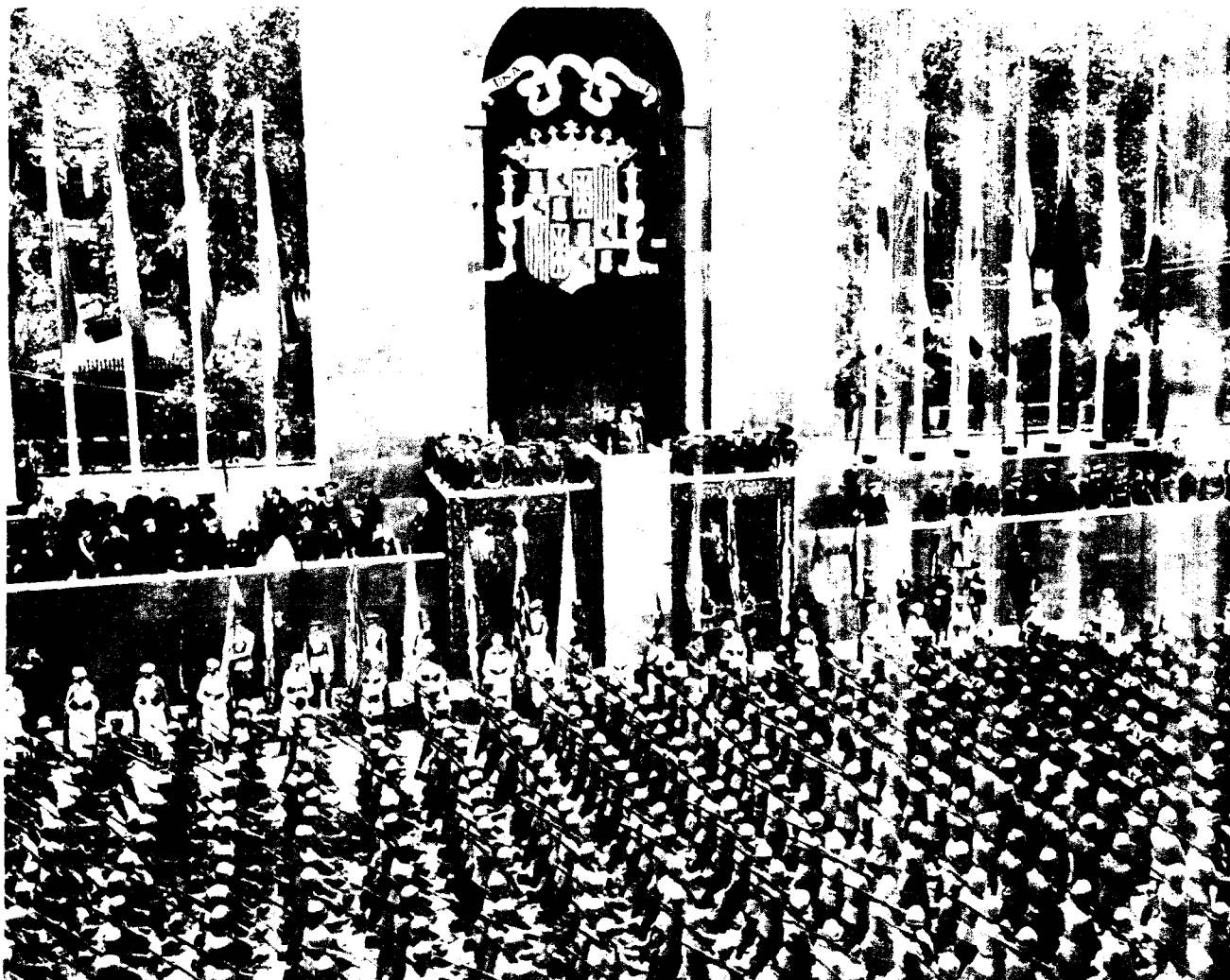
We opened at home against the Red Sox, and Bill gave me the starting assignment. But that wasn't my day—or maybe I was starting to slip, like the boys in the press coop claimed. In the second the Sox jumped all over me and scored four runs before Bill could get the derrick working.

Foxx, who had cleared the bases with a triple, was still on third when I went away from there. I hung around the dugout long enough to see Murtha, my relief, walk the first man to face him. Then I went to the showers. I wasn't half peeled when Murtha joined me.

"No control," he growled. "I walked two, to fill the bases, and had a two an' nothin' count on the third guy when I got the heave-o."

"Too bad," I said.

(Continued on page 64)



Generalissimo Franco, here reviewing the Italian troops that helped him win, owes his success to Warmaker Juan March's unlimited financial support

PALMA DE MALLORCA is an alabaster town at the head of a deep blue bay in the Spanish province of the Balearic Islands. It is a beautiful town, its red-tiled roofs and white walls and emerald hills sharp against the broad aquamarine sweep of the Mediterranean. It seems an anachronism that Don Juan Albert March should have been born there. It must have been a cynical stork indeed that plopped him there seventy-two years ago.

Palma has its cathedral and its university and, as can be guessed from the name, it is green and rustling with palms, although the fronds do not move, they say, except at the command of Don Juan. Just as the ships that breathe softly by their quays in the harbor or rise and fall rhythmically with the swell. Their holds are filled with almonds and oil, soaps, tobacco, grain and wine. They come and go at the orders of Don Juan. He owns those ships, their cargoes and the men who sail in them.

Juan March owns other things, like stocks, bonds, utilities—"I'm so rich I don't know how rich I am. . . ." He owns, too, the soul of Spain, if Spain, that is, has a soul any more, and if Caudillo Francisco Franco is the soul of Spain as he claims he is. For Don Juan owns Franco, as Thyssen owned Hitler once, and as Volpi and Ansaldo owned Mussolini.

He's not much to look upon, this Juan Albert March. He has a high-domed head that's bald as a pecan only it is the color of a shark's belly, the same as his face. He has a thick, hooked wedge of a nose and a rubbery pink mouth. Two hazel eyes that sometimes seem gray and at others dark brown swim behind thick glasses. His myopia causes him to thrust his head forward and he has a nervous habit of swinging his head from side to side but his eyes are always focused on one point and he makes a person think of a hyena—a nice hyena though.

Long ago, when he was a lathy, clear-eyed boy in Palma, he smuggled tobacco by rowboat from the ships that touched at the port. Now he owns the Compañia Arrendataria de Tabacos, the Spanish government monopoly. "You help me," Franco had told him, "and I'll help you."

From tobacco smuggler, he became a financial Merlin. Until he was twenty-one years old he couldn't read or write. There is no real proof he can read or write today, although he can sign his name and this he does as rarely as possible because he hates to sign things. Psychologists might find roots for this aversion in his antipathy for jails.

He may be illiterate—something that can't be proved any more than one could prove that he is a Jew or that he is a Christian—but he can make mental computations with the speed of mechanical devices. He can calculate interest rates, amortizations and

dividend payments with the ease with which you add six apples and four apples.

His constant companion is a priest, a jovial fellow in his middle fifties with whom Juan March plays dominoes. Because of this some say that Juan March's ancestry was Christian and not, as his enemies claim, of Jewish stock.

Most authorities on Juan March—they fill every café in Spain—agree he is a Jew. Whatever his racial origins, it is a fact that March was converted to Catholicism by the Jesuits.

Spaniards, be they White or Red, Francoites or anti-Francoites, loathe Señor March.

His physical deterioration, the prejudiced insist, has been hastened by a disease known around the race tracks as dogbite. He never takes exercise, a half-hour's automobile ride in the country being the limit of his endurance of fresh air. Except to pace a room, he has never been known to take what you and I would call a walk.

Don Juan started as a smuggler and he has operated on the soggy edges of the law ever since. His business motto is "Buy cheaply, sell dearly." He is a pawnbroker on an international scale. His wares are tobacco, potash, armaments, ships, stocks, bonds, men and nations. His Spain lost millions in tax revenues between 1921 and 1923 when March's smuggling activities in the tobacco traffic were at their high point. He sold French Moroccan tobacco carried to Palma under the noses of bought officials in March's own ships and transshipped to the mainland in other steamers.

One of the planks in the platform upon which Dictator Primo de Rivera climbed to power in 1923 was to rid the State of "the immorality of contraband." Disguised as a priest, Don Juan fled to France, via San Sebastian. He was aided by one Juan Sarradel, now an exile in Argentina, who was then head of the Spanish Masons and a Deputy to the Spanish Parliament, the Cortes, from the town of Lérida. March has never had any trouble buying politicians.

From Paris, March manipulated and intrigued and bought a controlling interest in the tobacco monopoly company, the very company he had defrauded of millions of pesetas through his contraband traffic. He walked back into Spain and into a directors' meeting of the outfit holding proxies and actual stock at the very moment that Juan Bastos, head of the monopoly, was making a speech saying what a peeled skunk this March fellow was.

Our villain, however, made a magnanimous gesture. He didn't really want control of the tobacco monopoly, he said. All he wanted was to be let alone. Here, take back your stock, I give it to you. Just leave me be. Dictator de Rivera was deeply touched

Death's Paymaster

By Frank Gervasi

Money has never had anything but a pleasant odor to Juan March. So today he is the richest man in the world "next to Henry Ford," he thinks. But what a way to make money!



Juan March, the man who loosed destruction on Spain and is today its real ruler

by this *beau geste*, this superpatriotism tinged with a spot of conscience, and besides de Rivera needed money to fight the Riffs. March gave it to him.

So it was, skipping a few years, that Juan March, the skinny kid from Palma, became a favorite and confidant of Alfonso XIII and Queen Ena as well as a side-kick of de Rivera's.

Indalecio Prieto, Socialist, went to March in 1930 and asked him for money to start a revolution against the king. March replied that he wouldn't because he was grateful to the king for having permitted him to return to Spain and for a few favors like a bit of graft here and there.

"And besides," added March, in a sudden outburst of sheer honesty, "what do you take me for—a sap? Okay, supposing I lend you the money, then what? Well, I'll tell you (Continued on page 56)

The Hunters

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

Two men spend a day in the field.
One of them will never forget it

JOE hung up the wall-telephone receiver and grunted ruefully. His gun leaned in the corner. It was hunting weather. Only half a mile away was a patch of cover that very few people knew about, and that he'd hunted only once this season. But the birds knew about it, and he'd intended to slip down there for a while and maybe go on to another place he knew of, and still another. Without a dog, while Betsey was away, he wouldn't get a full bag—fly-backs would be his best shots—but he could have had a nearly perfect day.

The phone call had called it off. He looked regretfully at the shotgun and slipped a revolver into his pocket instead. His hip pocket. He pinned his badge into the lining of his leather wind-breaker so it wouldn't cut through the leather and make a hole for rain to seep through. He put on the cap with the fur ear flaps and went out of his cabin.

The air had a tang to it. Scent would lie low today. The woods were a riot of every conceivable color from the palest yellow of poplar leaves through the gold of maple and russet-brown of oak to cedar and the vivid shade of pine. There were smells to tickle the nostrils. Wet earth and running water, and molding fallen leaves, and the myriad small odors—pungent and heady—of hunting weather. Leaves rustled irregularly. The brook downhill made a brittle tinkling. Even the telephone wire leading to the cabin made a little humming noise that said cold weather would be along in a day or two.

Joe shook his head regretfully and tramped down from his porch and set off along the bottom. Man hunting was different from game hunting. Game hunting was sport. You pitted yourself and a dog against all the cunning of wild things who knew the country better than you did, and the tricks of men as well as men themselves. If they won, you honored them for it. If you won, you didn't feel ashamed.

MAN hunting was different. It wasn't sport. It was grim business. Joe would have given a lot if the prison hadn't been built over Hadley way. Not that there were many breaks, of course. They hardly averaged up one a year, and he supposed that was good enough with fifteen hundred men behind walls. But he wished the prison wasn't there. Then all hunting would be clean hunting.

He went down the bottom, with leaves rustling about his feet. A dog squirrel vanished around the bole of the seed oak tree at its end. Joe saw the squirrel only out of the corner of his eye, but he grinned a little. Smart, those fellas.

A jump, and Joe was across the brook. He knew what he was to do. A man who's running away sticks to low ground. He stays in brush. He dodges open coun-

try and he shuns a hill crest like the plague, because on a hill crest he can be seen from a long distance. So if you know which way a man started and how the draws run, you can tell almost infallibly that he'll come up this hollow or that one, even ten or fifteen miles away. With state cops to block the highways and search all cars, the thing is a mathematical certainty. Joe was to block one of the places toward which escapees were driven by their own furtiveness. But the sheriff had said this man seemed to be headed somewhere else.

A quarter-mile beyond the brook, Joe heard something that sounded like a gobbler calling. Five minutes later he heard it again. He hadn't been out after turkey so far this season. They were scarce. He swung aside to make sure he was right. It would be a couple of hundred yards and down the brook bank—the brook was a lot bigger, here—and up the other side. He ought to find the gobbler in that patch of beech trees. Mark down his feeding ground and come back tomorrow.

HE REACHED the top of the bank, his nostrils filled with the smells of the woods. Then a fallen rotted sapling rolled under his foot and he went sliding down and almost into the brook, with a mass of dry leaves and dampish litter following him. He hit a tree root and felt the jar. He knew his revolver was jolted out of his hip pocket and he'd have to pick through all the mass of trash to find it.

But then he heard a noise that wasn't the gobbler.

There was a man within ten yards of him, with a shotgun held ready. His face was deathly white and his eyes were hunted and desperate. Joe thought to himself, "He ain't in the bottom! First one ever to fool us." Then he thought, "My pistol's in those leaves. If I hunt for it he'll figure what 'tis and shoot."

So he sat up where he sprawled and said sheepishly:

"Hell! Like to broke my neck. Did you hear that gobbler, too?"

The man wet his lips. He was shockingly pale. But he wasn't in prison uniform. He had on regular hunting boots, with his pants tucked into them professionally. He was wearing a hunting jacket that was comfortably old and that had a hunting-license pin stuck on the breast of it. Just like the sheriff had described him.

"Yeah," said the man, dry-throated. "I was listening for him to call again."

"I bet he's to hell an' gone now," said Joe regretfully. "I made a lot of noise."

His hands fumbled among the leaves. But he didn't dare search openly. The man, standing there, was figuring desperately whether or not to shoot Joe. It would give him a better chance to get away, but the shot might bring some-

Then Joe thought, "My pistol's in those leaves. If I hunt for it he'll figure what 'tis and he'll shoot"

body and a dead man left behind. . . . Joe felt that he knew every thought that went through the other man's head as he debated whether or not to do another murder. It was not comfortable. Joe sweated as he fumbled for his pistol.

Then the gobbler called again. Trapped, Joe might be. Unharmed he might be. He might be in a tight spot because an escaped murderer would know he'd be safest with Joe dead. But when a gobbler called, briefly, off in the woods, Joe's eyes flickered toward the spot. He couldn't find the revolver. It was somewhere in no more than six inches of leaves, but he couldn't find it and suspicion appeared in the murderer's eyes.

"I guess I looked like a damn fool, rollin' down that bank," said Joe.

He got up, brushing leaves off himself. Inside, he thought, "He musta killed somebody for that huntin' outfit, gun an' all. But he said somethin' about a dog. The dog'll tell." He looked toward the spot of the turkey call, again. He felt the murderer's hunted eyes desperately weighing this thing against that, and that against the other, and his life in the balance against all.

"Say," said Joe, "I'm not huntin' today, but I'd like to get a glimpse of that old gobbler. Haven't seen one since the season opened. Got a turkey call? Where's your dog?"

The man shook his head and nodded off to Joe's right, in turn. He didn't have a turkey call and the dog was there, tied to a sapling.

"Hm . . ." said Joe. "Not so good without a call, but let's go over an' see if we can get a glimpse of him. Maybe even a shot. Then come back for the dog. I might show you a place or two where that dog'll have himself a time."

HE WAS enormously relieved since he'd seen the dog. The dog was sniffing interestedly, moving his head from side to side to catch his—Joe's—scent. "Dog that's seen a man killed," thought Joe relievedly, "gets all wrought up. It doesn't seem nat'ral to him. He gets nervous. This fella ain't killed anybody today—yet. He hadda friend get his outfit ready for him." He waded forward through the leaves in the direction of the last sound from the gobbler. The man seemed to come to a wrenching decision. He followed.

It wasn't far. They heard the gobbler again. They were almost on top of him. The man's face had changed. It was still pale, but it was natural pallor now. Prison pallor. His mouth didn't look taut and strained. His eyes glowed with an honest light, instead of hunted. "He's a hunter!" thought Joe, in surprise. "Sure enough! Murderer he may be, an' runaway he is, but he's a hunter too!" He went on ahead with practiced, accustomed stealth. He heard a tiny sound. He froze and beckoned to the man.

Joe saw the man move forward with infinite caution. Then feathered speed exploded almost in his face. Partridges rocketed upward. Six of them, whirring in the swift panic that not only disconcerts the hunter but warns any other game within a half mile. Joe jerked his head to watch the man. He'd started, incautiously. A stick snapped underneath his feet. His gun was up, but he waited, his eyes bright. Joe understood approvingly. The man was waiting to see if the gobbler would fly, and if he did—

He flew. The partridges didn't set him off, but the snapped stick did. A big fellow, with huge wattles and a wing-spread to make your mouth water. Two hens with him. He flung himself through the air a good forty yards away. In clear space, that wouldn't be too far, but—

The man's gun went off. Once. Twice. Bang! Bang!

Something dropped, cleanly still on

the moment of landing. Something else fluttered, landed, and scuttled away. Partridges. The man's face was flushed. His eyes were alight.

"I had to make it that way," said the man. His face wasn't pale any longer. "That gobbler was right in among brush. So I tried for the birds. One was a pretty long shot. . . ."

HIS breath wasn't even. His eyes looked queer. Almost as if they were misty. As if they stung. But they shone. His mouth twisted a little. Joe thought to himself remorsefully, "He's been eatin' his heart out there in the jailhouse. He thought he wouldn't never see the woods again!"

"Listen," said the man. He swallowed. "One wasn't a clean kill. Let's get the dog to find him. I hate to leave a cripple behind."



"Private Jenkins, sir; camouflage corps"

CARL ROSE

This was the thing for which Joe had reserved judgment. He lumbered away in the wake of the man. His step was no longer elastic. He wrestled with a problem. He waded through leaves up to the dog, who was on his feet and quivering. He'd heard the whir of the birds and the sound of the shots. The man released him. He was off like an arrow to the place of hunting.

Joe looked at the place where he'd slid down. The man was waiting for him. If Joe started to look for his pistol, he'd either find it or not. If he didn't find it, the man would be suspicious. If he did find it, somebody would get killed. Maybe the murderer. More likely—much more likely—Joe. He thought yearningly, "Hunting weather like this don't come every day." It was no day to get killed on. Also, of course, he'd have a chance—

He tramped back with the man, still unarmed and now sweating freely. The dog came up with the crippled bird. He

gave it to the man, his tail wagging. The man drew a deep breath.

"I—didn't remember that living could feel so good," he said as if to himself.

Then he looked sharply at Joe. He'd remembered what he was and where he was. And he'd remembered that if he wanted to get away clean, he mustn't leave anybody behind to talk about having seen him in a hunting suit with a shotgun and a dog. It was time to commit another murder. His eyes went cold. But then—and Joe saw it in his face as his scalp was crawling—he thought of something.

"Look here," he said harshly. "I forgot something! When I started out this morning, they told me a prisoner had escaped over at Hadley. What do you know about that?"

He brought his gun around, as if he thought Joe was an escaped murderer

"Oh—come along," said the man. "I guess you're all right."

But he said it with an odd inflection, and Joe could trace his every thought. "Lettin' me go for the minute," he thought, "like if I had my pistol I might give him his head for a while. But he has got a pistol in that side pocket where he put one o' those birds." He tramped through the rustling leaves with the murderer. He said:

"How d'you work that dog? Better call him, hadn't you?"

The dog was on ahead, making long casts. Joe glimpsed him wriggling through brush.

"I—never worked him before," said the man. "My brother just sent him on to me, for a present."

Nearly true, maybe. Joe said: "Around here people don't use whistles much. He's prob'ly voice-broke."

He shouted. Echoes rang among the tree trunks. Ringing, lingering echoes. The man started. He paled. The instinct of the fugitive is to remain unheard as well as unseen.

The dog trotted into view. Joe waved him over to the left. He wagged his tail and obediently plunged into brush-wood again.

"Well broke," said Joe approvingly. "Let's go!"

He led the way. Then the man's eyes gleamed and he followed. Because, of course, he'd realized that two men, hunting with due accompaniment of noise, are vastly less suspicious objects than one man moving furtively.

BUT he forgot that aspect as time wore on. Joe forgot it too. He led the way to a patch of cutover land and they beat it from end to end and found nothing. They went over a fair-sized ridge and birds sailed away before them. The birds got into second-growth stuff and they went after them. The covey scattered to individual birds. They worked the wood. The man killed a fly-back, clean, and suddenly stopped.

"I'm no hog," he said. "Hunting a covey's all right. Single birds—I don't like it."

Joe warmed to him. He'd seen the man with easy shots and hard ones to choose from, and seen him take the hard ones. The man was a hunter. There are two ways to know what a man is like. One is to play poker with him. The other is to hunt with him. "An' he's a murderer," thought Joe vexedly, "an' he aims to kill me an' I aim to do him dirt. Man huntin' ain't like game huntin'." He didn't like it. He didn't like any of this day's work, except the hunting.

It was funny to like a man who, you knew, simply had to kill you before he parted from you. Joe had the man's plan pretty well worked out in his mind, now. He was already better than a dozen miles from the prison, and somehow he had everybody looking in another direction altogether. With a gun and a hunting dog, and birds, he should have been a figure nobody could possibly suspect. By tomorrow morning he ought to be twenty miles away. Sleeping out nights, and hunting by day, he ought to be able to move along nearly as long as hunting season lasted, covering maybe a couple of hundred miles on foot, if necessary. But today, the first day, he couldn't leave anybody behind to tell of a white-faced man who'd appeared in a hollow with a dog and a gun near Hadley, and didn't even know if his dog was voice- or whistle-broke.

"I know about one more place we got time to go to before sundown," said Joe. "Right over this hill. I guess we'll call it a day, then."

He led the way. Down at the bottom of the slope there was a farmhouse.

(Continued on page 53)

Very Smart

By B. B. Fowler

ILLUSTRATED BY T. D. SKIDMORE

SHOULD you know of anyone who is looking for a smart young executive, you might mention George Young's name to the interested party. Any business would do well to look George over before searching further. George has everything in his favor, being a good-looking fellow as well as a very, very smart one, with an eye on the main chance and the ability to keep right on top of the ball all of the time.

The fact that George is now looking around for something is nothing against him. In fact, George is out of a spot because he was, for once, just too smart. But, after all, a fellow can be forgiven for being too smart once; especially if he learns his lesson. And George has done that. He won't get too smart again for a long, long time.

Last year George was working for old man Collins. You know, "Collins' Cathartics, the candy-coated contribution to constipation's martyrs."

At this time George has a nice spot in the firm and has his eye on a nicer one. He knows there is a sweet executive job coming up in the fall and George has staked a claim on it. Also, there is Joan, old man Collins' daughter.

Joan is a nice bet for any man's money. She is blond in a breezy, outdoorish way. She swings a mean mashie and rides like a hussar. She's easy on the eyes and is a swell pal if you like outdoor stuff yourself.

Personally, George has an eye for the

Do you know a firm that is looking for a bright young executive? Say a word for the saddened hero of this broken romance

night-club rather than the country-club type. He likes 'em slinkier, preferably dark and what they call exotic. But George is no dope who will let his pulses beat time for his brain.

After he meets Joan Collins he works on her in a nice, quiet way and she shows signs that she could easily lean over in the direction of the handsome George.

So George goes on nursing his dreams. He sees himself sitting in that soft executive spot while the boss' daughter, in the nice shack in Scarsdale, waits for him to come home to cocktails at five-thirty. You can't blame a fellow for dreaming.

WHEN George's vacation rolls around in August he decides to take a little trip up to the summer hotel near Portland, Maine, where old man Collins and Joan had gone a few days before. That was Joan's idea. She had invited him up and the old man had okayed the proposition. So up to Portland goes George; and when he reaches Pine Point he is very glad indeed that he has come. Be-

cause he finds that there is a very mean job of claim-jumping being worked on him. And the competition he faces is the toughest kind.

The competition is in the shape of a big blond guy who is there with his little cabin cruiser. This guy, Ed Walker, is about six feet tall, most of which is exposed to the weather and browned about the shade you like your toast. He is handsome in a rugged, field-and-stream sort of way. He looks, to George, like long hikes in the rain and skis on Mt. Washington and a portage on the Allagash with an Indian guide.

Joan has met him and there is a gleam in her eye when she looks at Ed that causes George no little concern.

But George is a very smooth and smart boy. He is very pleased to meet Ed and begins to cultivate him with an idea to spotting his weaknesses, if any, and building a campaign around them.

He finds that Ed is at Pine Point for the tuna fishing. So, although George has no burning desire to go out and horse around with a horse mackerel—which he hears is a tough and husky proposition—he pretends great enthusiasm for the sport and asks Ed will he take him out and hook him into one of the big fish.

Ed is a friendly guy and always willing to initiate a newcomer into what he considers is the king of sports. So he invites George to go along with him and

another fellow in the morning to the off-shore tide rips where the big fellows feed and play around.

That night George dances with Joan while Ed putters around his boat, fixing bait and overhauling tackle and getting all ready for the morning.

When Ed does join them for a prance around the floor with Joan he smells slightly of aged fish. But, to George's surprise, Joan doesn't seem to mind this. George thinks of some nice cracks he could make. But George is too smart a boy to stick his neck out. He has sense enough to know that if he is going to eliminate Ed Walker, he will have to do it in a nice, smooth way.

Old man Collins comes out to the big porch where they are dancing, looking very much like a parboiled albino walrus from having been out in a dory all the afternoon fishing for flounders.

He watches Joan dancing with Ed Walker and remarks, "Harrumph, a nice, upstanding boy, that Walker chap. A nice, clean youngster. I understand that he is doing very well in advertising."

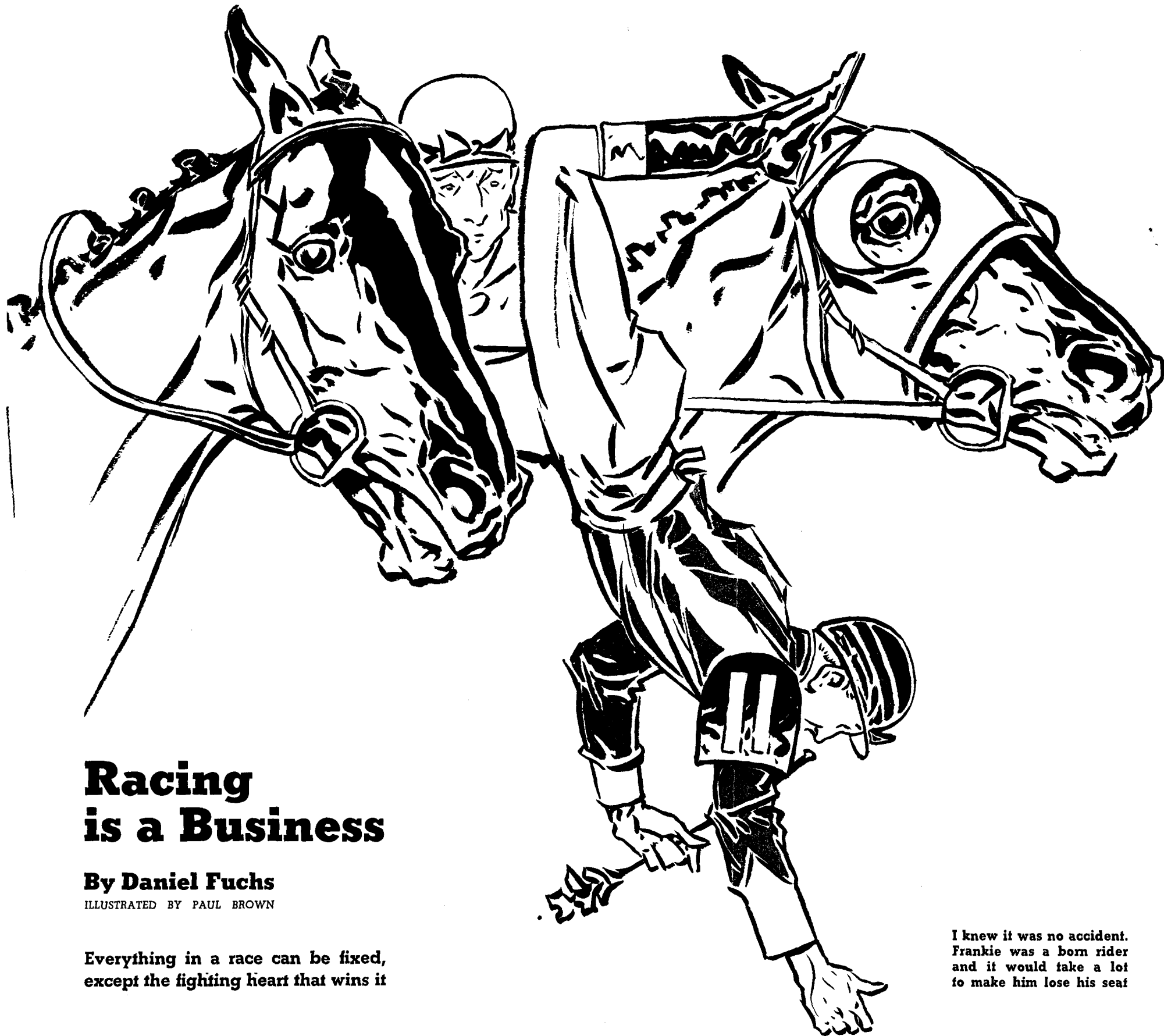
George agrees. "Yes, Mr. Collins, a very nice chap." But he isn't feeling so agreeable inside. Because he can see where Ed is even tougher competition than he had first imagined.

THE next morning George is up at the crack of dawn, which comes up at Pine Point with a thin, wet wind that is much better supported under eider-downs. George thinks very glumly, "What a hell of a price to pay for information."

But he is game, and after stowing away some bacon and eggs and getting inside a couple of sweaters he goes down to the boat. There he finds Ed
(Continued on page 58)



"As for you, you pot-bellied old sea cow, it's about time you put your back into that harness," he shouts



Racing is a Business

By Daniel Fuchs

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BROWN

Everything in a race can be fixed, except the fighting heart that wins it

I knew it was no accident. Frankie was a born rider and it would take a lot to make him lose his seat

SARATOGA is old-time, lazy in the August sun, and pretty. At Empire City there's a long row of fir trees on the rise of ground beyond the backstretch, and at Santa Anita the chunky mountains give the track its touch of class. Belmont is big and fancy but beautiful, and the same can be said of Hialeah. Then there are Churchill Downs and two or three others. The rest—junk yards.

Numbers on a pari-mutuel board do the running, not horses. The grandstands are hurry-up yellow stucco or else they've been patched and renovated to hold more seats. People who should be busy elsewhere come to gamble in their work clothes. Every race, every day ten per cent of their money disappears.

I wanted to talk about these things with Frankie as we both watched Joe Romney bring Sir Rogue thundering home to win, but somehow I didn't. I never did. Frankie was about sixteen and Fitzgerald's apprentice rider. Racing to him was the hurtling power of a good horse in motion, the proud ritual

at the stables, the quiet excitement of actually belonging to a sport that wasn't a sport but meant everything. Racing to him was my Old Kentucky Home in technicolor. One look at Frankie and you knew here was a kid who would get hurt as soon as he saw some of the angles. You wanted to tip him off but you didn't because my Old Kentucky Home was a nice thing to see in a kid and besides you didn't want to be the one who hurt him.

The midweek crowd sent up a cheer as Romney brought Sir Rogue back to the judges' stand to dismount. Those who had won cheered but the rest didn't keep silent. Remorse, regret or plain angry bitterness filled the losers, and the raw, nervous after-race cries and yips kept rising from the stands.

"Everybody sitting around," I said to Frankie. "Everybody improving the breed."

He glanced at me and then turned his eyes back again on Romney.

"Most fascinating thing in the world," I said, speaking again.

"What? Improving the breed?" He

didn't know what I was talking about.

"No, money. Dough."

I waved my hand at the stands but Frankie didn't stay to listen or to look at them. He ran down the track to the scales where Romney was being weighed and then came walking back with him, his face shining as though it were a privilege to carry his saddle for him.

Romney kept his eyes straight ahead and chewed his gum, unmindful of the racket, unmindful of Frankie. I knew what was going on in his mind: He had won with Sir Rogue, yes, but he saw nothing to get excited about. Fitzgerald, who owned the colt, would pick up seven hundred dollars of the purse. Tens of thousands of dollars would change hands at the mutuel windows and at poolroom bookie-joints scattered over the country. But all it meant to Romney was the ninety-five dollars he collected for winning, and he didn't get winners too often these days.

"You heard them cheer?" Frankie was saying as they reached me. "That was for you, Joe."

Romney still didn't smile. "Bush-

wah," he said. "When you win, they're with you. When you lose, you're a bum. Don't I know? If I lose on Sir Rogue in Saturday's race, they'll all be around to give me the razz just like anybody else."

"Not you, Joe. Because you won't lose. This was just a prep race for Sir Rogue today. Saturday you'll win from here to China." That was the way the kid talked as the three of us moved along to the jockey house.

"WHEN you see Sir Rogue run," he said, "it makes no difference whether you're betting on him or not. That baby wants to win so bad, you can't help rooting him home. That's what gets me about a horse, Joe—the way he's always dying to win. It's bred into him. It's the only thing he knows or cares about."

"If he's honest," Romney said, not looking at him.

"What? What do you mean?"

"Well, it all depends on the horse. Sometimes a colt don't feel like trying. Or else he's a quitter by nature. Or he's

(Continued on page 48)

SHE calls herself Hildegard—only this and nothing more. She's a singer. If you've heard her records or broadcasts, you know how good she is. If you've seen her, you know how good-looking he is. If you haven't heard her or seen her, don't just stand there—go do something about it!

While you're waiting for your plane, you might as well learn what some other folks think of her. First, the voice:

Winchell: "Orchids to Hildegard, the girl who sings the way Garbo looks."

Irving Berlin: "She's the greatest artist and stylist of song in the profession today."

That much of the case can rest right there. Now, the appearance:

Variety: "Very much on the s.a. side, sporting an arresting chassis."

The Photographers Association of New York: "The most fascinating figure of femininity of the year."

Something from Europe? Radio Review, London: "Biggest Heartthrob and Most Glamorous."

Le Jour, Paris: "Visage d'enfant. . . Un de ces corps longs pleins, des girls les plus magnifiques d'Hollywood."

Perhaps her most fervent tribute came from De jazzwereld, of The Hague (Holland, not Jersey City): "Hildegard heeft een popperig slank figuurtje, blond haar, en kleine gultige oogjes." In case your Dutch is rusty, "blond haar" may be freely translated as "blond hair."

Hildegard is something more, too. She's historic. She's the last, the very last, of an ancient and romantic tradition—the tradition of lowly, lovely ladies who caught some merry monarch's fancy and soared to fame. (Or sank to shame, depending on how you look at those things.) The whole affair was completely decorous. But the tradition is the same: a king's whim started her career. You can't take that away from her.

Thus: back in 1934 she was singing for not much more than throw money in a Paris *boite* called the Casanova. One night King Gustave of Sweden came in. He was seventy-six years old, but he still had an ear for a catchy tune. Three that he always asked for were Listen to the German Band, You Ought to Be in Pictures and Did You Ever See a Dream Walking? Hildegard sang them for him. He thanked her, and that was all. He went home to Sweden, she went on to another *boite*.

But a few months later he returned to Paris and to the Casanova. Where, he asked at once, was the girl who had sung for him? The *patron* thought fast. It would never do to admit such disagreement with royal taste as to have let the girl go. So, "She's ill tonight, Majesty, but she'll be here tomorrow night. Without fail!"

"Reserve me a table," said the king, leaving.

Immediately the *patron* scampered over to the other *boite*. "The king of Sweden," he stuttered. "He asked for you! I told him we'd have you tomorrow night! I promised! I'll be ruined if you don't appear!"

Hildegard said soothingly, "Of course I'll appear—"

The *patron* kissed her on both cheeks.

"—provided," she went on, "the salary is appropriate to the occasion. . . ."

They say that his squeals made the customers wonder how a pig could get caught under a gate in a night club, but eventually he laid the dough on the line, and Hildegard sang for the king. Next day half the papers in Europe carried the story. But who, they wanted to know, was Mlle. Hildegard? "The little Hollander," a French paper called her. A Dutch paper spoke of "the Viennese star." An English paper confessed that it had been unable to determine whether she was American with a French accent, or French with an American accent.

Hildegard smiled and opened another dozen telegrams offering her jobs in smart night clubs. She saw no point in disclosing that King Gustave's favorite singer had been born over her father's delicatessen shop in New Holstein, Wisconsin. . . .

The family name was Sell. In between storekeeping, Mr. Sell played the violin. Mrs. Sell was organist and choir leader at the Catholic church. So they weren't surprised when Hildegard Loretta, aged eighteen months, hummed a whole aria from an opera they'd carried her to. It only confirmed their hope that she'd be musical. They moved to Milwaukee and had her study piano at St. John's Cathedral High School, later at Marquette University. Every day her mother offered her the choice between practicing and doing the dishes. Hildegard hated doing the dishes. She hated it almost as much as she hated her first name. When people (Continued on page 54)

Milwaukee Chantootsey

By J. Bryan III

Everyone has a good time when the lovely Hildegard sings. It took the king of Sweden to discover her, but since then the home folks have caught on to her charm with a bang





Thunder of Hoofs

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

At first the Indians were afraid of the strange new animals, but they soon learned to capture and tame them. The horse changed the entire West and, incidentally, helped Red Cloud go down in history as the only man to win a war against the United States

The Sioux in their heyday were probably the finest cavalry on earth. Nothing could stand against them. They drove the tribes of Cheyennes, Kiowas and Crows before them

RED CLOUD, the Sioux called him, because the scarlet-robed squadrons of his warriors covered the Wyoming hillsides like a cloud painted red by the setting sun. This is his story, but it is bigger than Red Cloud, bigger than the Sioux. It is, however lamely I may tell it, the story of one of the biggest things that has happened in America—a thing so strangely neglected and overlooked that most Americans have never heard of it.

Look at the West as it was before the first white men came and note one fact about it that seems too incongruous to be true—that in all the length and breadth of it there was no such thing as a horse. In the West that we think of—the galloping West of the cowboy, the pony express, the mustang-mounted Plains Indian—the horse is so essential an element that it is difficult to conceive of a West in which no horse exists. Yet such was the West four hundred and twenty years ago, and not only the West but the whole of North and South America. In past geological periods prehistoric horses or horselike animals had existed here as shown by their fossilized bones, but all these had been extinct for many thousands of years. When the Arabs and Moors in North

Africa were developing their fine desert horses, there was no such thing as a horse anywhere in America, and on the plains of the West, where the distances were so immense as to discourage traveling, the Indian tribes were rather uninteresting and sedentary footmen who seldom wandered far beyond their own tribal homes.

Then from the coasts of North Africa the Phoenicians colonized Spain, carrying with them horses of the swift desert strain for which Arabia and Barbary are celebrated. Later came the Carthaginians and still later the Arabian Moors, swarming across the Mediterranean, bringing thousands more of those Barb and Arab horses which the Moorish warriors loved. For centuries the Arabs owned Spain and the lithe, hardy, fiery-hearted desert horse of the Arab became the horse of the Spaniard.

Two more centuries passed. Then across the unknown ocean sailed three small Spanish ships. Columbus discovered the New World and presently, in 1519, Hernando Cortez landed in Mexico. With him were sixteen Spanish horses of the Arab-Barb blood, eleven stallions and five mares, the first horses ever brought to the continent of North America where not a horse existed.

Alvarado followed with twenty more and then came Narvaez with nine hundred and eighty. There was much fighting before the northern provinces of Mexico were conquered and in this fighting some of the Spanish horses were lost. They ran wild on the Mexican plains, surviving, increasing, crossing the Rio Grande. Indians captured some of them, mounted upon their backs; and suddenly the West was transformed.

IT WAS one of the most dramatic transformations that ever took place anywhere. It was as though a vast land that had been asleep for centuries had suddenly awakened. From those lost Spanish horses of the hardy Arab-Barb blood—and perhaps from others of the same strain said to have been liberated by the Spaniards toward the close of the sixteenth century—a new, wild race sprang into being. Swift, intelligent, fecund, accustomed to scanty forage and little water, these “mustangs” increased with marvelous rapidity on the hot, dry plains of the Southwest. Then, fully two centuries before the American white frontier reached the Mississippi, they began to spread northward.

The spectacle of their progress is perhaps the most impressive thing in West-

ern history. You can see in your mind's eye the sleeping continent awakening as tribe after tribe of red men, plodding footmen for unnumbered centuries, dropped the shackles that chained them to earth. Fearing the strange new animals at first, the Indians soon learned to take them and tame them; and as the wild droves moved northward across the plains, nation after nation leaped to the saddle and the whole human life of the plains was completely revolutionized.

You've got to feel the wonder and realize the momentousness of that revolution in order to grasp the story of Red Cloud and the Sioux, in order to understand anything at all about the West. Though you may never have heard of it (so strangely has it been overlooked), it made the West that we Americans have known, the splendid, galloping West which has been so mighty a thing in our life and literature. You've got to see that great awakening sweeping across the plains like a tide, a tide moving from South to North and covering the whole vast area from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

The southernmost tribes felt it first; probably by the late 1600's the Apaches, (Continued on page 62)



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

George Preston Marshall, shown here at skull practice with his Washington Redskins, deserves the credit for pro football's present lusty condition

Sammy Baugh (33) and Bo Russell (45) of the Washington Redskins. The Redskins lost the 1939 Eastern title when Russell missed a last-minute kick

The Pros Have It

By Benny Friedman as told to Bill Davidson

Pro football used to be as dull as most college games until a laundryman put the rule book through a wringer. Now the fall Sunday matinees are stealing the show from the campus stadiums. Benny Friedman, who starred in both, tells why

I TOOK a Saturday afternoon off one day last fall. It was the beginning of December, and my team had finished its schedule a week before. Helmets, shoulder pads and the assistant coaches had all been put away in moth balls until the following spring; and except for a few minor details, I was able to sit back and forget all about football for three whole months. So I decided to take a Saturday afternoon off.

What did I do?

I went to see a football game.

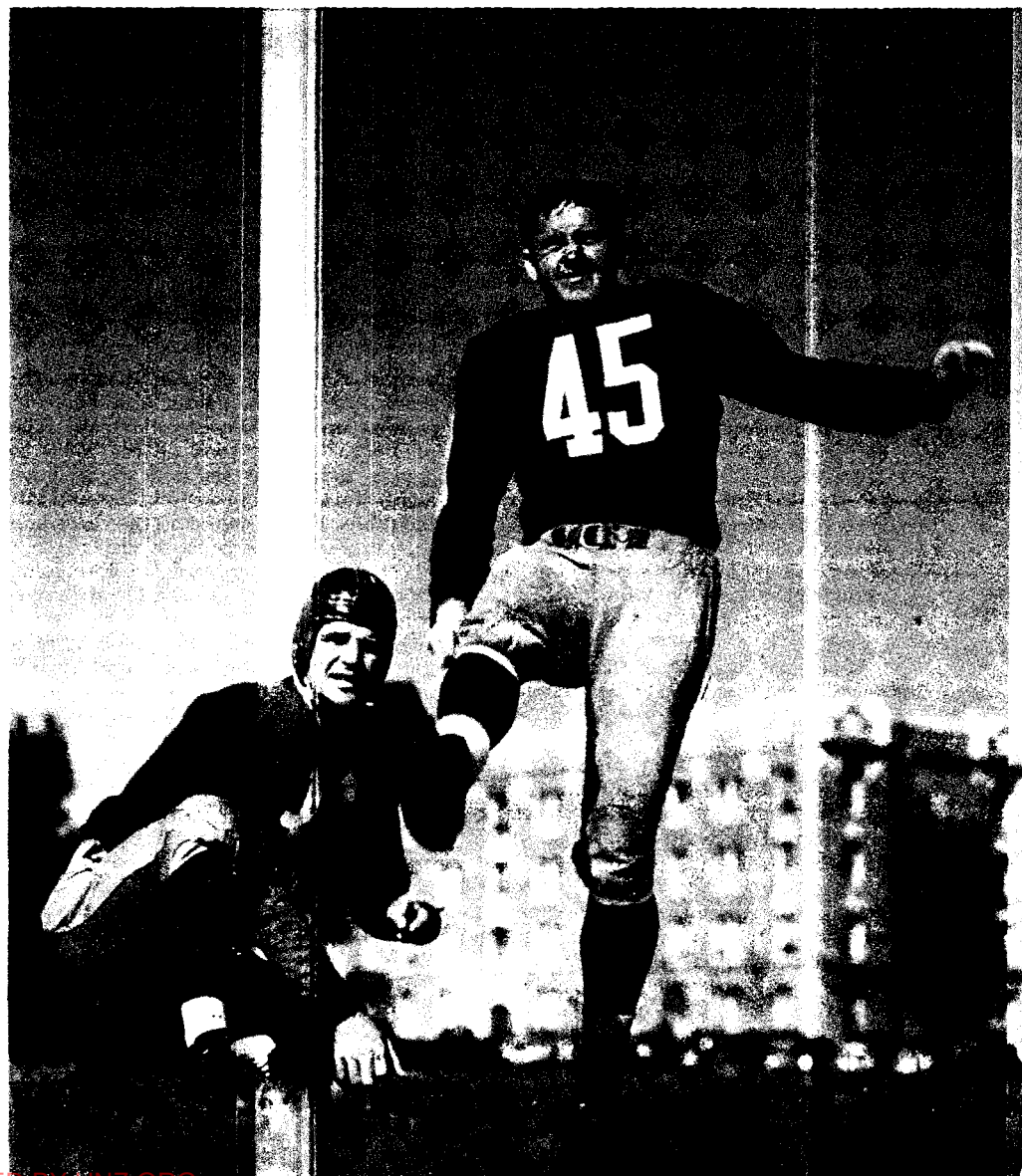
The game I saw was between two of the leading Eastern teams, whom I shall name, purely for the sake of diplomacy, Pottawattamie and Siwash. Now, neither of these teams had too impressive a record, but each was loaded down with promising sophomores and a wealth

of other good material. The weather was clear and cold—perfect for football—and it was the end of the season—the time when a good young team with a well-rehearsed repertoire of plays should look great. In other words, I picked this game because it seemed to be a natural from the spectator's point of view, and on that day I was just a spectator.

I sat down with 18,000 other people and waited for the action to begin. Some two and a half hours later I was still sitting there—still waiting. In the meantime, four quarters of football had been played, and the scoreboard read "Pottawattamie, 0; Siwash, 0." That was all.

The crowd had sat apathetically through all this, politely yawning or

(Continued on page 32)



The Drifter

Continued from page 10

"Don't let it worry you."

"Maybe I will."

"Suit yourself," agreed Keene. He was smiling, he was thinking back and remembering how this always went. It never changed. A man rode a thousand miles but the pattern caught up with him and now it was hard to know whether to be glad or sorry. He stood there, appraising the man in front of him. The redhead was a handsome rascal, and knew it. He was hard as iron and he knew that too. If he belonged to Broken Bit he would no doubt be the riding boss, for that air of bold assurance was on him. The homesteader, Spackman, came from the hotel with his family and stood in the street's lamp-stained shadows; and immediately a second family joined the Spackmans.

A girl stood in front of Spackman's grown son and touched his chest with her hand and laughed at him. Her lips were red and her brown-dusted face was stirred by that laughter and by the excitement of the night. Spackman's son looked at her with a solemn, disturbed interest. Keene noticed all this; and now he saw the redhead's glance strike across the street to that girl; his face changed, a flare of strong interest showed in his eyes. The two homestead families, now in one group, quartered across the street's dust. The girl's eyes lifted and saw the redhead and the smile left her lips; after she had gone by she looked quickly over one shoulder with a knowing darkness in her eyes, and by that obscure coquette's glance she raked up every hungry impulse in the redhead, leaving him with his tantalized hope. Keene saw all this.

KEENE moved on to the saloon and walked into its full blast of noise, into its rolling haze of tobacco smoke. Piano music clanked steadily from the deep back end. Along the bar, which ran the whole distance from front door to rear door, men stood elbow against elbow and a back-bar mirror flashed out its prisms of light and four barkeeps slowly sweated as they worked. Heads of deer and antelope and bear were mounted on the walls; two lamps bracketed a painting of a fleshy beauty lying on a couch, her heavy-lidded smile fixed on the poker tables below.

After the silence and long loneliness of the trail this noise and warmth and glitter, this smell of tobacco and whisky and clothes saturated with horse smell comforted Keene. He found an empty place at a table and bought a stack. Somebody called through the saloon, "Where you been, John?" Looking toward the door, Keene saw the redhead enter the saloon with the giant Jesse Morspeare behind him. More outfits raced into Prairie City, the sound of their arrival trembling through the flimsy walls of the saloon. A shot flattened along the night and the saloon doors swung ceaselessly back and forth to the inbound passage of the steady-flowing crowd.

Keene sat low in the chair, hat pulled down over his eyes. He ordered a drink and a cigar and he got the cigar evenly drawing between his lips, observing the deliberate manner in which Red John moved across the floor to take a seat at this table. Red John said, "A stack," and seemed to be amused at some joke in his head.

The old streaky feeling traveled through Jim Keene. All the ancient signals of trouble were rising in him and about him while he watched Red John's hard, rope-burned hands shuffle and deal the cards. They were fast hands;

the fingers were supple. It was something to remember. He lifted his glance and caught the straight blow of the redhead's green-flecked eyes.

"You're no nester," murmured Red John.

"Maybe—"

Red John's voice cut in quickly: "Now, Snap was a little drunk. But that don't matter. If a Broken Bit man wants to use his elbows it's all right."

Keene said, "I pass," and laid his fingers on the table. He rubbed them along the felt table top, making short, slow circles. Nothing ever changed. The quarrels of men rose from the same old reasons and moved through the same old pattern.

"I said it was all right," said Red John in softest voice.

That long wind had been blowing

came out of his chair and flung the table in Red John's lap and watched Red John fall backward. Chips clacked along the floor. Red John's body made a squashing echo in the saloon and within the space of a breath there was no talk in the place and no sound except Red John's grunt as he wrenched himself to his feet. He took three backward steps and paused.

"Friend," he said, "I like to meet a tough guy and try my luck."

Keene stood there, smiling, and said as he had said many times before: "All right, Red. Take a try."

INTO the sibilant stillness of the room crashed the high scream of a woman, followed by the running scuff of heavy boots and the bubbling echo of a man's voice in pain. A puncher put his head

open the doors and was stopped by the solid crowd on the walk. In the middle of the street a ring of men, homesteaders and cow hands, stood around the Spackman wagon with its load of barbed wire. Spackman's grown son and the two children were on the wagon seat. Mrs. Spackman stood by the wagon with an ax in her hand. Spackman was in the dust, now slowly rising; blood dripped from his mouth and dropped along his beard. He got to his feet and put up his hands in uncertain defense against Jesse Morspeare, who was a black and towering hulk in the stained lamplight and shadow of this night.

"Don't get in my way again," said Morspeare.

Mrs. Spackman screamed: "If you hit him again I'll use this ax."

Morspeare said: "Red, grab that old fool's ax."

Red John moved out of the circle, slow and careful; as he did so the Spackman boy jumped down from the wagon and stood beside his mother and then Jim Keene saw homesteaders come slowly together, their faces black and stubborn, yet half afraid. Red John was laughing. "You'll cut yourself with that ax, ma'am. Just put it down."

"Let her alone," said Spackman's boy.

SPACKMAN spoke through his cut mouth: "No doubt you can do what you want with me, Jesse. But we'll still be out there on the Silver Bow flats when you're dead and gone. Now let me go home."

"Old man," said Morspeare, "don't ever get in my way."

"Then," said Spackman stubbornly, "stay out of mine."

"Go on back to Ioway and grub your land," called Morspeare. "Don't come here and spoil range grass."

"We'll be here," said Spackman, slow and weary and firm.

"Not long," retorted Morspeare, moving forward. Mrs. Spackman raised the ax, Broken Bit men edged forward, the homesteaders were a tighter, darker knot in the street. Red John laughed again, not moving. The homestead girl, having come to the wagon, put her hand on the shoulder of Spackman's boy. Now Red John watched her and Keene saw her stare back at Red John with a half-interested, half-repelled attention. Her red lips softened as she looked at the foreman.

Keene came against the crowd on the walk. He put his hands between the touching shoulders of two men and shoved them away. He hit them with a roll of his body and went through. He was in the street dust, pulling a Broken Bit man aside. The Broken Bit man flung himself around, resenting that roughness with a lifted arm. He looked at Keene, saying irritably, "Stop that!" Keene passed him and got behind Red John. The Broken Bit foreman stirred in his tracks, hearing trouble. He swayed and swung his head and found Keene and he took a rapid step to the left and made a half turn. In the rounds of his eyes Keene saw the quick-roused flicker of cruelty again.

A voice quietly called: "Make way here." A gray and straight and severe old man walked inside the circle, saying: "Stop that, Jesse."

Morspeare let out a rumbling answer: "You won't be wearin' that star long, Borders."

"Long enough. You can go home, Spackman, or you can stay. It makes no difference. You Broken Bit boys just ease along."

A rider came up the street on a trot-



against Keene all evening; it strengthened now, it grew colder and stronger, coming up a thousand-mile trail. The player to his left took up the cards to shuffle them, but he laid them down again and said, "I'm cashing in," and left the table. Keene collected the cards and roped them between his hands.

"No haymow shuffles," said Red John. "You're a little queer on a lot of things, friend." He was talking in the same edged, amused voice, yet the ring of it flattened, it went out of key and his lids made a narrower frame around his eyes. Keene dealt and drew a long breath and felt the old current of wildness crowd him. This was what he had traveled so far and so long to escape. But the distance meant nothing; for a man carried his passport to hell in his heart wherever he traveled.

"It occurs to me—" he said.

Red John cut straight across the rest of it: "You're tough with drunks, friend. Which is an easy stunt."

Keene put down his cards and placed his hands at the edge of the table. He

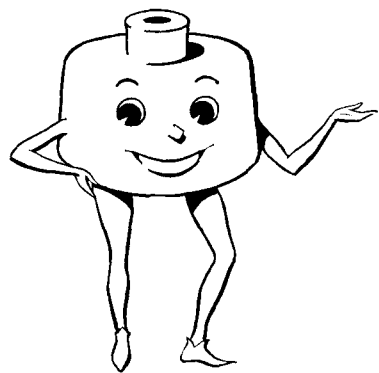
through the door. He yelled, "Broken Bit!" and disappeared. The saloon crowd rushed at the door, pushing Red John aside, throwing him off his careful balance. Red John made a gesture with his hands, turned from Keene and went out into the street. A floorman moved stolidly forward to pick up the capsized table and chairs. Then somebody said, "All right, Tonk," and the floorman moved away. Keene turned about, finding a man behind him whose eyes were brilliant green against an Irishman's crimson complexion. This man's eyes held a dancing light. They were approving Keene.

"My boy," he said, "be careful of that fellow. He's a Broken Bit man."

Keene said: "He's the boss?"

"He's the foreman. Grate DePard's the boss." Then the green-eyed man grinned. "Ah, now, it would be a lovely fight between you. I think you're the one that might do it. You've got the mark. I'm Tim Sullivan and this is my place. Be careful of that crowd."

Keene crossed the saloon and pushed



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Pan American Coffee Bureau
New York City

ting horse, calling, "What's this—what's this?"

The crowd broke instantly to let him into the circle. He reined up before Morspeare and Borders. He sat heavy and square on a big horse, the burned darkness of his face shining like polished saddle leather in the saloon's outthrown light. He was big-chested, with a long, flat nose and heavy lips loosely rolled together. He had a thick voice, the sound of it dropping like an ax stroke into the silence.

He looked at Morspeare, at Red John. He said: "When I want trouble I'll tell you. Get the hell out of town."

The huge Morspeare shifted on his feet. He lost his spirit immediately. "Aw, Gr—"

This, then, was Gr—DePard. Keene considered the man with a widening attention, forming his own judgments. DePard sat like a soldier on the big horse, obviously accustomed to having his own way; on him was the air of a dry, aloof scheming. Jesse Morspeare dropped his head. Turning, he moved out of the circle, never thinking to question the order tossed so bluntly at him. DePard looked around at his crew. "Go on," he said. "Go on."

Mrs. Spackman spoke up: "Tell them to leave us alone."

Grat DePard dipped his head at her, giving her no comfort with his voice: "Take care of yourself. I didn't ask you homesteaders to come into this country and break up my range."

The Broken Bit men moved away in reluctance.

Keene crossed to the hotel and went to his room but now he knew he couldn't stay. The walls were closing in on him and the night was flat and restlessness had its way with him. Taking up his saddlebags, he went down to pay his bill. In fifteen minutes he had left the town behind.

NEAR midnight he made camp and built up a small sagebrush fire and cooked coffee; rolled in his blankets, he watched the fire die. Before he fell asleep he remembered the girl who had asked him about the doctor. Her face was oval and white and composed in his memory; around her eyes, he remembered, had been the hint of an iron resolution, but in her lips he had seen a contradictory thing.

Aurora Brant returned to the homestead shack with Doctor Ellenburg at midnight. When he left half an hour later he told her the worst of it in his bluntest words. "Your father," he said, "can't last out another day." She had known he would say that. The rest of the long, black night she sat by the bed, watching her father move through his fitful intervals of sleep, half dreaming of death and half awake to it.

Now it was day and he had fallen into a real sleep. Aurora stood at the shanty door to watch strong light move across a sea of sage and yellow grass. Prairie City was a blur twenty-five miles southward. Here and there at lonely intervals small square shanties, no different than the one in which she lived, stood against the sun; far away she saw a rider and his ribbon of dust. This was the Silver Bow flats, on which the homesteaders were settling. Only last year it had been free government land used by the cattle outfits to graze their beef; the hatred of the cattlemen at that intrusion was the one real fear in the heart of every homesteader.

She saddled her pony in the shed, took a bucket with a long rope and rode toward the river a few hundred yards away. The Silver Bow crossed the flats by means of a deep lava-rock gorge and made a bend here and came out of its canyon to provide the only suitable ford within twelve miles.

At the river she rode the horse into

the current and dropped the bucket to the full length of the rope, thereby filling it. While the horse had its long morning drink she looked across the river at the small, gray log cabin on the north side.

Beyond the ford two ridges formed the walls of a narrow valley—Cloud Valley—whose grass lay rich yellow in the sunlight; gradually as the valley ran northward the ridges pinched in and became the rough-tumbled chain of the Thunderhead Range, here and there touched by snow patches. All the valley was cattle graze, with the ranch houses of the big outfits—Broken Bit, Rafter T and Cleve Stewart's Chain and Ball, hidden in small box canyons playing off from the valley. Every foot of that golden fifteen-mile meadow was free land, open to any homesteader who wished to file upon it. Only one homesteader had ever tried. He had built the log cabin across the ford. One night he had been shot dead and now the cabin stood as a stark warning to all other homesteaders.

She turned back. When she reached the yard of the shanty she heard her father calling with more strength than he had to spend. Dropping from the horse she hurried in and saw the fear frozen in his eyes. He reached for her hand. "A man sees the sorry side of himself at a time like this. At this stage of the game

as it had always been, for even as a child it had been her voice comforting him, her steadiness cheering him. It was her strength he fed on. He said: "One thing I regret. We never should have come here."

"It has been a lovely year, Dad."

She had the power to take his doubts away; now he was pleased to see that she believed in him. "Yes, it has been. And it was the cheapest health cure we could find." Then another thought turned him still and dreary and a pale shadow moved over his face and he spoke from the farther corridors of his strength: "How much money do we have left?"

MONEY was another responsibility he had never faced. She had been the banker. Now, as before, she lied to him to save him from one more gray fact he could never face. "About two hundred dollars."

"Enough to get you out of here. You can't keep this homestead. You wouldn't want to." He paused to struggle with his own conscience. "I have never cared for your mother's people. They disliked me when I married your mother and hated me when she died. But they're well off and they'll be good to you. I can think of no other way."

"All right, Dad."

It eased him to hear her approval. It

der against its edge, her arms idle in her lap. Her shoulders bent a little, her head dropped.

Coming along the road, Jim Keene saw her in this attitude and recognized her as the girl who had the previous night asked him about the doctor. When he rode before the shanty she looked up and he observed that the fear and strain of that occasion had been replaced by an expression as near bottomless despair as he had ever seen. As much as it was against his manners to dismount before being invited, he stepped from the saddle and moved to the door and saw the dead man inside.

"Your father?"

"Yes."

It was a tone of heartbreak, of a world fallen forever. She wasn't crying. It looked to him as though her feelings were deadlocked, leaving her wholly powerless; once in his own career he had known something distantly similar when, struck in the pit of the stomach, he could not breathe, speak or move. He sat down beside her.

"Maybe," he said, in the most sympathetic of voices, "I can help," and took her shoulders and pulled her against his chest.

He felt the quick loosening of her body and then he was listening to the sudden onset of her crying. He said nothing. He sat still, watching color come back to her cheeks. Her hair was a solid black, lustrous in the sunlight; the smell of her hair was sweet. She was tall for a woman and her shoulders were square and strong and there was a substance to her body; it was warm and firm in his arms. Her skin was lightly browned by the sun and her lips were broad and on the edge of being full—the lips of a giving woman, but not of a pliant one. He had seen her only once before, but even then she had left an impression with him. The impression had remained.

THE weight went suddenly from his arms; she straightened and gave him a full, quick look in which he witnessed a self-willed pride now deliberately shutting out the softer things he had seen.

He stood up with his hat in his hand. A rider showed on the desert, slowly jogging forward on a big horse—a nester riding all arms and feet.

The rider came steadily up and rounded the cabin, being Spackman from the homestead two miles east. Spackman said: "Your father better?"

She stood up. "He's dead, Fritz." That was all. It was a simplicity, Keene thought, that cut through everything. She was through crying and through being afraid.

"I will send the woman over," said Spackman. "I will send to town for Ellenburg. It is necessary for the certificate. We must, of course, bury him today."

"Yes, Fritz."

"So," said Spackman, and turned away. "That all you want?"

"When you come back," said Aurora Brant, "will you please bring your wagon?"

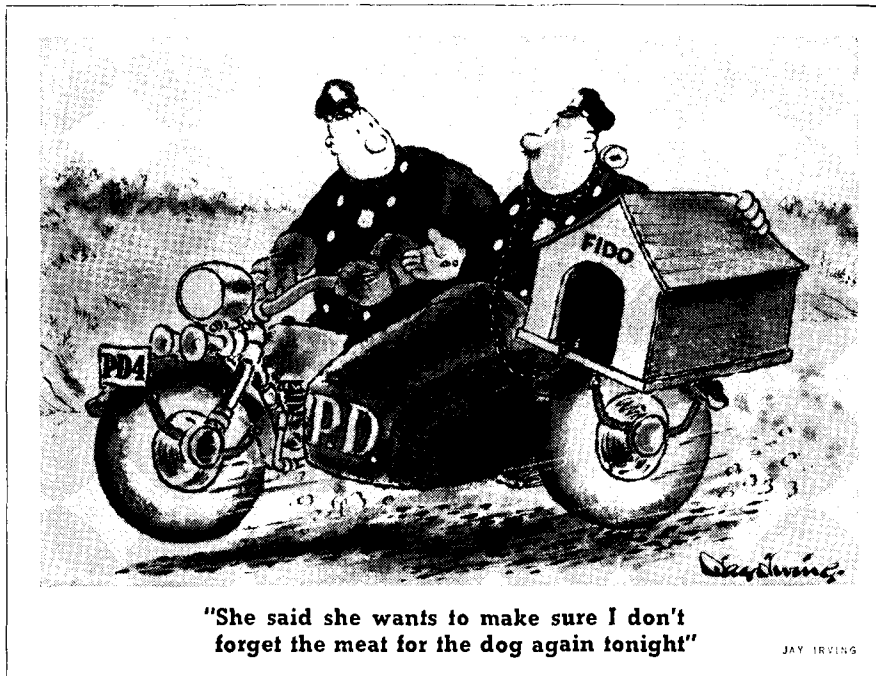
"Also I will see Cannon. He will make the coffin and Mrs. Cannon will line it as she did for my baby." He looked at Jim Keene, not knowing him; but since there were necessary things to be done he said to Keene, "You will dig," and rode away.

Aurora spoke to Keene: "I wouldn't want to delay you."

He said: "What is a day, or a year?"

He didn't understand the shadow which made its brief appearance on her face. But she was thinking: "So Father would have said."

She had asked that the grave be dug at the corner of the claim which overlooked the river. Keene had finished this chore when he saw her leave the



you don't make excuses for yourself any more. I have never really been happy when alone. I can't even die alone."

"Don't regret anything, Dad. We've seen the world. We've had fun."

"If that were only all—"

HE WAS very thin and in the last few years his hair had turned white at the edges; and he had hated that because he hated age. He was sixty but still kept the blue eyes of a young man; his face was without a line of worry. He had never worried, never worked very hard, never bound himself to any one place. Wherever they had moved he had always begun by saying: "This is our home at last. Here's where we make our fortune." But in a little while depression always came upon him and the orthodox pattern of life would bore him and then he would say: "It is not as I'd hoped it would be, Aurora. Let's try New Orleans. It is a lovely place." And so they would move. All her first memories were of trains and boats and coffee at midnight on ferries and stages rocking across lonely places. For him change was the breath of his life and regularity was death.

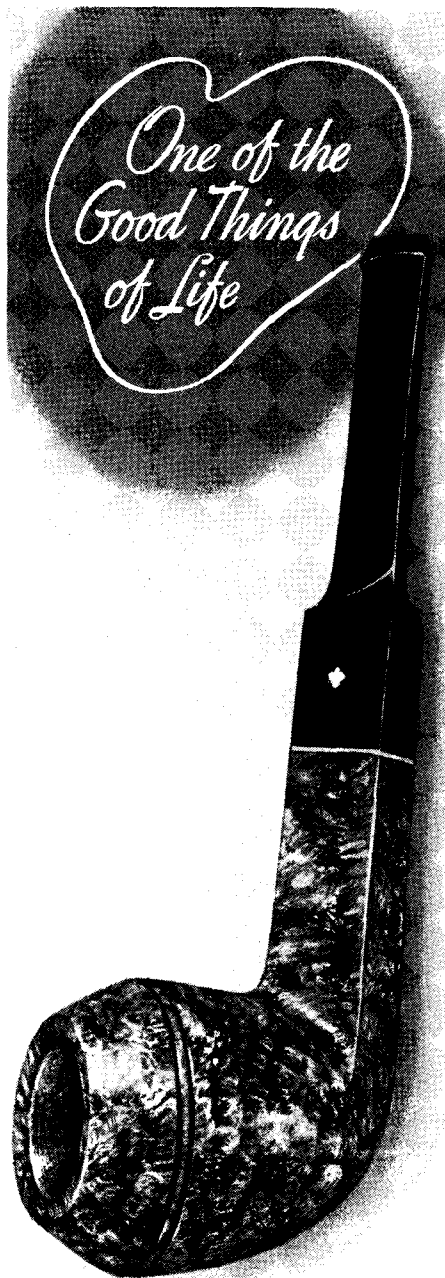
He held her hand and this, too, was

took the last responsibility from his shoulders, he who could not bear responsibility. He smiled out of those blue eyes which held her love so securely. A little of the old gay boyishness came back to him and then, in accordance with his changeable mind and heart, it went away.

He lay quietly on the bed and she knew he would be thinking of a poem out of Wordsworth or the glitter and laughter of some great party in his younger years, or perhaps he was thinking of tomorrow and the great day to come in another place.

"I leave you so little," he said. "Not even friends. We have never stayed anywhere long enough to make friends." And then, deeper and deeper along the black tunnel into which he steadily receded, he said in a changed and terrible voice: "Aurora—my life has been a failure." When she touched his cheek she knew he was dead.

There was no shock. This event had been long foreshadowed and her first thought as she bent to kiss him was that his face had turned young and a little eager, as though having stayed in one place too long, the old excitement returned once more for his final journey. She sat down in the doorway, her shoul-



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crowd of neighbors at the house and cross the field. She passed him and dropped to the edge of the bluff; and as he came over to her he saw that she had her eyes on the cabin beyond the ford. He sat down beside her and rolled up a cigarette. For a moment her attention turned to him. She touched his hand. "You've been good," she murmured, and then her mind traveled away.

She had twenty dollars, not the two hundred she had told her father; and she was alone. Never again would she watch her father's face grow eager as he thought of moving to some new promised wonder. Never henceforth would she be a shadow drifting along the earth; she would take root and grow. No more gaiety, no more high-hearted gambling with tomorrow; no more bright and gallant dawns fading into empty sunsets. She would stay in one place, she would have one spot on earth that belonged to her. That was her fixed resolve; that was the hunger of her heart.

She wouldn't write her mother's people, for that was the old story of improvidence again, another version of asking for a free ride and a free meal. She would stay here.

Keene said, "They're coming," and pulled her up. She stood by the grave with Keene, watching the slow and heavy homestead men come across the field with her father's coffin. The crowd made a small ring around the grave and Elijah Patterson, who had once been a preacher in the East, stood at the grave's head and made his talk. All the neighbors had come, impelled by that feeling of help which was so strong among the homesteaders. She noticed, too, that Cleve Stewart, who owned the Chain and Ball outfit, stood by his horse in the background. He was the only cattleman among them; she remembered that.

Elijah Patterson had finished, and there was nothing left now but to fill in the grave; the homestead men were waiting for her to leave before they began that chore. She delayed a moment, every memory of her father so clear, so painfully alive and dear; and then she said goodbye to him and felt the strangeness of being alone.

KEENE turned her away. They walked back across the field to the tar-paper shanty. The homesteaders drifted behind. Spackman came up. "I brought the wagon."

"Will you help me load?"

Spackman went into the house with some of the other men; they came out with Aurora Brant's possessions and lifted them to the wagon—a stove, a bed, a trunk, a crate of dishes and a board table with its soapbox chairs. Keene noticed a rider follow from the grave—a solid man with a square, out-thrust chin. He was around thirty, with the cattle trade stamped on him. He stood before Aurora Brant, saying, "I'm sorry, Aurora." He glanced at the things in the wagon and Keene noticed disappointment cross the bulldog face. The man looked tough and he had the shoulders of a fighter, but there was something different behind his eyes—something perceiving and soft. "You're not moving?"

"Yes, Cleve."

"Come up to Chain and stay a few weeks," said Cleve Stewart.

The homesteaders stood in the background, listening. They stayed away from the cattleman, watching him and not trusting him, not easy in his presence.

"I'll not be going far away," said Aurora. She paused and watched carefully. "Only across the ford to that cabin."

Spackman, rising to the wagon

seat, had gotten as far as the wheel hub. He dropped back to the ground. "What's that?" Mrs. Cannon said, sharp and alarmed: "Aurora, don't you do that!"

Fear came out of these people like a smell. Keene, now watching Cleve Stewart, noticed how grave his face became as he shook his head. "You can't do that, Aurora."

She said: "Would the cattlemen kill a woman, Cleve?"

AN EMBARRASSED blush crossed his face; he said: "The cabin's on the wrong side of the river, Aurora. It is on Broken Bit grass. I can't help you."

"I didn't ask for help, Cleve."

"Even if I could," said Stewart, struggling with his conscience, "I wouldn't. I'm a ranch owner. I've got to protect my grass. I'd have to stick with them when they protect their grass."

"Not your grass," said Aurora quietly. "It never was yours or theirs. It belongs to the government. It is open to whoever files on it."

Cleve Stewart started to speak, but he looked beyond Aurora to the homesteaders and Keene saw the man slowly shut his mind against them. These two worlds of cattle and plow had no meeting ground. There could never be truce or tolerance between them. There could never be anything but a fight for survival. All he said was: "I'm sorry, Aurora."

Spackman spoke uncertainly: "I don't know about me drivin' over there."

Keene said: "All right, I'll drive the wagon over."

Stewart gave Keene an affronted look. He recognized Keene's type at once—one horseman instantly identifying another. He said: "You're no nester, friend."

Spackman made up his mind. "To hell with those cowmen. I'll do it."

"Spackman," called his wife, "you be careful! You got enough trouble."

But Spackman was a fighter. "We'll see," he said, and whipped the team toward the ford.

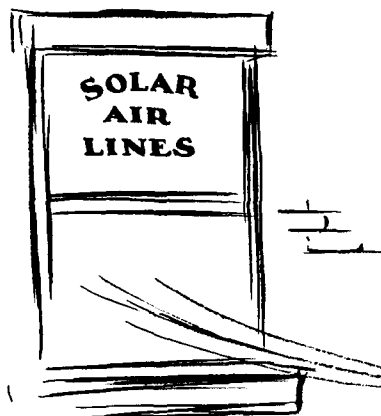
"I'm sorry," said Stewart. Tipping his hat to Aurora, he rode away.

The stove had been set up in the yard, pending a thorough cleaning of the log house; and Keene and Aurora had eaten. Now it was a full, star-shining dark with the river rustling on the gravel ford and somewhere a coyote crying and wind moving cool and soundless over the earth.

Keene said: "You'll need a man to set up that stove. You'll need a man for a lot of things. How will you plow, how will you build a fence?" After a thoughtful pause he added: "How will you stick?"

She had learned his name only a moment before and used it now. "I'll stick, Jim. I'll never move. Wait and see." Then she brought her glance to his face. "But you'll not be here to see."

He stood by his horse, a thick, raw-boned shadow in the darkness. He was a man hard to know, he was different than any man she had met. He was smiling and his voice had a soft, swinging tone. "Good luck."



"You've been kind," she murmured, watching him rise to the saddle. He removed his hat and he ceased to smile. He had touched her life and now he was moving on. She found herself saying, "What will you be doing?"

"Just riding—just looking."

"Jim," she said with a vehemence that surprised her, "never do that! You'll grow old, you'll find nothing, you'll die disappointed."

"What else can a man do?"

"Good luck," she said, and watched him disappear in the shadows.

Coyotes were crying all through the ridges at either side of the valley. She listened to Keene's horse tap a slow beat from the earth and heard the sound die. Loneliness flowed in the shadows; there were no homestead lights visible from this low side of the river, no friendliness shining through the night. She turned into the cabin and undressed and lay on the bed, hearing the steady rustle of the water. . . .

She was aroused by the sound of horses scuffling near the cabin and the murmur of voices. Something struck against the iron stove and a man cursed and the stove rang loud in the night and seemed to fall from its legs. "Blackie," said a man, "that's a horse over there. Take it along."

She flung on her robe and slid across the cabin's rough floor in her bare feet and opened the door. She saw two riders on foot in the foreground and two other men farther away. She called out: "Who are you?"

One of the men called: "A woman!"

"Sister," said a voice, "you get the hell out of here tomorrow. We're takin' the horse. You'll find it in three-four days, somewhere out in the valley."

"Blackie," said one of the farther-stationed riders, "whut's movin' over there beyond you?"

Blackie grunted as he turned. "Where?"

A GUNSHOT made its dry, flat breach in the night. Aurora pulled back from the door, seeing the short spurt of that weapon's muzzle. Blackie ran into the deeper shadows; the other three men were suddenly fighting their horses. Blackie yelled, "Wait!" The gun spoke again, a bullet scuffed the earth. Blackie's horse reared high in the darkness and ran off, leaving him afoot. Blackie was a thin-bent shadow in the night as he raced toward the other three. The gun steadily searched the yard. She saw Blackie lift himself behind one of the riders. There was an answering fire from these men. Powder smell filled the yard, but the first gun kept on, patient and unhurried, and Blackie yelled in quick pain and then the group rushed northward.

A man rose from the earth, walking forward. When he spoke, Aurora recognized Jim Keene's voice. There was amusement in it, as though this had been an expected thing. "You're all right?"

"I thought you had gone."

He was before her. He was near enough for her to see his face. He was smiling and pleased. "You see?" he said. "This is how it will be."

"Tomorrow," she said, "I'll send to town for a gun."

"Tomorrow," he said, "I believe I'll stake out a claim around here. It looks like fun."

"Jim," she said, "you're a man. They'll kill you."

The smile remained. He said, "I think I'll stand pat. Maybe what I want is here."

"What do you want, Jim?"

He said in a slow, half-puzzled way: "I thought it was peace and quiet. Maybe it isn't that."

(To be continued next week)

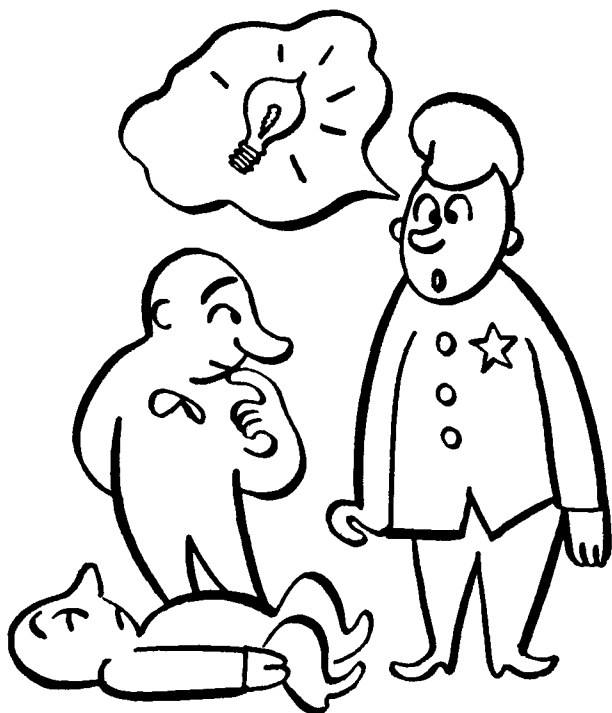


1.

"BUT HE SOLD ME
PANTS WITH A
FAULTY SLIDE
FASTENER"



2.



3.



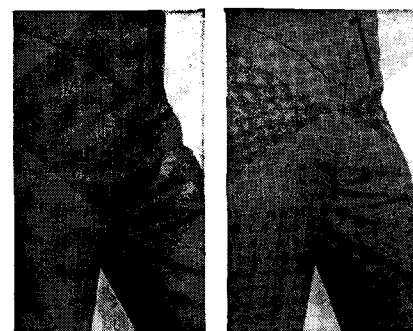
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The Pros Have It

Continued from page 23

discussing the European situation. And, in the second half, there was a pretty fair fist fight between two drunks down in the lower stands. But *not once* did the crowd so much as get to its feet because of anything that transpired down on the field.

What was going on down on the field? Oh, yes! It was a football game. But this is what happened. Pottawattamie had two fine tailbacks in Smith and Jones. Each time the "Pots" got the ball, either Smith or Jones would smash outside tackle on first down, inside tackle on second down, and then punt. Once in a while this procedure would be varied with an inside tackle on first down, outside tackle on second down, and then a punt.

Complete Stalemate

Siwash, it so happened, also had a fine tailback in Brown. Every time Siwash got the ball, Brown would smash outside tackle on first down, inside tackle on second down, through guard on third down, and then punt. And also, for the sake of variety, Brown would sometimes mix them up first going inside tackle, and then outside tackle before going through guard and punting.

That's the way the game went for sixty full playing minutes. There were five or six forward passes, but they came only at the most expected, orthodox times. And there were three tries for field goals. All three were set up perfectly, just in front of the goal post. And all three were missed horribly.

So the most interesting part of the entire afternoon was the fight between the two drunks down in the lower stands. And after the final whistle, when the crowd was filing silently through the gates, I heard a remark that is the basis of all I have to say: "Boy, I'm sure glad the Giants are playing in town tomorrow."

The following week, I took another afternoon off. This time I rode up to the Polo Grounds to watch the New York Giants and the Washington Redskins battle it out for the Eastern title.

The sky was gray and overcast and occasional showers fell. The entire stadium was soaked through from the rain of the day before. Yet over 63,000 people jammed themselves into the stadium, and outside there were 40,000 more clamoring in vain for standing room. Of the 63,000 fortunates, 15,000 had come up from Washington in special trains, wearing Indian feathers and emitting bloodcurdling war cries. On the field a 117-piece Redskin band whooped and paraded about, and one hundred so-called "Jiving Jints" jitterbugged all over the place.

Then the game began. And not a single moment passed that the crowd wasn't leaping to its feet with excitement. The Giants opened up with a surprise attack that drove the vaunted Redskins right back to their own goal line. Then came a succession of everything that makes for football thrills. Leemans and Filchok locked in a brilliant passing duel; a successful forward pass on first down by Ed Danowski, deep in his own territory; sensational field-goal kicking by Ward Cuff and Ken Strong; daring broken-field running by Dick Todd; pass interceptions by Tuffy Leemans behind his own goal line; alert blocking of punts by Wee Willie Wilkin.

And then that greatest thrill of them all—just a few seconds before the game, when Bo Russell stood fifteen yards in front of the Giants' goal to kick. The

score was 9 to 7 in favor of the Giants. It was an easy try and if Russell made it, the score would be 10 to 9 with the Redskins out in front. The Eastern title hung in the balance—on the strong right foot of one man.

The crowd became quiet—tense. Everyone was on the edge of his seat. And then the ball was snapped!

Frank Filchok took it. Back went Russell's foot. There was a dull plop as soggy toe met soggy ball. Up, up, went the pigskin. Then it began to fall. It splashed into the mud behind the goal post. Was it good? No one knew. The crowd held its breath—waited!

Then it came! Referee Bill Halloran waved his arms sideways! No good! A roar went up from the grandstand, and fans all over the field. Referee Halloran was engulfed by a wave of gesticulating Redskins. There were hot words, flaring tempers, swinging fists. What a show!

But then play was resumed, and in half a minute it was over! The Giants had won. As I filed out with the crowd, I listened to their remarks, just as I had at the Pottawattamie-Siwash game the week before. I heard only one thing: "Boy, what a game!"

Now what does all this mean? Just this: That Pottawattamie-Siwash game is typical of ninety per cent of the college football being played in this country today. And, in the same breath, that Giant-Redskin game is typical of ninety per cent of the big-league pro football being played in this country today. In other words, somebody has to do some waking up before it's too late. And I don't mean the pro football magnates either.

For right now the college athletic authorities are making one of the most fatal mistakes in the history of sports. They lock themselves in their ivy-clad towers, on the paneled walls of which are hung photographs of the dead greats of the past. To fortify themselves, they drink deeply of the musty tradition-laden air. Then they peek out the window and sniff down their noses at the fresh, young menace everyone is talking about—professional football.

Who Are the Public?

What the college authorities seem to have lost sight of is this: *The alumni and the public are one and the same.* Heretofore, the alumni have been looked upon as an unalienable group—an old reliable that could always be counted on to come back to see the team play year after year. The brand of football made no difference. Joe Smith and Bill Jones would never turn down the old school.

But all that's changed. *The alumni and the public are one and the same.* And the public always has been and always will be an eager body in search of fresh, new entertainment. Pro football is giving them the kind of show they want. College football is not. And college football is slowly losing out.

College publicity methods are obsolete. College coaching methods haven't been changed in years. Season after season, the college bureaus of public information issue the same stodgy reports: "Fullback John Jones, 6'1", 220 pounds; Quarterback Harry Brown, 5'10", 175 pounds." And season after season, the Pottawattamies and the Siwashes all over the country are playing precisely the same stereotyped ball that the Pottawattamies and the Siwashes were playing ten years ago.

Why kid ourselves any longer? The

rah-rah era is over. Both graduates and undergraduates are becoming increasingly blasé about college loyalty and everything else that goes with it. They go to see a football game to be entertained, and just a taste of pro football is enough to show them what is good and bad in pigskin entertainment.

The question now resolves itself to this: If we are perfectly satisfied to let college football drop to the status of college baseball, okay. The huskier of the undergraduates will be indulging in good clean fun and everyone will be happy. But if we are going to continue to rely on football to bring in money to build us nice new gymnasiums and to carry the entire athletic budget—then we have to wake up and realize that we're in show business. And in show business, to become obsolete is to die!

But enough of the colleges. Let's take a look at the pros.

They're Two Different Games

Just what is this menace, this sinister "oomph" that's weaning the customers away from the rah-rah boys. Most certainly it's an innovation. As recently as nine years ago I was still playing in the National League and as yet there was no sign of it. The kind of ball we played, the methods we used, were almost an exact replica of the college game. We never looked on ourselves as anything but an offshoot of the college game.

But now pro football has progressed to a point where its only similarity to the college brand of ball is that in both they still block and tackle. In the short space of just eight years, pro football has leaped to tremendous self-supporting proportions. And what has caused all this? One man.

It was back in 1932. That year, the meeting of the league was scheduled for Atlantic City. It was my first year as coach of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and I was there, together with all of the other coaches, managers and club owners. But there was another new face in the National League governing circles that year. He was a man who was a complete newcomer to the sport. No one knew anything about him except that he owned a huge laundry in Washington, that he had made a successful venture into pro basketball, and that for some inexplicable reason he had bought the decrepit old Boston Redskin franchise. The man's name was Marshall—George Preston Marshall.

Well, everything went smoothly at that meeting. We discussed the schedule, the officials, and all the other trivia peculiar to such a gathering. But just as we were about to adjourn in beautiful harmony, we heard a voice in the back of the room asking for the floor. We turned around in surprise. It was Marshall—the newcomer.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have some proposals to make concerning changes in the rules." A hushed silence fell over the meeting. Rules changed! We didn't make changes in the rules! We followed the college game! And then as we realized who it was who had made the suggestion, the stunned surprise gave way to polite, smug laughter. Well, if it

wasn't Marshall, the laundryman! Marshall, who didn't know a thing about football. Yet here he was trying to tell some of the biggest minds in the game what to do.

But Marshall just stood there waiting for the noise to die down. Then he spoke again: "I realize that you men know your football inside and out. I know football only from the spectator's point of view. But that's why I'm speaking to you. From the spectator's point of view, the kind of football you play makes a lousy show. It's dull, uninteresting, boring. The way I look at it, we're in show business. And when a show becomes boring to the public you throw it out and put a more interesting one in its place. That's why I want to change the rules. I want to give the public the kind of show they want."

And with that, Mr. Marshall enumerated a long list of unheard-of radical rules changes. Among his wilder innovations he wanted to allow forward passes from any point behind the line of scrimmage, he wanted the goal posts moved back to the goal line, and he wanted it made permissible to run with a recovered fumble.

When Marshall got through there was again a peculiar strained silence. Then titterings broke out. One of the magnates got to his feet and smilingly tried to laugh off everything Marshall had said, much as a mother might laugh off the silly behavior of her child in public. Everyone heaved a sigh of relief. That's the way to handle these guys with screwy ideas—squench them right off the bat.

But when the noise had faded away again, George Preston Marshall was still on his feet. His mouth was set in a short, grim line and little flashes of lightning were shooting from his eyes. He was ready for a fight. And fight he did.

The End of Smugness

He stood on that floor for three hours, answering with the sheer weight of common sense and logic every argument thrown at him by the opposition. And when the smoke of battle had died away, George Preston Marshall stood among the ruins—victorious. He had won himself glorious triumph—a compromise triumph, true, but a triumph nevertheless. For, to get rid of the persistent pest, the others agreed to adopt some of his changes. And that was the beginning and the end of smugness and hardheadedness in pro football. That very year, Marshall's rules went into effect. And the result? The most spectacular football the country had ever seen and attendance figures that made the magnate's eyes pop.

At the end of that season the owners appeared before Marshall once again at the league meeting, shamefaced and acknowledging complete defeat. From that point on, pro football was in show business, and from that point on pro football began its climb to the peak. That same year a rules committee was appointed and all the rest of Marshall's proposals were adopted. The goal posts were moved back to the goal line, and

We call her "Old Mrs. Millions"



1. THIS IS OUR TOWN'S RICH WIDOW. We call her "Old Mrs. Millions." Not a bad sort when you get to know her, but she's crotchety as a bear and thinks the whole town wants her money.



2. WELL, I'M PASSING HER HOUSE when I meet a neighbor of mine, Mary Banks, who had been to see the old girl for a contribution to the community chest. *I wish you could have seen Mary's face!*



3. I TRIED TO EXCUSE the old lady by saying she wasn't well. "In fact," said I, "she's a *pill fancier*. Collects cathartics the way other people collect postage stamps." Well, we walk on to Mary's house. And while I'm resting, Mary comes out with—*what do you think?*



4. A PACKAGE OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! "You know Mrs. Millions," she says, "better than I. Why don't you suggest that she *prevent* her constipation instead of always trying to 'cure' it after it happens? She probably needs the right kind of 'bulk' in her diet. If so, eating ALL-BRAN for breakfast regularly might do wonders, even for her disposition!"

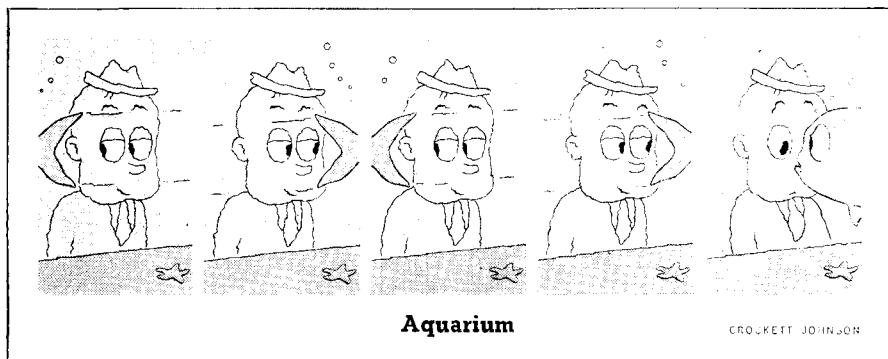


5. SOME TIME LATER, while Mary was cutting flowers, up barges the old girl as chipper as a kitten on a sunny day. "Young lady," she says, "I'm told it's to *you* I'm indebted for a great favor. Won't you accept this for your community chest—from one who has 'joined the *Regulars*'?" And she waves a nice fat check!

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT *Voting?*

By GEORGE A. CLANREVAN
(Lexicographer, Encyclopedist, Radio Broadcaster)

We Americans take to voting as naturally as we do to breathing. But our system didn't just "happen"; it was

developed through years of trial and error. Here is how many present-day election customs came into being.



Why
"Ballots"?
and Why
"Cast"?

When the ancient Roman voted, he tossed a little ball into a round container that looked like a wastebasket. White balls signified "Yes"; the dreaded black balls meant "No".

Today we slide a folded piece of paper through a slot in a box—or we operate a modern voting machine. But it is still called

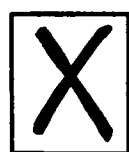
"casting a ballot", which actually means *throwing a ball*.

Counting Our Heads

Voters used to be counted by the head, as were cattle. Another word for head is *poll*. So a spot where *we*—and our votes—are counted is still a *polling* place.

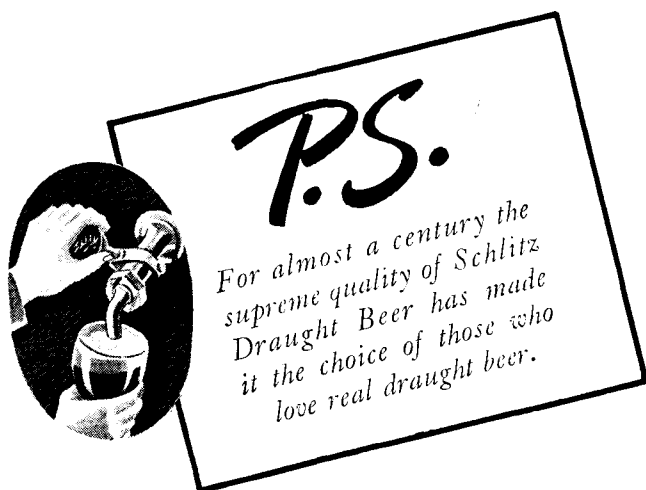
Say It With Chalk

The Roman office-seeker whitened his robe with chalk, as a sign of good, clean politics. The word for white was *candid*—hence our term *candidate*. Today, when a speaker says, "I'll be candid with you," he means "I'll be *white* with you."



VOTE WITH THE LOVERS OF R

*Until You Try That Even Finer
You'll Never Know How Really
a Bottle of Beer Can Be*



So far as beer is concerned, the election is over. It's a landslide for that *even finer Schlitz*. Lovers of real beer like its buoyancy, brilliance and full, fine flavor. They say it's the grandest beer they ever tasted. And you too will say the same. So try that even finer Schlitz today. Order it by name—wherever fine beer is sold—by the drink, by the bottle or by the can.



Ambitious Candidate

Even two thousand years ago a candidate had to go out on talking tours to get votes. They called such a tour an *ambitio*. And since such a candidate always had a great desire for preferment and honor, *ambitio* became the source of the word ambition.

Australian Ballot

There were no secret ballots in the days of our ancestors; hence they were often victimized by over-persuasive candidates. To Francis S. Dutton, of Australia, goes the honor of proposing the secret ballot of modern times

known as the Australian ballot; and to Louisville, Kentucky, the honor of first using it in our country—in December, 1888.

The People's Friend

Campaign advertising was simple, twenty centuries ago. No papers, no radio; just plain walls. Sign painters covered them with political slogans. "Vote for Cleonius Prissus—Cheaper Food and a Free Circus!" "Vote for Julius Politius; he's handsome as Apollo!" Some of the slogans of those early ballyhoo artists are still visible on the walls today.



Stump Speeches

"Americans are always making speeches," said early visitors from overseas. And no wonder! Pioneer dwellings were surrounded with tree stumps—natural platforms for budding orators. Nowadays candidates still "stump the country". And if they want to hesitate while making up their minds, they can "sit on the fence"—another Americanism.



In Old Virginia

Three centuries ago, any Virginia freeman who stayed at home on election day without a good excuse was fined; at first, one hundred

pounds of fine tobacco; later, two hundred pounds.

The First "Gallop" Poll

Everybody votes nowadays; but in North Carolina, around 1715, you had no vote if your house had no chimney. In South Carolina, you couldn't vote if you owed money; so just before election there would be a big rush to pay bills. And in 1656 a man named John Harrington claimed that only men who rode horses should vote. He wanted ballot-boxes placed high on posts, in a sort of park, so the gentlemen riders could vote on the run in a sort of "Gallop" poll!



Women For Votes?

Womenfolk got into elections as early as two centuries ago, in Georgia. A citizen couldn't run for office if his wife or other female relative reeled less than fifteen pounds of silk a year.



Fifty-seven Days!

Old-time elections often lasted for several days. In England, eight or nine days was common; in Mayo County, Ireland, many years ago, the polls were once kept open for fifty-seven days. Today, our free nation of over 130,000,000 people can make its fair-and-square choice in less than 24 hours.

After the Election

After you elect a candidate, you have to wait a long time to find out if your choice was right.

But when you cast your vote for a bottle of that even finer Schlitz, you'll know *instantly* that you couldn't have made a better choice.

It's the candidate with the record and reputation **so great** that it made a city famous throughout the world.



How about voting now? Just say "a bottle of Schlitz" most anywhere. At your very first sip, that famous flavor will tell you that you've voted right!

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Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

L BEER ...

Schlitz

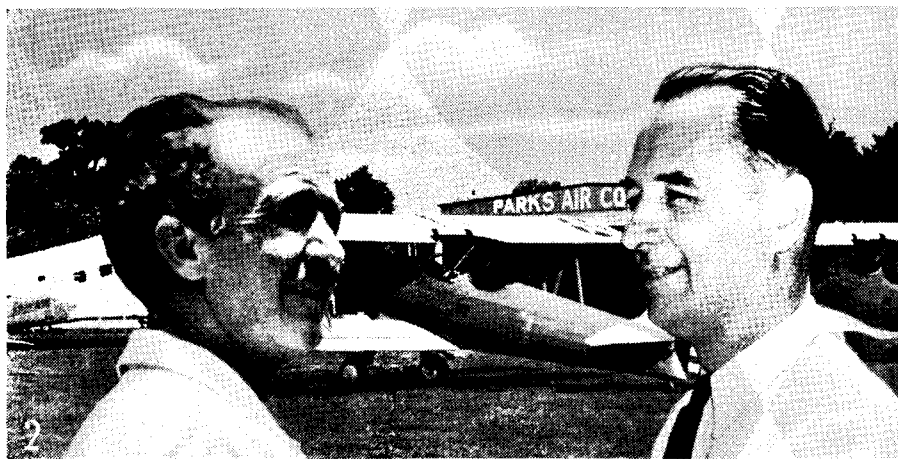
Good



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



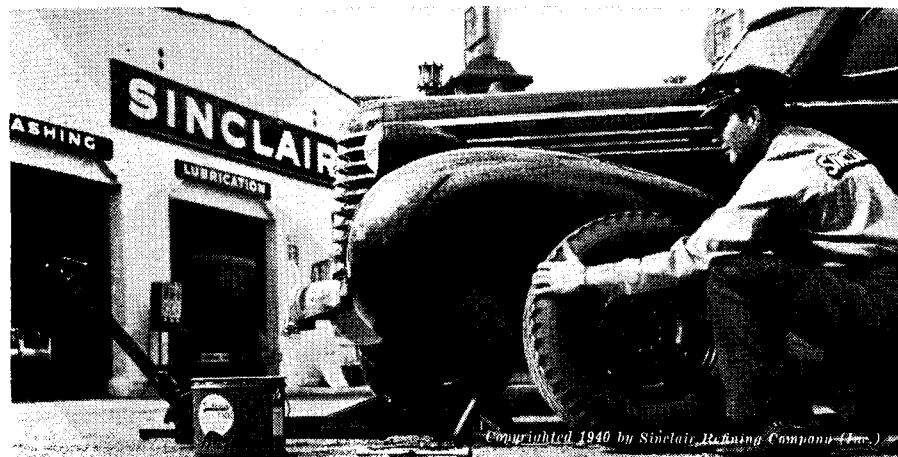
Walter Brennan, featured with Doris Davenport in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Westerner", is . . .



. . . pictured here with Oliver L. Parks, President of Parks Air College, East St. Louis, Illinois. Parks Air College is a leader in . . .



. . . training pilots for the U. S. Army under the Government Expansion Program. All the planes used in this work are Sinclair lubricated for safety and economy. Why not . . .



. . . be as particular about your car? Have it lubricated with the same quality Sinclair products at your nearby Sinclair Dealer. He also offers you a special Sinclair-ize for Winter Service to make your car safer for winter driving. Ask him about it.

the spectacular phase of field-goal kicking once again emphasized.

The following year, pro football—the newest addition to show business—decided it had to go out to get the stars for its shows. Thus, names like Harry Newman, Sammy Baugh, Davey O'Brien, Tuffy Leemans, Whizzer White, Don Hutson, Ed Danowski and Joe Maniaci found their way into the pro game. Every team in the league, no matter how lowly, had its big names to draw in the customers every week. Teams like the Philadelphia Eagles and the Pittsburgh Pirates, both of which finished deep in the ruck, had Davey O'Brien and Whizzer White playing for them. And week after week the Eagles and the Pirates played to full houses. This was successful show business.

But more important than all this, the complete attitude of the game changed. Since it was now show business and putting on the best show possible was the all-important thing, false tradition, prejudice and favoritism were forgotten. Everyone was given his chance at everything. There were no lights hidden under any bushels. Thus the records show that a man who last year was recognized as one of the outstanding pass-receiving ends in the National League caught a grand total of three passes during his entire college career.

Something New Each Time

Another thing that has resulted is that experimentation is constantly going on. None of the stagnation of college playing methods is evident in the pro game. Fundamentally the same formations are used—the Notre Dame system, the double wingback system, even the age-old T-formation of the Chicago Bears. But instead of sticking to the basic formation, as the colleges have done for years, the pros have changed and improved and added to them until now they are hardly recognizable. Each Sunday they try something new. And the old die-hards who still think the off-tackle play is the basis of offensive football come away each Sunday tearing their hair and muttering, "Heresy! Heresy! They should be burned at the stake!"

And that's the situation. Pro football is in show business. College football is cooped up in its ivory tower. Naturally, it would be foolish of me to say that all college football is pursuing the same stubbornly reactionary course. No. There are sections of the country today and isolated schools here and there that use a heads-up, progressive approach to the entire thing. They put on good shows, and the results they obtain bear out my contention perfectly.

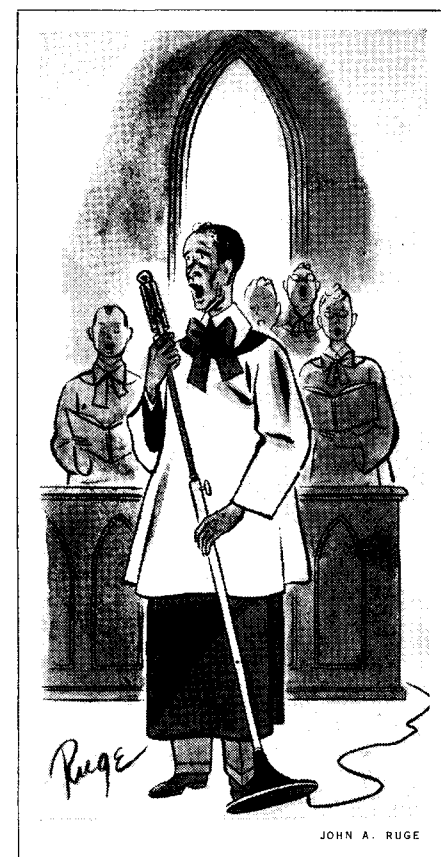
Ohio State, for instance, plays wide open, bang-up ball from opening whistle to closing gun. There is constant experimentation by the coaching staff, and the Ohio State teams use almost twenty basic formations. When you stop to consider the implications of this, you will realize what I mean. For a basic formation is a fixed system like the double wingback, from which dozens of plays can be worked. Yet Ohio State has twenty such basic formations. And in the above-mentioned Pottawattamie-Siwash fiasco of wretched memory, both teams used only one variation of a single formation! In addition, Ohio State employs wide-awake, up-to-the-minute publicity methods. And what's the result of all this? Ohio State plays before crowds of 90,000 people in a town like Columbus.

Classed with Ohio State are Missouri under Don Faurot; Minnesota, under Bernie Bierman; and Northwestern, under Lynn Waldorf. All of these are more than holding their own with the upsurge of the pro game.

But as for most of the other college

teams, they have been marking time for nine years now—ever since the day an airplane plummeted out of the skies to crash on the flint hills of Kansas—ever since the word flashed around the world that Knute Rockne was dead. For while he was alive, the Bald Eagle was the driving force that lifted college football to a peak it has never again attained. His imagination drove the game right up to the fringe of the rules and a little bit beyond, so that every year the rules committee would have to meet and say, "What's Rock done now that we'll have to change rules to keep up with him?"

But since his day, not once has the rules committee found it necessary to make a single important change in the rules. Not once has any coach displayed enough imagination to alter the game the slightest iota. In fact, during all that time, the gentlemen of the rules committee might just as well have had a nice, long vacation. For the only changes



they made were in the interests of safety—changes that only detracted from the spectacular, and that the pros, very frankly, seem to be doing very well without. And so, college football has stood still for nine years.

Why do so many coaches think that a picture of seven immovable blocks of granite can be anything but boring—that sixty minutes of football between the 30-yard lines can be anything but boring—that the public has any interest whatsoever in seeing airtight, defensive football week after week?

So that's the situation as I see it. Because of the upsurge of pro football, college football has been forced into show business, whether it likes it or not. And, as I said before, in show business to become obsolete is to die.

Now what I propose isn't professionalism. I don't say that the colleges should go out and select their stars as the pros do. No, in their own league, the colleges have material that in quality and quantity is fully as good as the pros'. All that is needed is a little use of the imagination, a little progressiveness of ideas, and an awakening from the dreams of past and faded glories.

For two million wildly enthusiastic fans watched just ten professional teams play last year. The public and the alumni are one and the same. And as every college director of athletics knows, two million alumni can't be wrong.

Traitor's Purse

Continued from page 12

But with Pyne it was very different. For the first time his shining composure was destroyed. He had changed color and his eyes were no longer merely suspicious. He turned his head and looked at the other man full in the face.

"I've obviously made an idiotic mistake, Mr. Campion," he said. "That scene last night unnerved me a bit, I expect. You and I ought to have a talk some time. Why don't you come down to my office? I think you'd be interested in it. We might have a spot of lunch together in the town."

"That's an idea," Lee cut in before Campion could reply. He spoke with the hearty relief of the host who thinks he sees a way of amusing the temporarily unwanted guest. "That business of his will entertain you, Campion. I found it fascinating. Pyne's a most amusing beggar when he's not being melodramatic or playing detective."

Campion was silent. He had no illusions whatever about Pyne. The man was on the right track and knew it. It was a tight corner. Delay at this point was the one thing he knew would be fatal, and delay there certainly would be, once the county police discovered in him the particular man for whom they were scouring the country. Headquarters might back him up to the hilt, but there would have to be explanations first and explanations would lead to the discovery of his condition whatever else they disclosed. Whatever else? That question was too alarming even to consider and he shrank from it.

With what was obviously a habit with him in difficult moments he looked around for Amanda. To his relief he actually saw her, turning the corner of the house. She hailed him and, with a muttered word of excuse, he hurried over to meet her. She spoke quietly as he came up:

"I say, the superintendent's here. He wants to see you alone—apart from Lee, I mean. He won't come in and he's waiting around by the side door. Would you go to him?"

Would he! The idea of the lanky Hutch as a rescuing angel—robe, feathers and all—did not seem in the least incongruous at that moment.

"Oh, bless you," he said so fervently that her brown eyes widened.

"Sticky?" she inquired under her breath.

"Not so hot, anyway," he admitted. "Stay with them, will you, my darling? Don't let Pyne open his heart to Aubrey."

HE SAW the faint flicker of astonishment in her expression and was puzzled by it until he realized that it was the heartfelt, grateful endearment that had surprised her. That was a revelation that brought him up with a jerk and his sudden sense of desolation was not lightened by the conviction that he deserved it.

He saw Hutch as soon as he turned into the yard. The plain-clothes man was sitting on the running board of a huge old car, and the sun shone down on the unexpectedly resplendent colors of his tweed suit. He rose as soon as Campion appeared, and sauntered forward.

"Hello." Campion's greeting was unusually hearty. Here at least was an ally, however blindfold.

"Good morning." A guarded quality in the policeman's tone struck a warning note that set every nerve in his body on edge. "Can I have a few words with you, sir?"

"Of course. Why not? Carry on."

Campion felt he was talking too much and could not stop himself. "What's the excitement?"

"No excitement, sir." Hutch eyed him curiously. "I'd just like you to take a look at this, if you will."

Campion glanced at the sheet of paper that was thrust into his hand. It bore a short typewritten message:

Dear Superintendent:

When the home office issued you instructions concerning Albert Campion, did they by any chance also send you a photograph? That's all. Think it over.

THERE was no signature and it was undated. Campion read it through twice. It was Pyne, of course; probably written the night before, after his own idiotic slip when he had fallen into the little trap concerning their previous associations in the United States.

The inference was obvious. Pyne saw there was something fishy about him and suspected him of impersonation, impersonation of Albert Campion. That was pretty good, pretty funny. He could soon put a stop to that, anyway.

Could he, though? The new danger opened out like a morass in front of him.

He gave back the sheet of paper with a steady hand, but his head was hurting intolerably and he could feel the sweat on his forehead.

"Well?" he inquired.

Hutch produced another paper. This proved to be a police chit which detailed in the usual unenlightened phrases the chief physical characteristics of the man who had escaped in fireman's oilskins from St. Jude's Hospital, Coachingford.

Campion read them aloud.

"Well," he said again. The throbbing in the crown of his skull had turned to shooting pains of excruciating violence, and the outlines of the superintendent's jaunty figure were shimmering as though in a heat haze.

Hutch looked up. His eyes were searching and he took a long time to make up his mind to speak.

"I have two questions to ask you, sir," he said at last.

Campion kept his tone light:

"Anything you like, Superintendent."

"What is the name of the C.D.I. in Room 49 at headquarters?"

"Yeo." It was a shot in the dark but he had not hesitated. The name had been dragged up out of his mind as he forced himself to hear again the small voice on the telephone the night before.

Hutch stood looking at him oddly.

"And the second?" Campion took the bold line. To pause, he felt, might be fatal, and whatever happened he could not be held up now.

Hutch moistened his lips and lowered his voice:

"What's your own S.S. number, sir?"

Campion smiled. He had no idea, no idea in the world.

"At the moment I rather fancy it's fifteen," he said and laughed.

He saw he had blundered badly. He saw the consternation slowly dawning on Hutch's pleasant face as the enormity of the situation dawned on him, since it included his own inexcusable deception and the incredible indiscretion he had committed in taking an unauthorized person on the visit of the evening before. Campion saw the next move, imminent and inescapable. He saw himself detained, held up helpless while the vital hours raced by. His tormented mind shuddered. It was as though the dark curtain became for a moment an



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Next, you'll beam all over when you behold the most eye-appealing instrument panel you ever saw!...Like a jewel-case open for your inspection!...Everything grouped neatly before your eyes for easy vision, greater safety! More evidence that Dodge designers are forever anticipating not only the big things you need, but the little things you like!

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And what a "top o' the morning" feeling you get when you sense the poise and power of that famous Dodge economy engine...lightning in its leap to action—yet quiet as a whisper as it eagerly answers your lightest toe touch on the gas pedal!

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a staunchness, a stay-with-you-all-the-way quality about this, and every Dodge car, that makes the name Dodge honored wherever cars run.

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Why not treat yourself to an experience that comes once in a lifetime—your first Fluid Drive in a Dodge? Just phone your Dodge dealer...he'll do the rest!

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open venetian blind. It rattled, flickered and was shut again.

He hit out.

His fist possessed a cunning he did not anticipate, and Hutch went down like a tree, the silly expression of astonishment still on his face.

Campion did not look at him. He was not aware of him. From that instant he moved automatically. He stepped into the car, stepped on the starter and leaned back.

The car bounced in the air, and he took the drive at sixty. At the gates he turned to the left as if he knew exactly what he was doing and drove with uncanny precision and great speed through the town, under the lowering Nag, over the small mill bridge and on through twisting country roads, all without hesitation or any conscious thought. His mind was a peaceful blank. Never afterward had he any recollection of the journey. He traveled as migrating birds seem to travel, with blind knowledge. The brain behind the curtain was in charge and the conscious man might well have been in a hypnotic trance. From first to last he was peculiarly dexterous.

He entered the big industrial town of Coachingford by the Roman road and negotiated the by-pass circus without difficulty. One or two policemen saluted the car, with its small "priority" notice in the corner of the windshield. He drove without hesitation through a knot of tiny streets, paused correctly for the lights and took the complicated turnings with precision.

At an open garage in a dingy square he slowed, drove the car into a shelter and climbed out. He did not feel his feet on the pavement and did not wait for his check. Moving with the unhesitating singleness of purpose that renders a man so natural that he is next best to invisible, he crossed the road, turned down an alley, came out of it into a busy but impoverished street and pressed on until he paused before a small and dirty shop that possessed a row of empty display boards outside and a dreary collection of cigarettes and sweets in the window. He glanced up and down the road and then went inside.

The cool darkness of the shop, with its characteristic smell of printer's ink and tobacco, brought him suddenly out of his state of somnambulism. He stopped dead and stood staring about him with startled eyes. He had no idea where he was, or how or why he had come. A gray face peered at him from behind the back of the counter, and the two men remained looking at each other in mutual doubt.

THE shopkeeper, who was old and thin and ineffectual, seemed quite as bewildered to see his visitor as Campion was to see him.

After the first shock of returning intelligence Campion grew afraid. He was a man not used to fear in any form, and its deep, cold fingers gripped his stomach paralytically.

The shopkeeper cleared his throat nervously and came edging around the counter.

"You'll want the boss," he said. "Come inside."

Campion moved forward unsteadily and the other man raised a greasy flap in the counter. The back of the shop was very small and dark and the two panels of frosted glass in the door which the old man indicated looked like some bright avenue of escape. Campion all but charged them, hurling himself into the room within, while the shopkeeper drew the door shut silently behind him. It was in many ways a dreadful little room, papered

with sections of gray fruit and flowers and still furnished with all the misguided decorations of the 'eighties. Practically the entire floor space was taken up by a large table, covered first with a red cloth and then with several sheets of newspapers.

Sitting at this table, collarless and in shirt sleeves, was a very remarkable person. He had a white melancholy face hung beneath a glistening bald skull, and his eyes, which were narrow and expressionless, were dull as coal dust. At the moment he was engaged in cleaning and oiling a heavy service revolver which looked as if it had been well-loved for many years. He raised his eyes as the door burst open but did not move his head or speak. Campion said nothing. He leaned back against the panels of the door. His ears were drumming and the beating of his heart seemed to keep time to the intolerable throbbing in his head.

The man at the table breathed heavily through his short nose.

"So you've come back, 'ave yer?" he said.

CAMPION did not speak. The walls of the tiny room were converging upon him. The air was too warm and too heavy to force open his lungs. The face of the man at the table swelled terrifyingly, widening and widening like the white of an egg in a pan. Soon it must fill the whole universe and suffocate him beneath its flabby weight.

Campion's lips moved in a final despairing cry of protest but no sound came.

Across the red tablecloth the fat man gazed at him with new interest. Suddenly he laid aside his gun and slipped quietly to his feet with that surprisingly smooth agility only found in old fighting men.

He came around the room and peered into the newcomer's face.

"Eh," he said at last, and the word was a grunt uttered deep in his throat. "Come here."

He lowered the younger man onto a chair and propped his elbows on the table for him, while his own thick hands explored the scalp.

"You've 'ad a cosh, 'aven't yer? 'Ow bad are yer?"

His concern was genuine and intensely practical. He was also very gentle without being in the least soft. It was like being delivered into the hands of some gargantuan Roman matron, or perhaps a friendly female bear.

"Answer up," he commanded, prodding the nape of Campion's neck with a padded forefinger.

The injured man drew away from him wearily.

"Who the hell are you?" he murmured with just sufficient interest to drive home the genuineness of the inquiry.

The fat man plumped himself down on a chair and seized Campion's shoulders. His little black eyes were circular and a fine sprinkling of sweat appeared on his heavy face.

"Do you know 'oo you are yerself?"

There was a tremor in the thick voice so near Campion's ear.

"Campion ... it's written in my suit."

"Lumme!" There was a brief pause while the older man assimilated the salient facts. Then he took command. "Come on," he said. "Get yer collar orf and lie down. Don't try to use yer 'ead. It's no good to yer for a bit. You're all right. You're at 'ome. Don't start thinking. You're with yer own. Got that? With yer own! I'm goin' to put you on that sofa and cover you up while I get a crocus."

"No." Campion recognized the word without realizing that it was more than nine tenths of what his compatriots would have done. "Can't have a doctor. Can't have any officials. They're all after me by now."

"'Oo?"

"The police."

"Rozzers? You've made a mistake. You're punch-drunk. What 'ave you done?"

"Slugged a copper. Two coppers. The last one was the local super, a dear, good chap. I can't have killed him."

"Killed 'im? 'Oo's talking of killing?" Generations of inbred fear of the one crime which is never forgiven to any man, however privileged, lay in the truculent demand.

"I am." It was a relief to Campion to talk freely at last. "Apparently I did kill the first one. Can't remember it. Woke up in a hospital."

"Horspital?" The fat man's heavy eyelids lowered a fraction. "There was a man escaped from the horspital in a fireman's outfit," he suggested.

"Yes. That was me. Now I've slugged a superintendent of police. I can't remember anything after that until I walked in here. Who are you?"

The other did not reply directly. He got up heavily, as if he had grown older.

"You come and lie down," he said. "I want to 'ave a look at you. I'll get you as right as I can and then we'll talk. We'd better," he added grimly.

CAMPION allowed himself to be led over to the dreadful imitation-leather couch that took up practically all one side of the room, but the moment his head touched the clammy seat he struggled into a sitting position again.

"No time," he said, unaware that the words were slurred. "Tomorrow's the fifteenth. Must get on. No time for this."

"You'll 'ave all the time you want and more if you don't shut up. Lie still while I do a bit of doctoring."

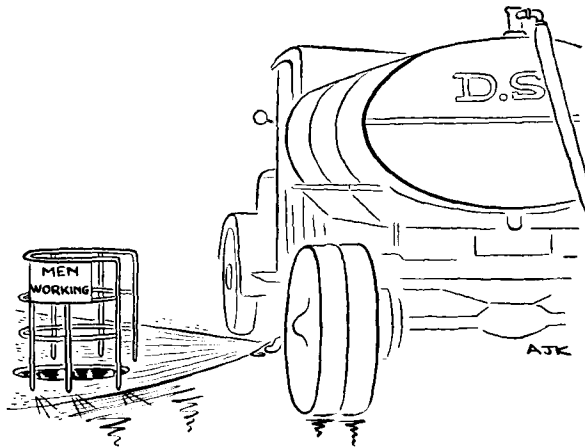
The bald man moved toward the door as he spoke.

"I'll just drop a word to old Happy Fanny outside to keep 'is eyes skinned in case they take sights of us. You don't know if you was followed 'ere, do you? No, that's right, you don't 'ave to tell me. You don't know anything. You lie still. I'll see to yer."

It was warm and dark in the little room in spite of the time of day, and the mean, rickety French windows gave on to a weedy yard with a blank wall behind. Campion closed his eyes and was lost.

He came to himself to find artificial light burning painfully in his eyes. The fat man was on a chair, fitting a new bulb into a chandelier that hung over the table. It was a complicated arrangement of weights and pulleys decorated with distressing frosted pink glass shades.

He clambered down cautiously and, groping under the table, produced a cone-shaped contraption of black paper, which he fixed around and over the lighting arrangements, so that a brilliant pool lay in the center of the table alone.





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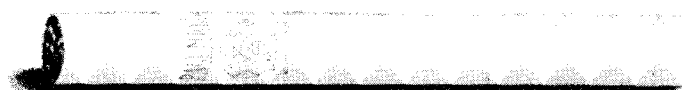
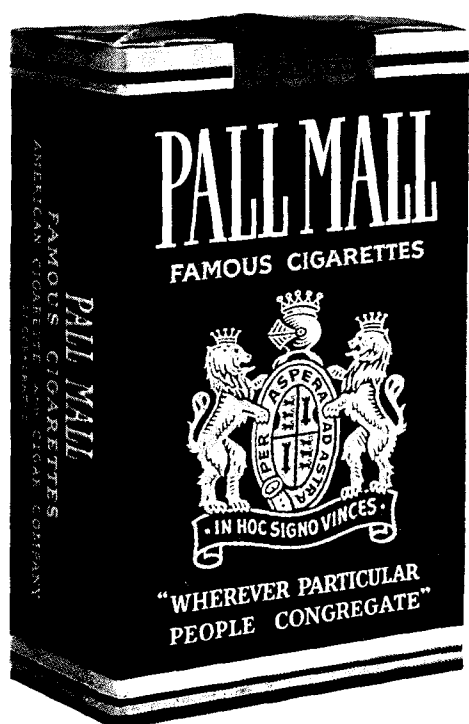
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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

while the rest of the room was in comparative darkness. Having complied with these black-out restrictions, he returned to his patient.

"That's right," he said with relief as he raised one of the pallid eyelids with a great thumb. "You're not so dead as you was, I got you warm, see? Now I'm not giving you spirits because they might finish you, but I've got some muck 'ere you'd better drink. I've cooked it meself, so I know what's in it."

He went around the table and bent over a small grate where he had got a fire going. It was all very homey and grubbily comfortable.

Campion was puzzled by it but not alarmed. The fat man, whoever he was, was a friend. He returned presently with a steaming jug that looked ominous but that turned out to contain nothing more extraordinary than strong, old-fashioned beef tea, made according to Mrs. Beeton. Campion was surprised to find that instead of being repelled by it he could drink it with enjoyment and its effect upon him was extraordinary. As its warmth spread over him he felt strength generating in him as clearly as if new blood were being pumped into his veins. It occurred to him that he had not eaten properly for a very long time. His head felt clearer too; that was a mercy. Everything that had happened recently stood out in his mind with stereoscopic vividness. The curtain was still there, though, heavy and dark as ever, with the great nagging worry lurking just behind it.

The other man took away the jug and hitched himself on the edge of the table.

"Now," he said, "you and me 'as got to 'ave a talk. You think you've slugged a big cop, don't you? A super? How sure are you?"

"I'm certain of it. He was just getting on to me and I saw delay ahead and no way out of it, so I let him have it and bunked. I can't remember anything after that. But there's no time for talk now. How long have I been asleep?"

"What was the cop's name?"

"Hutch. Superintendent Hutch. A delightful bloke. He wanted my number."

"And you didn't know it?"

"Er—no."

"I see." He seemed more resigned than shocked. "Well, they ain't 'ere yet, that's one thing. Old Fanny in the shop is a good lookout. Lucky we kept this place so dark. This'll take a bit of getting away with. Do you remember anything at all before you got your cosh?"

"No. Nothing. That is, I remember odd things like people's names, and I remember the one thing, of course: I remember fifteen."

"Fifteen?" The little black eyes were suspicious. "That's more'n I do. That's something you never told me."

"Oh!" Campion turned his face to the wall. It was back again, the damnable, frustration-dream motif. He felt like a man in a stone maze.

"Don't you excite yerself or you'll go under again." His ally became the nurse once more. "Keep what little bit of common sense you 'ave got, for pity's sake. I've seen some of this sort of thing in my time and I know what it's like. You've got no bones broke and your eyes are reacting all right. You've just forgot, that's all. There's nothing to get the serious wind-up about in that. Now, am I right? You feel as you do sometimes when you first wake up in the morning in a strange bed: Just for a minute you've got a hold of yerself all right but you don't know where you are nor what's gone before. You're like a man living in that minute, aren't yer?"

This somewhat homely description was so apt that Campion turned to stare at his questioner. The stranger's white face was very grave and his eyes were intelligent.

He nodded. "Yes," he said, "that's just what I am like."

His questioner's reaction was not entirely comforting.

"I've known it go on for months and wear off gradual," he said unhappily, "and I've known it come back as quick as it went. We'd better get hold of Oates at once. You're fit for nothing now."

Campion explained the difficulty in that quarter and the other man's anxiety became acute.

"We're in the cart," he said. "In the cart good and proper."

Campion groaned. "Who are we, anyway?" he demanded. "Who are you?"

The fat man did not reply for a minute. There was a curious half-smile that had nothing to do with amusement on his face. It was some little time before Campion recognized it for what it was. This odd stranger was deeply and sentimentally hurt.

"My name is Lugg," he said at last. "I've been a perishing servant of yours for seventeen years." There was an awkward pause and then he rose and stretched himself. "That's all right," he said magnificently, "you're not to blame. I'd 'ave told you at once only I was hoping it'd come back to you. 'Ullo, 'ullo, what's that?"

The lights flickered and a deep, full-throated rumbling echoed through the house. Both men started.

"Thunder," Lugg pronounced as a whirlwind of heavy drops pattered against the glass behind the thick curtains. "It got me wondering. It always does nowadays. Oh, well, let it snow if it feels like it. We've got more than we can carry anyway so what does it matter what else piles up?"

"How late is it? I can't waste time." Campion was struggling to his feet as he spoke. "Tomorrow's the fifteenth. Must get on. God knows how."

"You stay where you are." Lugg had picked up his revolver and was playing with it carelessly. "Your head seems to 'ave gone so we'll 'ave to use mine for a ruddy change. Now look 'ere, we're in a very nasty position. I'm an accessory after the fact, don't forget that, so I'm going to tell you all you saw fit to let me know about the lark you're on before you lost yer senses. You're going to listen, and we're both going to hope it's going to bring something back to you because if it don't we're both up the creek."

He was right, of course. Campion had the wits left to realize it even while every instinct warned him frantically against delay. The thing he had to avert was enormous and catastrophic.

"Avert." Once again it was a single word that arrested him. That was right. There was something he had to avert. Something tremendous.

Meanwhile, Lugg was talking and his thick voice sounded comforting and sensible against the rumbling of the storm outside.

"I've only been by your side day and night for seventeen years and you couldn't trust me with the whole packet. Said you was under oath," he was observing. "If you hadda done, we shouldn't be in this mess, but I'm not reproaching you. That's not my way. Never 'as been. I've been here for five days and this is it, I should suppose. My instructions from you in London was that I should keep myself under cover 'ere and take all messages. Old Happy in the shop was to do all the front-of-the-house stuff and I wasn't to show my face until I was told. Happy is quite okay, by the way. I picked this place of 'is myself. I used to know 'im years ago when 'e was one of the old Forty Angels gang up at Hoxton. 'E's straight as a die to 'is own sort. 'E's keeping the look-out now."

"There's been no one particular about since you came. You must 'ave given them the slip completely, punch-drunk or not. Now listen. Since I've been 'ere you've only showed up twice. The first time was the day before yesterday. You came in with a portmanteau, and that time you were wearing your ordinary clothes. You changed here into some duds that even my old dad wouldn't 'ave worn and went off with a little fish basket under yer arm, looking as if you'd been on the tramp from one sick ward to the next for the last five years. Don't you remember?"

"No, I don't. I'm sorry, it's gone completely."

"Never mind. Never mind. Don't strain it or you'll never get it. Just listen. I may say something that'll bring the 'ole thing back." Lugg was very earnest and the suppressed anxiety in his jet-black eyes belied his words. "The second time I saw you you came sneaking in by these French doors 'ere, about three yesterday morning. I was sleeping where you're sitting now and I got up and fetched you a bit of food. I asked you 'ow things were going but you didn't open out at all. You seemed worried and distantlike, as though you was puzzled by the way things was running."

"Was I—was I all right then?" Campion stirred as he spoke. This was one of the most unnerving experiences of all.

"Oh, yes. You'd got yer 'ead screwed on then. You was as bright as I am. You just seemed sort of mystified, as though things weren't running the way you'd thought. About eleven in the morning you slipped out again, still in yer old clothes, and that was the last time I saw you right in the head."

It was an unfortunate way of putting it, but evidently Lugg was one of those Britons without the celebrated national gift for euphemy.

"You left your little old basket," he said. "You locked it in the table drawer, but you took one or two things out of it and put them in your pockets. 'About teatime yesterday Happy came in with a tale that 'e'd picked up in the shop about you being mixed up in a row down at the waterside. A rozzer had been killed and two or three men took to hospital."

He paused hopefully but Campion shook his head. In spite of the sudden chill that this confirmation of his worst fears produced in him, he still could not remember. Lugg breathed gustily.

"Never mind," he said again but without any sort of conviction. "Never mind. It'll come back sudden. Then young Amanda called for your suitcase with your good clothes in it," he went on, "and Happy told her some of what he'd heard—"

"Yes, I know. She came to the hospital." Campion spoke absently and did not see the small black eyes flicker.

"Oh, you've seen 'er, 'ave you? Did you recognize 'er?" The jealousy was very faint but it was there and Campion noticed it.

"Not for a long time," he said. "I—er—like a fool I thought she must be my wife."

"So she will be in a week or two, if you're not strung up." Lugg's dreadful directness was irrepressible. The words came into his head and he said them.

A shadow passed over Campion's lean, wooden face.

"I rather think that's off," he said, shortly. "She—she didn't realize what had happened, you see. She doesn't know now, and I don't particularly want her to, so, should you see her, don't refer to it. She broke the engagement."

"She did?" Lugg was clearly incredulous. "Why? 'As she seen someone else?"

Campion writhed. The discussion was distasteful and, also, he discovered, quite unbearable. (Oh, Amanda. Oh, my

blessed, smiling sweet. Oh, sensible, clear-eyed, unembarrassed beloved. Oh, dear, what is to happen to me without you?)

Lugg took his silence for consent, apparently, for he pursed his mouth and jerked his head with resigned regret.

"I seen that coming," he remarked brutally. "It was your fault for mucking about. Courting a woman's like cooking something. There comes a time when it's done. After that you had ought to eat it. If you don't, and keep it simmering on the side so to speak, you're apt to forget it and when you do come to look for it all the goodness is gorn away and you're left with nothing but a bit o' skin. And it annoys the young woman too. It doesn't do her any good."

He paused and glanced at the other man's face.

"Sorry," he said abruptly.

Campion said nothing. Outside, the storm was working itself up to fury and the rain hissed and spat against the windows like a host of serpents.

"Avert something tremendous." The command blazed at him suddenly, wrenching him out of his small private hell. "Hurry! Hurry! Think! Think! Pull yourself together! Get on with it!"

"Where's the basket?" he said. "The whole story sounds nuts, but let's see it anyway. There may be something in it."

Lugg looked at him curiously. "Don't you know what's in it?"

"No, of course I don't. Do you?"

"I 'ad a look, naturally. I'm 'uman. The lock on the drawer could be turned with a bent pin."

"Oh, all right. What's in it?"

"I didn't touch anything, of course," he said, taking up a piece of wire which he kept conveniently on the mantelshelf. "It got me wondering, though."

He squatted down and poked at the lock. It was child's play to open, as he had said, and he pulled out a wide drawer, revealing a fair-sized rush bag lying inside. Campion thrust his hand into the basket. An expression of blank amazement spread over his face and he shook the whole contents out on the table.

A slippery, feathery heap of old one-pound and ten-shilling notes appeared before him.

"Six 'undred and eighty-four pounds exactly," said Lugg. "I counted it after you left."

Campion took up a bank note and rubbed it between his fingers. Then he held it up to the light. Britannia's head and trident shone out of the watermark at him. None of the notes appeared to be new. Their uniform shabbiness suggested months of circulation.

"Extraordinary," he said, looking blankly at the fish basket. "I took some more out with me, you say?"

"Yes. About seventy quid. You didn't trouble to count it—what was that?"

Both men stood listening. At first they thought there was no sound but the storm, but an instant later there was a gentle thud outside the inner door and the shopkeeper put his head in.

"Take sights," he whispered. "They're all around the house. Plain-clothes. I'll watch the front."

Lugg swept the notes into the basket, thrust it into the drawer and pulled back the tablecloth. The whole movement was as smooth as though it had been done by a conjurer. He thrust a gun into Campion's hand and produced another from his hip. He touched the sick man's arm and nodded toward the French doors, laying his finger on his lips. Campion nodded obediently and moved silently into the darkness at the back of the room.

The gentle knocking on the glass sounded like a thunderous crash when it did come.

(To be continued next week)



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Distinctive New, Luxury-Laden Studebaker Commander and President!

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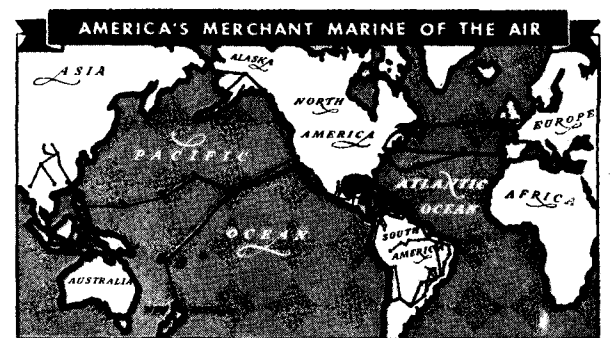
How does America answer this challenge? Look at the map shown here. There, part of the answer is written—by the men and ships of Pan American Airways. No other nation even approaches this merchant marine of the air. Her winged ambassadors fly over 65,000 miles to 55 countries and colonies... have carried thousands of travelers, tons of mail and express.

Moreover, Pan American Airways is constantly strengthening our air leadership. It is linking the

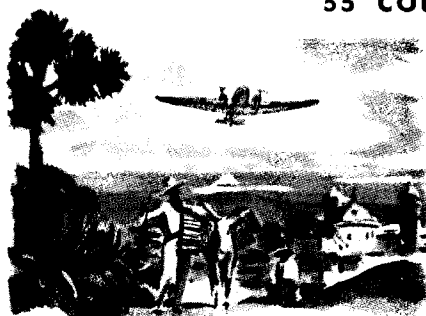
United States and the twenty other Pan American republics closer in time than our 48 states now are by rail... giving the U. S. more air route mileage in South America than all Europe's subsidized airlines combined.

This leadership we must not forfeit. America's Merchant Marine of the Air is not alone an instrument of trade. It carries to neighbors abroad our traditions of freedom and good will, backed by the prestige of achievement. These hard-won advantages spur increasingly intense foreign-flag competition. But with America's loyal support our wings will be equal to every challenge.

IT PAYS TO FLY



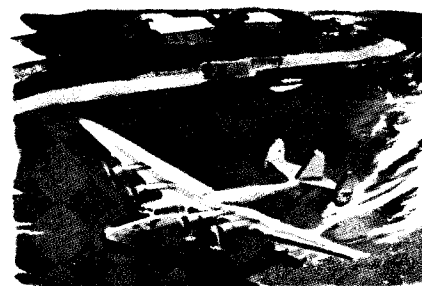
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PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM

The Willkie Way

Continued from page 13

dismal fact that the important business of electing a President had become secondary in the harassed American mind. In the East, for example, the uppermost thought was about what Hitler would do next and whether England could stand him off. On the Pacific Coast the aims and plans of Japan seemed much more important than anything Mr. Willkie might say—even more important than anything Mr. Roosevelt might be doing. In the Midlands the principal topic was what the United States was going to do. It was quite a feat in any political headquarters to pin anybody down to a sustained discussion of the presidential campaign.

Nobody Talks Domestic Issues

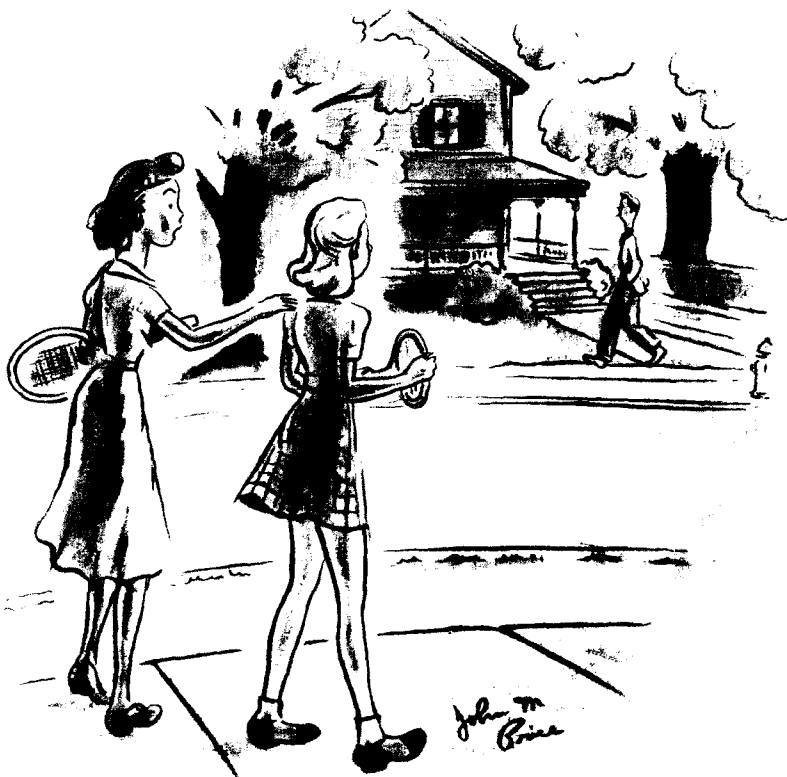
Everybody knew of fifth columnists, Nazi spies, Reds and anti-Americans who should, were justice done, be swinging at a rope's end from the nearest bough. Everybody had the low-down about the South American situation, which we were assured was about as direful as possible. The New Dealers, tapping significantly on desk drawers or on their coat pockets, told you that proof lay at hand that Mr. Willkie was an appeasement man who would not stand in the way of a totalitarian state in America. We saw none of this proof, being admonished to be patient, that it would all come out in due time. The Willkie side countered with dark stories of evidence to come that Mr. Roosevelt had promised England that if he were elected he would ask Congress forthwith to declare war on Germany. But more of that later.

Presently it became apparent that nobody talked conventional domestic issues and such things because there weren't any. The only thing the ordinary man and woman wanted to know (to say nothing of the militarily eligible) was whether we were going to war. If you talked to those who straggled into political headquarters—Democratic or Republican—this singleness of thought was inescapable. Willkieites who were

willing enough to talk domestic politics admitted that they were completely bemused by the rapidity of event upon event in Washington. And some of them feared that by the time Mr. Roosevelt was finished mobilizing the National Guard, making alliances with Canada—aliances with an anschluss complexion, selling naval vessels to England and heaven knew what the morrow would bring—by that time vast numbers of voters would have forgotten all about Mr. Willkie. And, they feared, Mr. Willkie would be left railing against padded WPA pay rolls, inefficient administration of armament-construction schedules, third-term tradition violations. And who would care?

Thinking it over carefully, we'd vote for the No Third Term stations as the dullest outposts of the Republican drive. They were usually deserted or about to be deserted. In several of them we were told that only the older generation seemed interested and even the oldsters weren't steaming. The trouble was that tradition isn't what it used to be. In its various forms it has taken a horrible beating during the past few years. The younger voting element, never in the most uneventful days the bulwark of convention, was displaying no interest whatever in holy precedent. They hadn't read Washington or Jefferson and didn't intend to. What dangers lay in electing a President to a third term seemed puny and pale compared with the personal dangers involved in going to war. We kept no count of the number of kids we talked to, singly and in groups, and, while we met no considerable number of young voters who had any hard and fast opinions on pacifism, we heard few adventurous or blindly patriotic spirits who were for dashing off to do or die.

The Willkie side assured us that we could not dismiss this lightly; that it was a calamitous sign; that what the Blum government had done to France, the Roosevelt administration, in spite of its current saber-brandishing, had done for America. Maybe when war's first bugles should blow much of this



"Let's cross over so we'll meet Jack—I want to ignore him"

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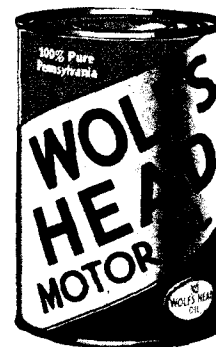


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35¢ a quart

would change. But by the time we had reached the Pacific Coast we were extremely low in the mind, both political camps having contributed about equally to our dismals.

Yet, repeatedly it became apparent that this 1940 campaign was not a party fight at all but a contest between two men, two personalities. While the populace became more and more convinced that in no outward manifestation of liberal government were Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie far apart, Mr. Roosevelt was weaving himself deeper and closer into the immediate future and ultimate fate of the country. Mr. Willkie, at an enormous disadvantage, had to be content with chidings, warnings and prophecies. Before November, many of Mr. Willkie's friends feared, Mr. Roosevelt would have become so completely interwoven into our individual and collective fate that to defeat him might be as inconvenient as removing the center pole of a circus tent in the middle of the performance.

The apathy in state and city Democratic headquarters and the lack of concord between the various Willkie offices was regarded nowhere as endangering the chances of either man. The fact became clear that these situations were the natural result of a campaign wherein party policies, philosophies and old rituals had become of secondary importance, just as the campaign itself had been overshadowed by the war. It is Roosevelt versus Willkie. It is not the Republican party versus the Democratic. It is one strong man against another strong man and not organization fighting organization. In Seattle a gentleman calling himself an independent nonpartisan summed up his estimate of the Far West's attitude:

"Normally it would be a breeze-in for Mr. Willkie but there will be many thousands of us who will vote for President Roosevelt although our hearts will be with Willkie—or not vote at all. Many thousands of us are going to be afraid to fool with the delicate Washington layout, particularly if we've managed up to that time to avoid actual participation in the war. Heroes are notoriously short-lived in the United States—especially in the West where tradition has never been binding. Mr. Roosevelt is not the hero he was three or four years ago, not even to the masses whom his policies have helped most.

What About the WPA?

"And yet these masses—the unemployed, the unemployable and the small-salaried middle-class voters, the bulk of the nonparticipation millions—seem to have the idea, in spite of Mr. Willkie's protests that he is opposed to getting into war, any change in the administration will mean immediate war. They seem willing enough to accept Mr. Willkie's word but they distrust Mr. Willkie's backers, are afraid of the class he represents. They believe that he is backed by the upper-class interventionists—wealth, social position, internationalists, high-brows. They no longer idolize Mr. Roosevelt but they're afraid of Willkie, who to them represents Wall Street, public utilities, penthouses and, in general, the old plutocracy."

Perhaps it was not so baldly stated but we heard similar estimates of public attitude in Colorado, Utah, Montana, Oregon, California, Missouri, Illinois, Minnesota, Michigan, North Dakota and Indiana. We dropped in at two meetings of the Workers Alliance where neither Mr. Roosevelt's nor Mr. Willkie's name evoked the slightest demonstration, for or against. We talked to the chairmen and were told that Mr. Willkie wouldn't get one vote in a thousand out of the relief and WPA crowd, particularly since he had denounced

what he called politically padded WPA pay rolls. But they warned us against the mistake of saying that the relief vote would be Mr. Roosevelt's because it was wholly satisfied.

We promoted the subject, so succinctly stated by the gentleman in Seattle, at several small businessmen's organizations. We added that we had heard a great deal about a middle-class revolt against the New Deal. It was very interesting—that. Almost everywhere we'd been somebody, eager to do us a good turn, had taken us aside and told us that at long last the great middle class had become a unit and that it was about to have its day. It would vote for one of its own—Mr. Willkie.

It was all very interesting but, alas, we found none of these small businessmen enthusiastic. In fact, we talked to

tion and mobilization. But no war. They distrusted Roosevelt and they were afraid of Willkie.

We carried the same banner into the thick of a national convention of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Naturally we were not permitted to quote any official of that organization and we were assured with great vigor that the veterans were not a political body and had no intention of letting so controversial a subject pop up in meeting. But individually these gentlemen talked long and loud. We took no poll and aren't able to tell you whether the majority of them are pro-Willkie or pro-Roosevelt. But almost without exception even the Republicans and the Democrats for Willkie and the Willkie Volunteers approached the subject of a change in Washington with much hemming and a

were below the voting age, left the ever-bedeviled public officeholders in no doubt that war, however holy the cause, was not going to enhance the popularity of any administration making it or any man advocating it. Antiwar mothers and antiwar kids gave us no evidence of a deathless love for Mr. Roosevelt but it was even more clear that they were more than mildly fearful of Mr. Willkie. Not Mr. Willkie the person, but "the Willkie Crowd," a term we heard so much that it became easy to suspect that Rooseveltian whispers are taking care that it doesn't die out.

With the exception of Mr. Willkie himself, the Republicans seemed to be content to fight a rear-guard action, hoping by sniping tactics and harassing fire to hold Mr. Roosevelt off until they had found a strong position from which to give battle to a foe they fear.

In California, for example, they assured us that California's huge Italian population was thirsting for revenge upon Mr. Roosevelt for his Williamsburg, Virginia, speech in which he hung the back-stabber tag on Mr. Mussolini. But a number of San Francisco Italians answered that rudely but definitely. The great majority of the West Coast Italians, said they, were anti-Fascist. Maybe they hadn't applauded Mr. Roosevelt's view of Il Duce, but it hadn't aroused them to a revenge pitch.

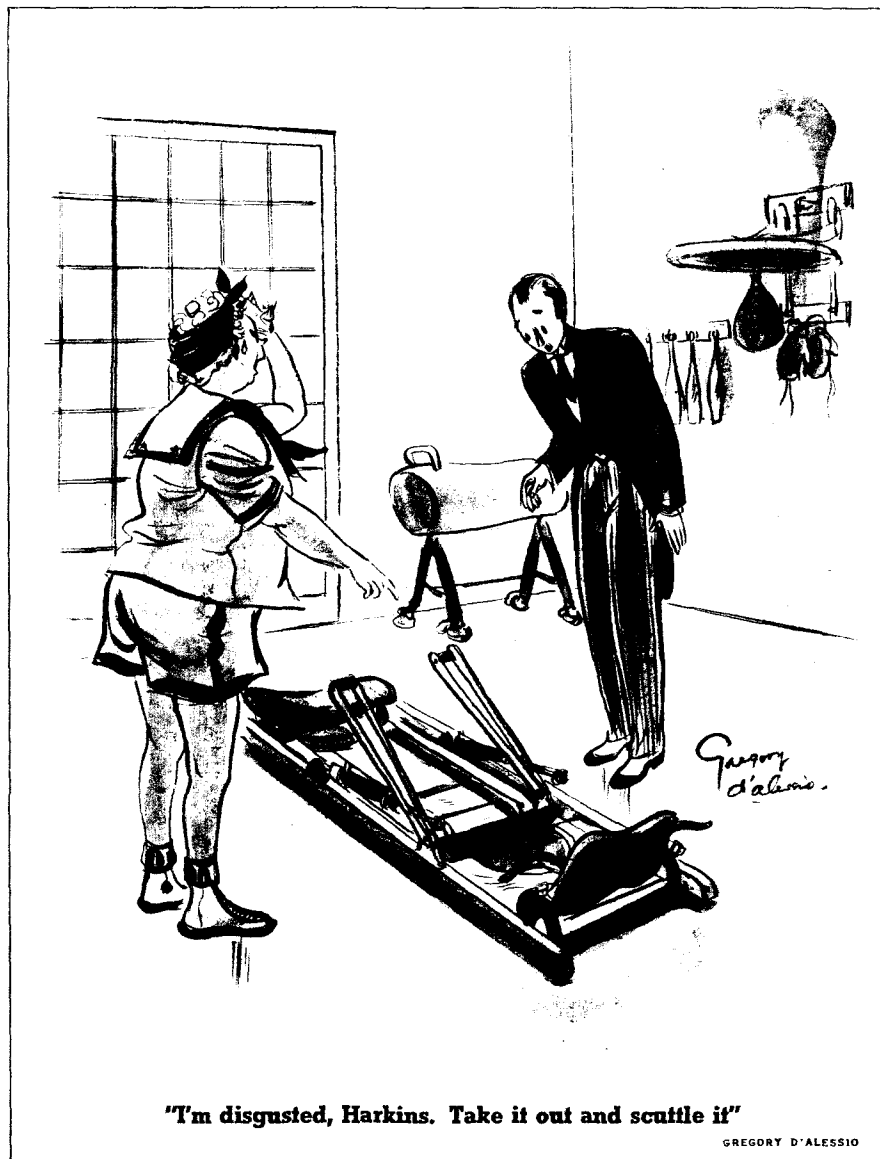
They're Scared of Ghosts

Actually you could discount all this sort of political whistling. We were told by both sides, in Wisconsin and Minnesota, that the great majority of the German farmers in that sector would vote en bloc. But when we interviewed several important editors of German-language newspapers we crossed those predictions too off our notebook. One responsible editor calculated that ninety per cent of the German-American farmers were anti-Hitler, having in their background, influencing their political decisions, the same circumstances that fetched Mr. Willkie's grandfather to America in 1848.

But in Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Denver and similar wealth centers we found the Willkie side obsessed by a new brand of fear—an intangible thing but warranted to add very little to Mr. Willkie's chances. Actually, we ran into it first in New York but were inclined to dismiss it for a local phenomenon. The more courageous and independent West, we told ourselves, was not so scared of ghosts. We were wrong.

The story was going the rounds that the United States Treasury's men, aided ably by Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's G-men, were prowling the country, making note of the names of the wealthy who contributed substantially to Mr. Willkie's campaign fund. For example, a reliable agent of the United Republican Finance Committee mentioned the names of half a dozen men of money who, said he, "were literally paralyzed by fear of slander or other forms of New Deal intimidation."

With professional skill, financial districts and individuals identified with finance—bankers, lawyers, stock brokers, manufacturers and the like—had had their ears warmed with whisperings of the activities of Treasury agents. We talked to a banker about it—a gentleman who had sent no fewer than a dozen telegrams to Philadelphia urging his state delegation to nominate Mr. Willkie. The man was in a dither of apprehension and rage. It had come to him, indirectly, that were he to contribute to the Willkie fund and were Mr. Roosevelt re-elected, he could expect a nice mess of income trouble. We don't want to be hysterical about this but we're compelled to record that the warning



none who had heard anything about it. And when they had (from us) they bade us pull ourselves together.

"There are enough official screwballs roaming around at large," said the president of one of these clubs—a furniture dealer—"without having you journalists printing such rot."

But while the majority of these small businessmen wore Willkie emblems and were insistent that they'd rather have Willkie in the White House, they invariably qualified their statements. Would it be safe to turn the sensitive machinery of government over to an amateur in these parlous times? Wouldn't "the Willkie Crowd" stampede him into war—even against his wishes? Wall Street to these Western and Midwest businessmen would always be Wall Street. Wall Street was responsible for the first World War. Many of these small businessmen were veterans of 1918. They were hot for arming—the greatest of navies, of armies, of air forces and even, although not quite so hot, for conscrip-

lot of hawing. The veterans would rid the land of Reds, Nazis, Fascists and similar suspicious characters, and they were as a man in favor of history's most magnificent navy, most ferocious army and an air force so wide, high and handsome that we could dictate the political and economic program of the rest of the world. But actual war was something else again—and about Mr. Willkie, they didn't know.

Fighting a Rear-Guard Action

We saw governors' mansions gently picketed by mothers who hadn't raised their boys to be soldiers. Picketing is the wrong word. They merely trooped in, walked around, were photographed and went home leaving behind them shoals of quaking politicians who were still crying "yessum" long after they were out of earshot. In California, Oregon, Colorado, Minnesota and elsewhere we were barked at by Youth Congress boys and girls who, while many of them

(true or false) had given him pause. He had even abandoned his Willkie button which, until he heard voices, he had worn on his coat. Oh, yes, he was sure Mr. Willkie would win—but he was taking no chances. And he was contributing nothing to Mr. Willkie's collectors.

Industrialists who had their eyes on armament contracts were in no mood to make Republican contributions. Public-utility directors, their hearts warm with Willkie hopes but their minds frozen with Roosevelt fear, were scared stiff. We tried to interview two of them, specifically indicated as having been haunted, but had we been Adolf himself our reception couldn't have been colder. In brief, they wouldn't even see us.

Of course there were hardier souls who were contributing to within an inch of the law to Mr. Willkie. But in both Chicago and San Francisco Republican collectors told us that fifty per cent of the possible donors had refused to come across. And their excuses were based not only on what the Treasury lads might do, but on the fear that the Hatch Act might possibly cover those who, while not active in politics, were patrons and directors of local Republican organizations.

It's more than probable that all this may be news to President Roosevelt. Perhaps the terror is being promoted wholly by local New Dealers. We don't know. But there it is. And all classes are sharing it.

We're not being as specific as we'd like. But there's nothing we can do about it. The times are out of joint. Barring sensational twists—and the possibilities are numerous—early surveys are warranted in ceding the West to Mr. Roosevelt with the possible exceptions of Oregon, Idaho and Utah and, further east, Kansas, Nebraska and one or two more. But even in these states where Mr. Willkie is strong there are complaints against his campaign methods—purely Republican complaints. They'll tell you that it is doing him no good to find virtues in Democrats—in Senator Harry Byrd, the anti-New Dealer of Virginia, for example. And it doesn't make desirable fuel for Republican fires when every so often Mr. Willkie speaks in favor of Roosevelt policies, merely condemning their administration. Just what Mr. Willkie should do about it, they aren't at all sure. But he might be "a little more isolationist." Or he might be somewhat more convincing when he talks of helping England with everything short of actual participation. This is old-guard talk—and it has no party label.

Through the agricultural states wise men (or they should be wise, having been in politics so long) tell you that actually the greater interest is in the two candidates for Vice-President. They're listening to Mr. Wallace and Senator McNary intently. And having talked to a considerable number of farmers and farm-organization leaders we've accumulated the feeling that the majority of them regard Mr. Wallace as a symbol of something done while Mr. McNary is merely a hope.

Hollywood's for Roosevelt

In the East, Mr. Willkie's challenge to Mr. Roosevelt to debate met with considerable favor, but the reaction of the West has been considerably different. Mr. Roosevelt's refusal; pleading a lack of time and the necessity of his remaining at his desk, struck the Midwest and West as the words of a faithful servant. West of the Mississippi it would have done Mr. Roosevelt no good to have taken to the platform with Mr. Willkie. Suppose something should happen, while the President were flying hither and yon wrangling with his opponent? Without the President in Washington to watch the skulduggeries of the interventionist Easterners, who could tell? And so on.

The highways rumble with the sound of trudging feet. The fellow we met in Los Angeles who, too, was trying to find out who is going to win in November was but one of many such surveyors we bumped into. We interviewed them, along with the farmers, shopkeepers, industrialists, bankers, lawyers, school-teachers, job hunters relievers and so on and on. But all we got out of it was additional conviction that Mr. Willkie has still to win the West and the Midwest.

We'll write of the East later. We start out by giving Mr. Willkie New England and an even chance or better in Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania and one or two more. But we're not betting our own money yet.

We almost forgot to tell you that the Hollywood vote may be hugely Roosevelt's. We spent an evening with several screen stars and gentlemen who write their scripts. They were so vocal on the President's side that we had to ask why.

"Well," said one of the most famous of movie terrifics, "I'll tell you. We're actors and writers—artists. Romance and drama is our life. We regard Mr. Roosevelt as one of us. The man's colossal."



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JOHN MILLIGAN

Racing is a Business

Continued from page 20

got a bellyache. They vary, same as people."

"Oh, sure. They vary, but not Sir Rogue. He's true blue all the way. All I wish is Mr. Fitzgerald would let me ride him soon. I got to get me some good mounts fast, Joe. I can't afford to wait to make my reputation. See, the trouble with me is I got such big bones. By the time I'm twenty, I won't be able to make weight and then what?"

The apprentice talked on and on. I could see how his simple, boyish enthusiasm irritated Romney and finally the jockey cut him short.

"Bunk," he said. "All bunk. You talk like a kid." He took the saddle and went up alone into the house to change. Frankie was already in street clothes. He stood there, a wondering look on his face.

"Don't mind him," I said. "He's got to diet and sweat so hard, he's just hell to get along with, that's all."

I left him, too, and went around the house to sit in the shade. So there I was, with a jockey who was getting old, on the way out, and with a kid who was worried because he had big bones—and this was called the sport of kings. I began to feel like a sloppy old roulette croupier I knew down in Miami who went around mourning the big sports, the big bank rolls and the elegant style of gamblers in the good old days. It was a relief when Joe Romney finally came out of the back door.

"Come on, let's go," he said.

I kept sitting a while. "I don't know," I said. "What do you need me for? I'm an agent. I just get mounts for riders."

"No, you come along, Novick. I want you there."

I got up and wondered how Romney was going to lose Frankie. That kid stuck around Joe like a shadow.

"You still got to shake the kid," I said.

"I'll shake him," Joe said.

BUT when we went to the front of the house, we saw the boy talking to Nancy Watkins at the railing. Her father trained a small stable of horses that must have just reached the grounds. The two kids were so wrapped up in what they were talking about that they didn't see us approach.

"I was looking for you at Narragansett," the girl was telling him, "but they told me you were at Pimlico. At Agawam they said you were in Chicago. Frankie, it did begin to look as though I would never catch up with you again."

"Well," the boy said, "you can see how valuable I am. I just got to be on hand wherever the stable goes."

"Oh, it's not that," she said, teasing him. "You don't ride often enough to be so indispensable. Frankie," she said, and started swinging from side to side on her feet, "it did begin to look to me as if you were avoiding me. Frankie, was my suspicion correct?"

"Believe it if you wish," the boy said, smiling and beginning to swing a bit himself. "Whatever thou sayest. Whatever thou wishest. . . ."

Then he saw us and came up, rubbing his face with his hand to hide the sheepish grin.

"Dames," he whispered. "You got to pamper them. You know. You have to kid them along."

He was ready to leave but Joe pushed him back to the girl. "We can get home without you," he said. We turned but moved slowly. "What wast thou saying?" we heard the kid ask her. "What dost thou desire?"

Then we were out of earshot. Rom-

ney was a hero to that kid, some kind of moving-picture hero, but he didn't stop walking to his car. He had to get back to his room. He had a date with a man from Mansel's office and it was Mansel who controlled a string of bookie-joints that stretched from New York to Maine.

"**C**LOSE the door," Romney said. "It don't do me no good to be seen with you hanging around."

Krupp stood there, waiting for me to go, but I kept sitting in my corner.

"Close it," Romney snapped. "It's perfectly okay about Novick."

"I don't see it," I said. "I don't hear it. I'm not here."

Krupp kicked the wooden door shut

it's all going to be riding on Sir Rogue. That dog'll bury us under with bets."

"Unload," Romney said. "Why don't you wire that money back to the mutuel machines at the track and get it off your hands?"

"But is it smart?" Krupp said. "Do we make fortunes that way? We're not a branch of the mutuels. We don't work for them. No. But it would be nice, Romney, if we could hold on to all that money the suckers are going to bet on Sir Rogue. With a little co-operation, Romney," he said, "we could hold on to every penny of it, too."

"Yes?" Joe said, and faced him for the first time.

Krupp sniffled and then went on

He stopped. Romney heard him without stirring.

"Co-operate," Krupp went on. "Be likable. Never do nothing that wouldn't be regular. Romney, let everybody get their hunk. You, too."

"Well," Joe finally said, "suppose I lose?"

"Now you're talking, kid," Krupp said and he rose. He pulled his pants up. "This is how we work it: When Sir Rogue loses, we have a five-hundred-dollar bet riding on the winner. That's for you. We don't care who wins or what price he pays, just so long as the favorite loses. It's five hundred on the nose for you, kid. It's a lot of money. What do you say?"

Romney lay back in his chair. He didn't look at Krupp and he didn't answer.

Jockeys don't get much schooling. If they have a home, they're away from it the day they start on the track and that's when they're fourteen or thirteen or younger. They soon learn they have to take care of themselves and so they're apt to become hard-boiled, knowing and sharp. But it's a coating, to protect themselves. Underneath, they shy away from the crooked stuff. They don't take to it easily for all of their sureness. I watched Romney now as he struggled with himself.

Krupp was patient. "Well?" he said. "What do you say? Okay?"

"All right," Joe said. "Now beat it."

"Co-operation!" Krupp chortled. He couldn't keep from gloating. "Any time you're on a hot favorite, we can work it again the same way if you want it. We're always ready to work with guys that co-operate."

HE WENT to the door rubbing his hands and whistling, but when he opened it, the satisfied expression fell from his face and he cursed. From my corner I could see it, too. Frankie was outside in the hall. There was no way of telling how long he had been there. Krupp quickly pulled the boy inside and slammed the door shut.

"You know this kid?" he asked Joe. "I'll bang his ears off. I'll fix him so he'll know enough to keep his trap shut."

"Lay off," Joe said, going up to the gambler. "I know him. Beat it. I'll handle him myself."

The boy couldn't raise his eyes from the floor. "I came up to see you, Joe. I heard you talking, so I figured I'd wait until you got through."

"Listen," Krupp broke out to Romney. "Don't take chances. If he opens up, it means trouble. Let me take care of him. He'll yap!"

"He won't talk," Joe said. He pushed the gambler to the door and opened it. "Beat it," he said. "Keep your shirt on."

Krupp glared at Frankie and then turned to Joe. "You'll be sorry," he said. "You'll see!" He went out and then Romney had to face the boy.

"You heard, Frankie?"

"I heard."

"What did you hear?"

"Enough," Frankie said. "I guess I heard enough."

Joe put his hands into his pockets and walked around the room, a scowl on his face. I knew what it meant to Frankie and I knew how Romney felt.

"It don't work out like the movies in real life," Joe said. He jerked the words out angrily because he knew they didn't do much good. "I got to be sensible. See, I'm not a kid like the other jocks you see around. I'm not so young. I'm thirty-two."

"Oh, I can understand, Joe," Frankie



"Look, dear, a friend brought me home to dinner"

I. ROIR

and began to talk. He sat on the edge of the bed, bending close to Romney.

"You win nice today, kid," he said. "That dog, Sir Rogue, cost us a nice piece of money. We paid out plenty. That's why Mansel thought I ought to have a talk with you. See?"

"Well, why didn't you have a talk with the horse?" Joe said.

"Horses can't talk English," Krupp said, not angry, speaking carefully. "They can't use dough. But you can." He paused. "Not that we're kicking. In a way it even helps for Sir Rogue to win today. When he runs Saturday he'll be the hottest kind of a favorite. He'll be odds-on."

He waited again for some change of expression on Romney's face, but the jockey just kept staring out of the window. Krupp coughed.

"See," he said, "we got eighty, ninety bookie spots. The money comes in from all over. It accumulates. And Saturday

evenly. "Ride to lose," he said. "Now don't let it shock you. It happens in racing, you know. Listen. Don't have foolish illusions. Racing is no sport today. You see these new race-track plants springing up in a different place every week, don't you? The real-estate guys make money. Pari-mutuel people get theirs: bookies outside clean up. Even the states collect off the taxes. What do you get out of it? A few bucks every time you get a mount? A small percentage if you win? Peanuts," Krupp said.

He spoke earnestly, with real conviction. Now he leaned over and tapped Joe on the knee.

"Racing is strictly a business proposition these days. It's straight, place and show, and anything goes if it makes dough and you can get away with it. Take care of yourself, I always say. Look out for number one. Romney, who's going to look out for you when you're through?"

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said. "I'm not a baby. I'm not dumb. You don't have to say."

It really hurt to see how hard the boy was trying to lie for him. Joe was helpless. "How much longer do you think I'll be lasting on the track?" he asked. "If it wasn't for Fitzgerald, I'd be on the ground most of the time right now." He blurted out reason after reason, trying to explain it, trying to set himself right again. And the boy kept nodding his head and saying it was okay, he understood, he was no baby.

"You get heavy," Joe said. "You can't make weight no matter what you do. You get fewer and fewer mounts to ride and that makes you lose your form. Then they say they're sorry but you lost your form, so they can't give you mounts no more. And you're finished, busted, out." His voice had risen. He was pleading with the boy.

"Oh, sure," Frankie said. "It's okay. Only . . . only . . ."

"Only what?"

"Well, I wish it didn't have to be Sir Rogue. What I mean, it's a shame to pull a horse like that when he's always fighting to get out front, when he wants to win so bad—"

"Aw, don't go overboard on a horse!" Joe broke out savagely. "Grow up! They're dumb animals. They don't know what they're doing, do they?"

"Sure, Joe," the boy said. He had no spirit left in him. "I realize. I'm just a sap." He went slowly to the door and walked out.

ROMNEY turned to me.

"Hell," he said, "it's not a real crime, is it? Nobody's going to get hurt except some two-buck gamblers and they're begging to lose their money anyway, ain't they?"

That was what he wanted me around for—to take the place of his conscience, to shrug my shoulders for him, to say it was okay and sure, why not? But I wouldn't do it.

"I'm just an agent, Romney," I said. "I'm nobody's father and mother."

He stared at me, uncertain, not knowing what to say. "Aw, get out of here!" he suddenly shouted. "You, too! Beat it. Leave me alone!"

The kid wouldn't go near Romney the next day and the day after that. It was a small thing and a wise, hardheaded guy like Joe shouldn't have been bothered by it, but I could see how it loaded him down. That Friday afternoon we passed Frankie at the jockey-house railing and I noticed Joe watch him. It was after the last race but the kid was still in silks. He just sat there moping, in no hurry to change. Joe stopped almost impulsively and went back to him.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Why don't you get those riding clothes off?"

"Soon," Frankie said. He didn't even look up.

"Listen. You ought to go out some place tonight. Why don't you call up this girl Nancy and take her out somewhere?"

"Aw, no. I don't feel like it." The boy spoke listlessly. "She wouldn't go any place with me anyway. I'm not famous or anything. I'm not even a regular jockey. Besides," he said, "I just don't care about going out or doing anything special."

Joe frowned. He stood there a moment longer and then turned.

"He'll get over it," he said as he went by me into the house. "The hell with it. I'm not going to worry my head over it. . . ."

When we got back to Romney's room, we found Krupp waiting. The gambler had made a point of coming around often and the sight of him alone was enough now to annoy Joe.

"We got to check all the time," Krupp said. "You can't blame us."

"Check," Joe said. "Don't check. I don't care. Why don't you guys leave me alone?"

The money was coming in already. Big bettors like to deal with outside bookies, not with the machines, because then their own money doesn't drive the odds down. They get a better price but that makes it risky for the bookie who won't unload. So Krupp had to keep coming around.

"That kid might talk," he said. "Fitzgerald might get wise. Any little thing. We got to know for sure."

"It's all set!" Joe said. "Damn it, it's all fixed. Get off me!"

The gambler finally left but the next afternoon when we went down to the track, Fitzgerald stopped us at the barns and then it came out of nowhere, like a hard sock on the jaw.

"You're not riding," Fitzgerald said.

"What?" Joe stared at him, his face all screwed up. "I don't understand," he fumbled. "I don't . . ."

"Some fool report," Fitzgerald said. It was plain to see he didn't enjoy talking to Joe now. He was old-style—the sort of man whose passing my croupier friend in Miami was always mourning. He didn't have the money he used to have, and now it embarrassed him to speak of crooked work to a jockey he had engaged on and off for eight years.

"Probably nothing to it," he said, "but I might as well use Frankie today. That boy's always crying for mounts anyhow." He started to walk away but Joe tagged after him.

"Where did this come from? Who gave you this report?"

"Forget it," Fitzgerald said. "It'll all clear up over the week end and in the meantime we can give the boy his chance in a stake race." He wouldn't say another word and left.

As we walked away from the stables, Joe was still in a kind of daze, the news working slowly through his mind. Then we came near the barns where Nancy Watkins' father kept his horses. From the distance we could see Frankie and the girl standing together. He was already wearing Fitzgerald's colors and she was chatting away, probably congratulating him and making a fuss because he had the mount on Sir Rogue in the big race. The boy himself wasn't doing much talking, trying to seem modest and matter-of-fact about it, I supposed.

Joe laughed. He laughed bitterly.

"And here I was crying my eyes out because I was busting that kid's precious illusions about me!"

"It wasn't Frankie," I said. "You're crazy. That's not like the kid at all."

"Bull!" Joe said. "Don't try to tell me! That kid wanted to show her what a hot shot he was. He wanted to ride Sir Rogue and he took the quickest short cut he could. Frankie sold me out and don't tell me different!"

THERE was no use talking to Joe. I wondered what Mansel and Krupp would do now. They could throw all the bets they had taken on Sir Rogue into the machines and lose their chance for a heavy killing. Or they might still try somehow to work it so that Joe rode the colt after all. Sometimes there were ways. But I was too puzzled to wonder long over Krupp and Mansel. I kept thinking of Frankie. The kid and I were the only outsiders to the deal and I knew perfectly well I hadn't talked.

Sir Rogue wasn't running until the fifth race, but Fitzgerald had horses running in the third and fourth and Frankie was to ride them as well. Joe had been careful to stay away from him, but now as the colts filed out for the third race, he went up in his street clothes to watch.

The apprentice handled his mount surely. He stayed right up with the

pack, and when they all came swinging around the last turn, he slipped up fast on the rail. The opening there wasn't much. It took nerve and skill to try it but Frankie reached the finish wire a driving second, which was more than the horse was worth. It was a good job of riding and I could see the lines of Joe's face go hard. The better the boy was, the more Joe must have hated him.

There was a twenty-minute wait until the next race. Joe had to hang around. If he ducked out and went off the grounds, it would be a dead giveaway, and so I helped him kill time by walking with him in the paddock. As we came around a tree, we almost bumped into Frankie running up to his next mount.

"Joe," he began. "Joe, listen. I want to say—"

Romney couldn't stand still long enough to hear him out. "Aw, shut up, shut up!" he snapped, flaring up. "You got what you wanted, didn't you? Don't put on no phony act for my benefit. Save it!"

He hurried away. The boy started after him but suddenly stopped, biting his lip. Then the paddock judge called: "Get your boys up!" The apprentice had to run to his colt and in another minute or two the line began to move out for the fourth race.

THE large field got away from the barrier this time all bunched up. I turned away and let Joe watch the race without me. It had somehow become just another race to me and I didn't feel like seeing again how good the boy was and how mad that made Joe.

I was listening to the crowd's racket and then all at once it turned into a roar, going sharply heavy and deep, and I knew something must have happened. I looked down the first turn where the horses should have been. A thick cloud of dust covered everything for a moment. When it blew off, I could see a jockey, looking like a white bundle, lying motionless on the dirt.

Everyone near us was straining his eyes and calling out: "Who is it? Who is it?" I followed the racers carefully until I was able to see the number of the riderless horse. It was Fitzgerald's colt and the boy was Frankie.

I knew exactly what must have hap-

pened. As the horses had gone around the banked curve, some jockey had reached down to Frankie's foot and had lifted him out of the saddle. It was an old trick and in a press you couldn't tell who had done it or whether it hadn't been an accident altogether. But I knew it was no accident. Frankie was a born rider and it would take a lot to make him lose his seat.

The game Mansel and Krupp were playing was clear enough. They wanted their killing. They wanted Romney to ride Sir Rogue and they didn't care what they did to get him on the colt. I knew it and I knew Romney knew it but there was nothing to say. He hated the boy and I couldn't expect him to feel sorry now. According to Joe, Frankie had asked for it. The kid had had it coming to him. The ambulance, going up on the outside of the track, picked up speed as it drove to the boy.

Sir Rogue was a hard animal to handle. He had tricks all his own and you needed a jockey who understood them. The time was short—a small owner like Fitzgerald didn't have his pick of riders in a stake race, and there was nothing he could do now but scratch Sir Rogue or use Romney. I didn't have to wait five minutes before one of the stable boys came up and told Joe to get into his riding pants. Joe hadn't spoken since Frankie's fall and he kept silent and grim as he started for the jockey house.

I watched him go and after a while I thought I'd see Frankie. In the jam of that holiday crowd, I couldn't find the ambulance and nobody seemed able to tell me where it had gone. I pushed through the mob, deciding to see if they had taken the boy to the track infirmary, but before I got there the bugle rang out and I realized the horses had reached the track. When I made my way back to a spot on the rail, the post parade was nearly over but I had caught enough of a glimpse of Romney's face to see that it was completely cold and determined. His mind was made up and nothing would change it.

The infield board showed the price on Sir Rogue at one to two. That pushed up the odds on every one of the other nine horses in the race. The second and third choices ran together at better than four to one, and the rest strung out at



HELEN HOKINSON

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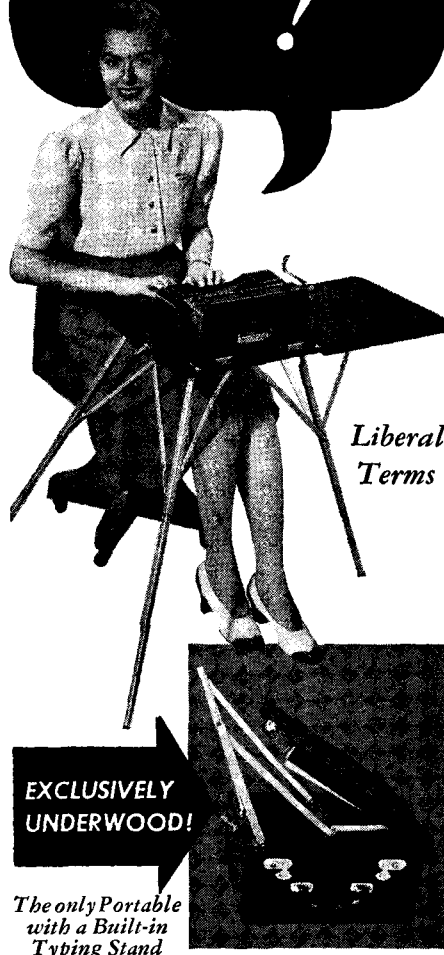
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seven, ten, twenty and higher. With five hundred dollars on the winner no matter which won, the least Romney would get would be two thousand dollars. Well, that was money and I couldn't wonder that his face had been so hard.

"That report's just nonsense. Romney's riding to win."

It was Fitzgerald. He had come up alongside of me. He wasn't telling me Romney was honest. He was asking me.

"They told me Romney's been seen talking to Mansel's people," he went on. "They said it might mean something and not to take chances. But I know those Pinks are wrong about a boy like Romney."

My mouth fell open. I turned and stared at him. "What? Who told you that?"

"The Pinkertons. The track police." I don't know what he made of the look on my face. "They've been ready to crack down on that bunch for some time," he said. "They took them all in this morning—Mansel, Krupp, the whole lot of them. They warned me about Romney, but I know that boy won't throw a race on me. He's been with me too long to start that now. . . ."

I LET the old man go on talking. I couldn't understand it at all. Frankie hadn't done the talking so that he could get Sir Rogue to ride. Then who had pushed him out of the saddle? Who had wanted to get rid of him?

As I thought about it, I suddenly saw the whole thing was rich—crazy rich. I slapped the railing until my palms began to hurt. It was a twisted, screwy kind of gag and if I hadn't been so puzzled I would have laughed out loud right there in front of Fitzgerald. The fix was off and everybody knew it except the jockey who was supposed to do the fixing. Romney was going to pull a horse for himself, for his own sweet sake. Nobody stood to make a dime by it!

The little stall doors of the Puett gate flew open and the horses shot out. Sir Rogue lunged forward bravely but Joe checked him at once, holding him back long enough for the racers on the outside to come swinging toward the rail. The colt had to wait for clearance before he could charge again and then Joe carried him over to the rail behind the others, keeping him perfectly blocked.

It was all plain to see and in the open. Every move Romney made couldn't be missed but the beautifully ironic thing was that at this stage nobody could blame the jockey. That was pretty much how you had to race Sir Rogue. The colt was a rapid breaker, going all out from the start, and if you didn't check him as Romney had, he'd kill off all his speed within four furlongs. Romney had to rate the colt behind the others to save him for the homestretch, but I knew there'd be no winning rush at the finish.

I could tell how Joe planned the race. He'd rate the colt and rate him and then he'd come home whipping and pumping but not until it was too late, with his mount carefully pocketed lengths behind. He'd do an expert job, all right. I watched the horses in front kick up dirt that must have stung as it hit Joe's face, but I knew he didn't mind. He didn't mind now, but the thought of him later, when he found out, made me smile and wince at the same time.

Going around into the backstretch, the racers were beginning to string out. Two horses were up in front fighting evenly for the lead. Behind them came three colts bunched together. The others had fallen back in a line. Romney, still in last position, couldn't risk lagging too far behind. He took Sir Rogue outside a bit for room and let him go. The colt roared past the stragglers in a



"I've laid out your clothes for the bankruptcy proceedings, dear"

ROLAND COE

dozen strides and then kept fighting honestly forward but as soon as he reached the second three racers, Joe checked him again, holding him back.

From where I stood I could feel the surging power in the animal as he cried to be let loose. Joe pulled on him until his arms must have ached. I thought of the way Frankie talked of the colt. The boy was right. Sir Rogue was bred to win. It was the only thing he knew or cared about and it seemed a dirty, low trick to hold him back.

I heard Fitzgerald alongside of me murmuring as he prayed his colt in. I found myself growing angry at Romney.

The horses were turning around the last bend now, leading into the long homestretch. I could see the other jockeys working frantically, shaking up their mounts for the finish. As they swept closer to the stands, the crowd's roar swelled out and it seemed to me as though all of it was directed at Joe. Most of them had bet on Sir Rogue and now they were begging Romney to come on, to quit stalling, to let the colt go. I was yelling my head off with them, and cursing Joe hotly on my own too, and then suddenly I stopped.

I shut up dead still in that lunatic tumult. I was too mystified to know what to make of it. Sir Rogue was charging! He was eating up real distance and he hadn't run away on Romney either! Joe wanted to win as badly as the colt did. The jockey's knees and calves gripped tightly at the withers. He seemed to have become part of the animal and the two of them came flying down the straightaway working in complete co-ordination. The crowd behind me went crazy with joy as Sir Rogue overhauled the leaders. The colt pulled ahead with determined sureness and Joe was helping him with all the skill he knew. When they went past the finish wire, Sir Rogue was swinging smoothly, a half-length in front and drawing away, full power in every stride.

For a time I couldn't stir. It just didn't make any sense at all!

I hustled down the track to the judges' stand to see Joe before anyone else reached him. The first thing he asked

me was how Frankie was. I didn't know but I told him about Fitzgerald and the Pinkertons, and Mansel and Krupp locked up and out of the way.

"Frankie didn't talk," I said.

"I knew that," Joe said. I stared at him. "The kid was trying to tell me in the paddock but I wouldn't listen to him." We had started walking off the track but suddenly Joe stopped. "Frankie wasn't shoved out of his saddle when he fell," he told me.

"He wasn't?"

"No. I saw it, just the way it happened. I knew! That kid jumped off himself. He wanted the mount on Sir Rogue and nobody likes to bang himself up. But it was the only way he could tell me he was on the level. That kid . . ." Joe said, and finished talking.

I understood the fall then and I also saw why Joe had won the race even when he thought he'd have to face Mansel's bunch for it. I began to feel foolish and warm and good.

THE boy was waiting at the path to the jockey house, just as he used to meet Joe. He was pale and the right side of his face was covered with adhesive tape but he seemed sound enough. Nancy Watkins was standing there with him, fussing over him.

"He should be resting," she said. "He wouldn't let them take him to the hospital. He just had to see you."

She went on talking but neither of them listened to her. They looked at each other a moment, just looked without saying anything, and then Frankie stepped up close.

"You did it," he said quietly. "You let Sir Rogue win after all."

Joe faltered for words. It was odd to see a hard-bitten, smart jockey like him suddenly embarrassed and awkward.

"Ah, he got away from me," he mumbled. "He near pulled my arms off. You know how horses are."

"Sure," Frankie said. "I know. They vary, same as people."

I watched them go off all together. Frankie was smiling—that old smile, happy and proud, that he always had when he was with Joe.

The Hunters

Continued from page 18

In the slanting sunlight of late afternoon it looked cozy, and tight, and prosperous. Even a telephone line followed a fence up to the house. Its fields were clean and cared-for, slanting down gently from where Joe and the man stood.

"Over there," said Joe, pointing, "there's some wild buckwheat in there. Round about sundown there's always birds in it."

He led the way across the new-plowed field. The man hesitated, and followed.

For the first time since they had been together they could see for miles rather than for yards in brush or clearings. The nearer sides of the bigger hills were already dark purple. The world was full of the sunset hush. A man chopped wood down at the farmhouse. The sharp, distinct strokes of the ax were clearly audible. And they were alone in a vast open space that grew and grew about them, and the colored sunlight smote upon them as if especially to point them out. There were shadows in the furrows. The indentations, their footprints, were dark. It was very close to sunset.

"I don't believe," said the man uneasily, "we're going to have time to do much hunting over there."

"Maybe a shot or two," said Joe.

Inside, his heart was pumping. He thought, "This's the first time I've been where he wouldn't dare shoot me dead, an' he's thinkin' about it harder than ever before." He hated what he was doing. He hated, much more, what he was going to do. But he had no choice. No more choice than the man beside him. Man hunting isn't like game hunting. It's grim business.

A man moved toward them from the farmhouse. He was a small, distinct figure. His legs moved jerkily. He didn't have a gun. He just walked out toward them.

The murderer said harshly:

"What's he coming out here for?"

"Pass the time of day, maybe," said Joe. "I know him. Name's Simon."

"If he starts any—"

Then the man locked his lips. His voice had sounded savage and menacing. So he shut up. But Joe saw him put one hand in his right-hand game pocket. Joe knew what he was doing. Rearranging the birds in there. Putting the pistol he carried among them, on top.

They plodded on. The man from the farmhouse drew nearer.

"Hi, Simon," called Joe. "I'm takin' my friend for a coupla shots in your back pasture. All right with you, ain't it?"

THE man from the farmhouse stopped stock-still. The sun was behind him. They couldn't see his face. But he grunted.

"Friend o' mine," repeated Joe. "From the city. Right good shot, an' a good sport. If I'd brought him sooner, he'd ha' done damage to your huntin', but he won't have time to more'n sample it now. Y'don't mind, do you?"

The man from the farmhouse rumbled:

"Just like you say, Joe. Friend o' yours? Go ahead."

"Fixed that bridge yet, Simon?" asked Joe. "It'll make a short cut home for me."

"Nope," said the man from the farmhouse. "But I'll get 'round to it some day."

He watched them pass, looking at them curiously. He turned and went back toward the farmhouse.

Joe and the man went across the balance of the open field. They came to another rail fence. The dog jumped and scrambled. He was over. They heard him rustling in the brush beyond. Joe slid easily over. His throat felt queer. The man climbed the fence.

"Listen," said the man harshly, "I want to tell you. It's been good hunting, today. This—I guess it's been the best day of my life."

"Shucks!" said Joe. Remorse wrenched him. But he saw the dog. "Look there!"

A POINT. A beautiful point. All the colors in all the world spread out upon the earth and dappled in the sky. A dying sunset and a point like that.

The shotgun went off, twice. The man swallowed.

"The best day," he repeated. "Dammit, I—I—"

"Talk later," said Joe gruffly, with an ache in his throat. He liked this man, who was coming to an unwilling resolution to do murder again. "We ain't got much sunlight left."

They went across the pasture. Three times the dog pointed. Three times he flushed—fresh coveys each time. The last time they could barely see him. The man shouted huskily, and the dog went in. Birds rocketed. One soared high, with the last gleams of the sunset shining gold upon his breast.

The man fired. Feathers exploded from the soaring body. A little later the dog came through the new darkness, panting and ecstatic, bringing the bird and wagging his tail joyously.

"That's all," said the man. His voice came a little bit thickly. "I—I've got to tell you something."

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 6



Now a resident of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Roland Coe became native No. 3001 in hamlet of Havana, Ill., just thirty-three years ago. At fifteen he was contributing to a Buffalo newspaper, and a little later spent six years in an advertising agency. By 1930 he was producing magazine cartoons and still does (see preceding page), despite a daily stint for a Manhattan paper.

"I'll take you over to the highway," said Joe. "You'll be able to get a lift home, there. Come along."

It was not far. They had heard, and ignored, the purring sound of motors in these last, superlative moments in this last cover.

"Yonder," said Joe. "There 'tis. I'll have to wade the brook to get home, but you keep right on. Simon never did fix that bridge after it went through with a wagon on it."

He moved to go away in the darkness. The man swallowed.

"Listen!" he said fiercely. "I don't like this! I—hate it! But I—I'm the man that broke out of Hadley this morning. I've got to—"

Joe did not move again, but his scalp crawled. Then he said steadily:

"I know. I'm a deputy sheriff. I was sent out to hunt for you. But when I slid down that bank I lost my pistol in the leaves an' I never did get a chance to go back an' hunt for it."

SILENCE. Joe knew that the man's shotgun was turned upon him. He knew that the hammers were back. His throat was dry. But he'd hunted with this man. He went on evenly:

"First I was just waitin' for a chance. They came. There was three or four times when I was behind you, an' with plenty heavy sticks or rocks in reach. I coulda knocked you cold anyways twice, you not suspectin'. But—"

The murderer said fiercely:

"Why didn't you, then?"

"Man huntin' ain't like game huntin'," said Joe. "I saw that you were—kinda happy. Like you'd never figured you'd ever hunt again. An' you hunt the way I like to see it done. So I figured that if I was in prison, an' I broke out out an' it was huntin' weather, if so be as somebody let me get in one day behind a good dog an' a gun, it wouldn't be so hard goin' back again."

"I'm not goin' back! I'm goin' to—"

Joe said regretfully:

"Simon's whole farm is game sanctuary. No huntin' is ever allowed on it, any time. So he knew I wouldn't talk like I did unless somethin' was wrong. An' with a man broke loose from Hadley there couldn't be but one thing wrong. He hadda telephone, an' my askin' about the bridge told where I'd bring you—"

There was a rustling near by. A grim voice said:

"Drop, Joe! We'll handle him!"

A flashlight beam smote upon the murderer. Another. Figures came into view, converging from every hand. Grim, armed men emerged from concealment. They moved forward.

"I'm sorry," said Joe, wretchedly. "But man huntin'—"

He didn't drop to the ground. He stood resolutely before the murderer.

"It's not too late to kill you now," said the murderer in a queer, thick voice. "But—I had one day of living, anyhow. And they were going to hang me—"

He whirled. He flung the shotgun as a battering-ram at the nearest indistinct approaching figure. He leaped for the darkness. The dog barked frantically. Then guns roared, and flames lanced through the night.

Minutes later, Joe tried to sooth the murderer's dog. Joe's own hands trembled, but the dog was upset and terribly nervous. What had happened didn't seem natural to him. Nor to Joe. He'd never gotten quite used to man hunting. But he was glad the murderer'd had a last game hunt before the man hunt ended. He'd rather liked the murderer.

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Milwaukee Chantootsey

Continued from page 21



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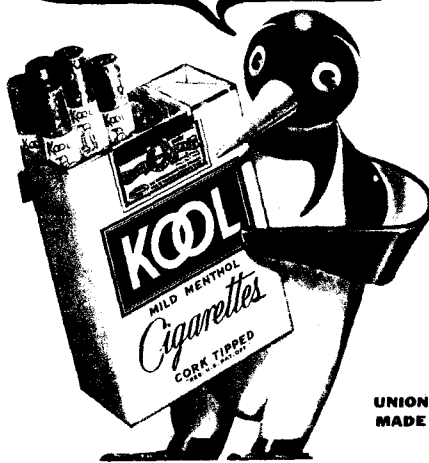
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asked what it was, she'd spell it out rather than pronounce it.

At sixteen she was good enough to get a job keynoting for silent movies, rattling Light Cavalry for the Marines—coming scenes, and rippling Schubert's Serenade for canoe-in-the-moonlight. Hours, 6:15 P.M. to 11. Wages, \$16 a week.

Next, to a vaudeville theater, the only girl in a twelve-piece orchestra (she still has her union card). She thought that here she had reached the peak of her profession until, one week, the program offered a piano act called "Jerry and Her Baby Grands." Jerry was Miss Jerry Valliere. The Baby Grands were three other girls in powdered wigs, ruffled coats and white satin knee breeches. And if that act didn't represent glamor, riches and fame, Hildegard would kiss a cow.

Finally she got up her courage to ask for a job. Miss Valliere was so nice about turning her down that Hildegard had almost forgotten her outrageous presumption when Santa Claus, months ahead of 1928's Christmas, brought her this wire: "Join us Springfield Massachusetts at once. Jerry." Hildegard toured with them for two seasons.

This was followed by a year of hand-to-mouth jobs as an accompanist. For an Irish tenor. For a cowboy. For the De Marcos' dance team. For Mickey Cochrane's one song on his sax, Ain't Misbehavin', after he had told audiences exactly how the Athletics had won the World Series. A year of split weeks, day coaches, dingy boardinghouses—the usual compromise that girls who "took piano" have to make between giving concerts at Carnegie Hall and marrying Eddie Jones from the hardware store.

Fired Because She was too Good

So she ended up, broke, as a song plugger in Irving Berlin's New York office. And she might have stayed there from 1931 until this day if the office hadn't been empty one afternoon. With no clients to play for, Hildegard played for herself. And she sang as she played. And Saul Bornstein, now Berlin's manager, happened to come in.

"Get out!" he told her. "And don't come back!"

She opened her mouth, but no words would move.

"You!" he said. "Get out of here and start taking singing lessons! Go on the stage! That's where a voice like yours belongs!"

Two friends of hers—Jess Freeman, of Variety, and Joe Laurie, Jr.—arranged an audition with Gus Edwards, who had discovered Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Lila Lee and Wheeler and Woolsey.

Edwards offered her a contract, made her drop her last name, taught her Dutch dialect and tucked her into his new review, Stars on Parade, where—billed as "The Female Jack Pearl" (what price London's "Biggest Heart-throb" then?)—she was a Dutch immigrant girl, singing Two Hearts in Waltz Time.

Stars on Parade toured the United States and Canada for a year and more, but the end of the tour left Hildegard just where it had found her: broke. She was even worse off than before, because now she had no prospects. Vaudeville was dead and—this was the bottom of the depression—most of New York's theaters were as dark as the future.

It was January, 1933, before she picked up another betting hand. Martinus Poulsen, the director of London's

ultrasmart Café de Paris, came to New York and sent out a call for girls. Four hundred, including Hildegard, answered. The other 399 were dismissed. That September she sailed for London with a four weeks' contract. She sailed as a third-rate singer. Three years later she sailed home again. She sailed as one of the greatest stars in the entertainment world.

London was Tough

Even with the king of Sweden's help, though, things weren't as simple or as magic as all that. Poverty and discouragement weren't behind her quite yet. She was a success in London, but not a *succès fou*. She didn't know what clothes to buy or how to wear them. She knew almost nothing of the intimate technique of night-club singing. And in the back of her mind was always the frightening realization that she was alone in a foreign city 4,000 miles from home.

No, she wasn't alone. Anna Sosenko was with her. The story goes back to 1930, when Hildegard was accompanying Oklahoma Bob Albright. Their act was playing Camden, New Jersey, and Hildegard was recommended to a boardinghouse run by Anna's mother. The two girls became quick and firm friends. Anna joined her when the tour was over and has managed her affairs ever since.

But Anna was as much a stranger in London as Hildegard was, and they were no more at home in Paris, where they went next. Hildegard's job singing at the 1830 Club was a tough one. She had to make her first appearance an hour before midnight, her last at seven—sometimes eight—the next morning. She was also on call to sing at cocktail time. They owed a good deal for clothes and rent, she and Anna, but her salary was piling up untouched. The 1830 was going to pay off in a lump, the girls were told. It went bankrupt instead.

Money for creditors, rent money, food money, getaway money—all that they had been waiting for changed overnight to a debt of 10,000 francs. Now followed weeks of desperation while Anna showed her stuff. She dogged the 1830's owner all over Paris, dunning him for ten francs here, a hundred there, fifty the next place. It wasn't much, but it kept them from starving until Hildegard could get another job. They were down to their last few coins when the Casanova made her an offer.

She stayed there eight months. And the king of Sweden came in.

The chronology of the triumphs that followed his accolade runs something like this:

November, 1934: A summons to sing at the Ritz Hotel, London, during the Duke of Kent's wedding festivities.

January, 1935: Part of a program televised from Paris—the first foreign star and the first representative of popular music to be thus honored.

April, 1935: The Ritz again, for King George V's Jubilee.

Fall of 1935: Featured in an English movie, Music Hath Charms.

February, 1936: A tour of the English music halls.

March, 1936: Featured with Leslie Henson in an English revue, Seeing Stars.

July, 1936: Back to New York. Guest appearance on Rudy Vallee's program. Sang at the Crystal Room in the Ritz.

May, 1937: Back to the London Ritz for King George VI's Coronation, at a salary of \$8,500 for four weeks' work.

September, 1937: Back to New York. Guest appearance on Ed Wynn's program, and had a sustaining program with NBC at \$1,000 a week for two hour recitals.

Royalty Again to the Rescue

Well, that's enough to give you an idea of her success, if you fill in the gaps with a long-term contract at the British Broadcasting Corporation, and scores of recordings in London, Paris and New York. And appearances at class night clubs all over Europe and America—the Carlton, London; the Dolphin, Cannes; the Boeuf sur la Toit, Paris; the Diable Amoureux, Brussels; the Colony, Chicago; the Casino, Le Touquet. And private concerts for President LeBrun of France, and Grand Duchess Kira of Russia, and Elsie de Wolfe, and Prince Halim of Egypt.

Prince Halim gave her the royal boost again. She had finished her last performance at the Schéhérazade in Paris and was about to go home when a certain playboy asked for a special song. Hildegard excused herself. She was tired out. "Tomorrow," she promised.

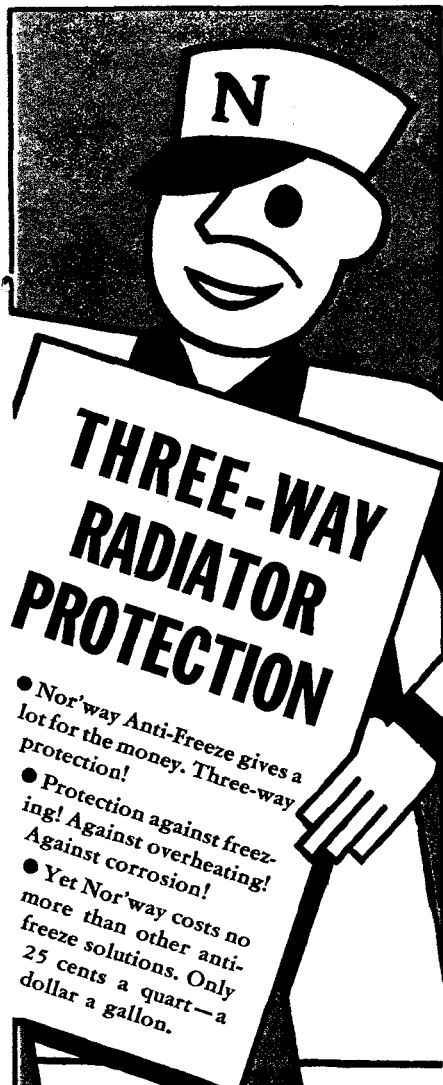
But he insisted, noisily, profanely. Whereupon Prince Halim, as muscular as he was chivalrous, threw a table into the playboy's lap, then hauled him out into the street and played a fist solo on his pan. The papers carried that story, too, pointing out that Halim wasn't the first representative of royalty to express a vigorous interest in

From the deck of an armed trawler in a convoy of 27 ships pushing its way down the English Channel, Collier's correspondent watches the British prove

It's Still Churchill's Channel

By Quentin Reynolds

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S



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FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES EVERY DAY

A Special Shave Cream—It Needs No Brush—Not Greasy!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition, Williams, for 100 years makers of fine shaving preparations, has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. Without the usual soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

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Mlle. Hildegard's singing. They listed King Gustave, and the Prince of Wales, and King Alfonso and the Duke of Kent. And Mlle. Hildegard's stock soared clean off the board.

It's about time now to ask what this gal has got that sets those crowns to rocking. Well, she's got a pleasant voice, but Pons and Flagstad needn't lose any sleep, and she played a good piano, but Paderewski and Rachmaninoff needn't stop practicing. So what is it?

Part of it is complete identification with the song itself. She studies each one of her numbers for days on end, trying to understand and convey the precise mood of the composer. It's nothing for her to put in a twelve-hour stretch on rehearsing the gestures alone. The result is that when she sings All the Things You Are, for instance, every man who hears it is convinced she's singing for him alone.

Another part of it is a diction so pure that she could sing She Sells Sea Shells by the Seashore and never skip an s. That's why she doesn't have to use a microphone. Her voice isn't strong, but every syllable reaches you in a separate, sanitary wrapper, just as it left the lyric writer. If anything, her diction is a little too pure, particularly her b's, p's and t's. When she was recording through a supersensitive microphone in London, these sounds came over like tiny explosions. The engineers finally softened them by muffling the mike with a silk stocking.

So part of her capital is interpretation, and part is diction. But most of it is plain charm. The purpose of charm is to make people like you, and the secret of charm is to be at ease. Watch the girl in action. The night she made her first entrance for her first appearance in Brussels, she slipped and fell flat, bang in the middle of the floor. Flustered? Not a bit of it. She got up, frankly rubbed her *derrière*, and announced, "That hurt!" From then on, the audience would have applauded her if she'd had a voice like a crow.

They Eat It Up

Such airy monkeyshines make the audience believe that she's just out there for the fun of it. The next step is to make them believe that there's plenty of fun to go around. So she gives them a song they can all take part in. It may be an old favorite like Shine On, or it may be something like Alouette, which has a Schnitzelbank chorus with room for everybody. One season she organized the Tinkle Club. To be a member in good standing, you had to tinkle your glass at the right time. Another season she had a Mexican song called Chop-a-Nay-Cas, which called for a pat-a-cake sound effect.

The folks eat it up. They eat it up when she picks a man from a ringside table and makes him dance with her while she's singing. They eat it up when she breaks off a song and tells a waiter to fill a customer's glass. They eat it up when she sings I've Got My Eyes on You, while giving some swooning youngster both barrels point-blank (she also uses this system with drunks and hecklers).

It's obvious that she herself is having a grand time, and since an audience always takes its mood from the performer, the audience has a grand time too.

In fact, there's a sort of Hildegard cult around New York, just as there was in London and Paris. For the next couple of months they'll be haunting the Savoy-Plaza, where she sings after the theater. Later on she may be in a Broadway show; she doesn't know definitely yet. Between times she's on the radio and does records.

Her three albums of songs by Noel

Coward, Vernon Duke and Rogers & Hart have been released, which means a renewal of the battle over which is the best record she ever made. In her own opinion, her best is I Didn't Know What Time It Was, but her favorite is still Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup, a novelty song which has been selling steadily since 1938, when Europe bought it in quantities second only to Lucienne Boyer's Parlez-Moi d'Amour.

One reason why Hildegard likes it so much is the offhand way it was composed. She and Anna Sosenko were bicycling near Le Touquet, and the conversation turned to Anna's troubles in speaking French. (Hildegard has no such troubles; she speaks fluent French and German, and can sing in Russian, Swedish and Italian as well.) Anna was disheartened. She said, "Je ne sais pas when I'll ever learn this darned language! . . . Hilda, wait! Hey, there's an idea for a song for you!"

They batted it back and forth, half in English, half in French, until they had a lyric. The tune is Anna's. And Darling, je vous aime beaucoup, Je ne sais pas what to do, has been Hildegard's signature song ever since.

She Loves Fashions

The fact that she and Anna are not only friends and business associates, but a team, is suggested by Hildegard's license plates, which combine their initials, AH2. Her recreation is bicycling; her passion, clothes. When she went to Chicago for a two weeks' engagement, she took seven trunks, and when the style columns breathlessly reported that she was wearing an open hat with two of her blond curls pulled through the crown she was far more delighted than if Toscanini had begged for her autograph.

She also introduced the sheaf-of-wheat coiffure—a few stalks clipped into her hair like an aigrette. The result of this inspired bizzarerie was the bestowal of a title that she prefers above even "World Sweetheart Number 1," as an enraptured English magazine dubbed her—the Fashion Academy elected her one of the thirteen best-dressed women of 1940.

Withal, though, she's a swell girl and does her job superbly. She has kept utterly free not only from scandal, but from the affectations and idiocies that so often infest a stage celebrity. She is generous about playing benefits. Her hobbies are simple: she collects water colors and foreign newspapers. Her dislikes are mild: she won't talk on the telephone and she won't eat oysters, caviar or cheese.

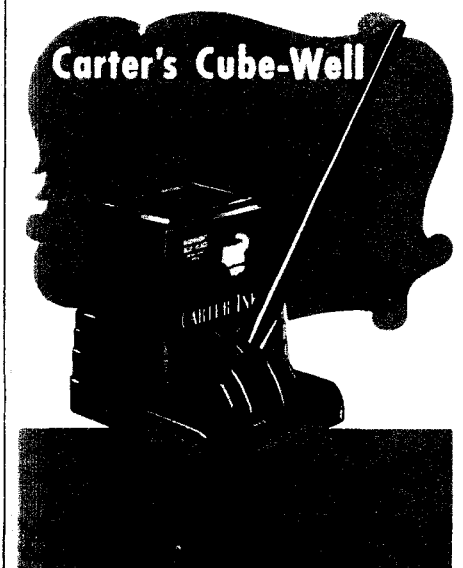
So there's the story of Hildegard. You know now that, despite what the Philadelphia Inquirer said, her name is not Hildegard Johnson or, as the Brooklyn Daily Eagle said, Gertrude Hildegard. The San Francisco Call was wrong when it declared that she had once been a music teacher. Nor is it true that she was born in Kiel, Germany, and had wrapped packages in the basement of a Detroit department store. She was never engaged to a London financier named Esmond Warner (London papers please correct), or to Jean Sablon, the French singer. She would appreciate it if the Chicago papers realized that she speaks perfect English, and therefore never observed, "Technique iss to me like money. I don't like it, but I got to haff it!"

And one last correction would make the record completely straight: she never, never, never owned a black sweater with a clock embroidered on the bosom, its hands pointing to twenty minutes past eight.

The fact that some press agent once referred to her as "The Dear That Made Milwaukee Famous" she can't do anything about.



These grand, deep-toned inks flow instantly, write smoothly, dry quickly. In smart "Cubes," wide mouthed for easy filling and dipping. Permanent and Washable—and "Sunset" Inks in colors.



Death's Paymaster

Continued from page 16

what. You'll take away from me everything I've got."

Then came that fateful April in 1931. Alfonso left Spain for Paris without so much as dropping farewell cards on the diplomats. March was on the spot. He had offered Alfonso money to stick and fight it out. March had an awful lot at stake—the Trans-Mediterranean Steamship Company, several banks, property of all kinds, and shares in a number of utilities. All Alfonso had was a big carved chair painted in gold leaf and upholstered in red plush. The king let March down.

It was Prieto who rose in the newly formed Cortes in the early summer of 1931 to condemn March. "This man conspired against the Republic. But we cannot prove anything. We can only prove that he is rich. He is so rich that he must be suppressed."

They came one early morning to March's house and they took him away to the jailhouse called Carcel de Alcala de Hanares. There he stayed for eighteen months, until he bought his jailer, bought a ship, and with his jailer escaped to France.

March returned to Spain briefly when the Catholic Gil Robles and Alejandro Lerroux crowd climbed back into power in 1934, but he scrambled out again when, in that fateful summer of 1936, left-wingers Largo Caballero, Prieto and Manuel Azana came back. The Socialist-Communist-Anarchist-Republican-Syndicalist Popular Front Government was no place for our Don Juan and he legged it to Portugal.

The Catalyst for War

In July, 1936, a Monarchist named Calvo Sotello was perforated by bullets by Assault Guards and his body dumped into a pleasant park in Madrid known as El Retiro. This assassination was the catalyst that precipitated the Spanish Civil War. Right away Monarchist Francisco Franco, a general with a good record as a leader of the Spanish Foreign Legion, started his revolution, aided by General Queippo de Llano and General Mola.

Franco went to March for money. He got a blank check from the financier. "I'll back you to the limit," said the wizened sufferer from claustrophobia. He remembered Carcel Alcala de Hanares.

First military move was the capture by surprise of the garrison at Seville by General de Llano. He did this with eighty-two men. A mere handful. He could not long hold out against the Republicans.

The body of Calvo Sotello was still warm when March flew to Rome. He talked with Italian Foreign Minister Count Galeazzo Ciano. "I want planes, quick—transport planes right now, bombers later." That was on July 18, 1936, sometime early in the morning. By late that afternoon Ciano had brought March to Mussolini and the deal for planes—eighteen machines in the first batch—was completed and the disguised aircraft, with Italian pilots on board, were en route to Tetuan in Spanish Morocco to pick up Legionnaires to relieve de Llano.

At least one and perhaps three of the planes crashed in French Morocco on the way. There was hell to pay. The Italians were worried. This was violation of international law on a large scale. This meant war with France. Italian transport planes dropped Spanish uniforms to the crashed aviators with notes saying:

"Put these uniforms on all the men. Say you are Spaniards. Burn your own clothes. Above all, don't stick your heads into the lion's mouth."

The remaining planes of that first "Spanish" fleet ferried Spanish troops to the mainland from Morocco. The "Civil War" was on, and the first round of the second world war—thanks to Juan March—had begun.

The French, through sheer stupidity, or with the knowledge they were not ready for war, somehow managed to overlook the crashing of the Italian planes on their African territory. Italy's intervention in the Spanish War, like Germany's later, was never seriously challenged by Britain or France.

Spain became the laboratory where Germany and Italy tested their war materials and felt out the diplomatic and political witnesses of their slow-moving Democratic adversaries. Spain became a little world war, with Russia, Italy, Germany eliminating material that proved faulty, learning a thousand les-

"J. March & Company, Ltd." One of the directors of this company is a man named José Mayorga, who is also "holder for procuration," or chief share-shagger, for a firm across the street at Number 20 called J. M. Kleinwort Sons & Company with offices in both London and Liverpool. Kleinwort Sons & Company did the bookwork on the Spanish Civil War finances.

Don Juan had 5,000,000 American dollars in a prominent New York bank. This sum was immediately placed at the disposal of Franco. He gave to Franco outright, in spot cash, a further ten million pesetas, then worth about a million and a quarter dollars, and 500,000 British pounds. These were all gifts. The money bought cannon, shells, bombs and planes from Italy.

Later the money helped Franco pay the hire of Italian "volunteers." In addition to March's money, Franco drew upon the private funds of ex-King Alfonso XIII, who invested most of his \$20,000,000 fortune in his comeback at-

March now owns three banks in Majorca, one in Ibiza, one in Valencia. He has regained ownership of the Trans-Mediterranean Steamship Company. He owns drydocks and shipyards in Valencia and Cartagena. "I'm probably," he confesses, "the richest man in the world next to Henry Ford, maybe."

In the province of Catalonia there are some 500 million tons of potash, a virgin field. JM has control thereof. Someday Spain will be the biggest producer of natural potash in the world—she will be, that is, if JM capitalizes on Catalonia's potential wealth. Experts told me there is enough potash there to break the cartels of present leading producers of this important industrial and agricultural chemical.

That's only one of the small favors JM has gained from financing Franco's war. More than any material gain, he has respectability. He lives in Madrid. He can leave and re-enter the country at will. That is a privilege he did not always have.

The curious who want to know why Don Juan blew millions on Franco to win are told: "I wanted to restore my country to its old glory. It gives me personal satisfaction to do this. I'm an old man and my career is almost finished. What better than to see Spain relive again as a country of splendor and elegance?"

He Doesn't Believe in Charity

JM is very myopic. All around him there is much hunger and poverty and destruction. Don Juan does not see it, or he is congenitally unable to see it.

Except for such moneys as Queen Ena wheedled out of him in the old days, Juan has never been known to contribute to charity. He lends money easily to friends. He is always good for a touch. "Pay me when you have it, and if you don't pay me that's all right too..."

He is followed by a retinue of servants and hangers-on wherever he goes. Like an emperor, he summons his favorites to play dominoes with him, will talk for hours with a Spanish newspaperman who hasn't touched a typewriter for years and lives off his patron, with wife and children and servants.

His generosity to his immediate intimates is the largess of a prince, large-handed and lavish. If he has a wife, nobody knows her. Some say he is married to a large, black-haired woman, a Majorcan. By this woman he is said to have two children, neither of them gifted in the arithmetic of profits.

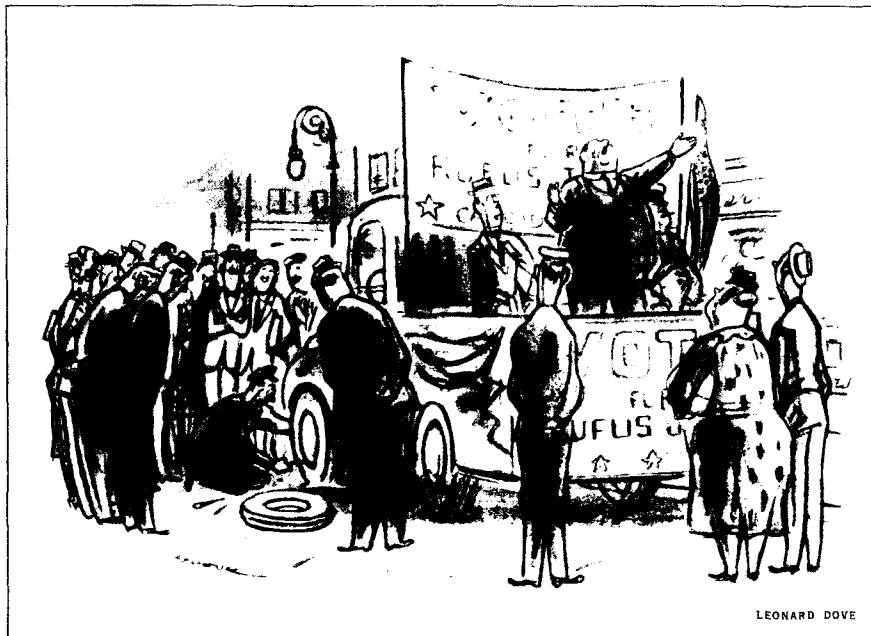
Then there are others who say he was never married, but has a son known only by the name of "Señor Bergamon," who lives in Lisbon, but, for reasons unknown, cannot enter Spain.

Of his love life only this is known—beautiful Tina de Jorque was his mistress and she was killed by anarchists in Barcelona at the outbreak of the Spanish war. Her only sin was to have known and loved Juan March and from this fact can be had a measure of the hatred Don Juan enjoys in that Spain that is now submerged but may live again one day.

No, love does not seem to have touched the life of Juan March. His love is one and only one—money. "God is omnipotent," he is fond of saying, "but money is His deputy."

You ask him why he ever backed Franco at all, why he set into motion the forces that devastated Spain and are now devastating Europe, and he replies candidly:

"I wanted to make money."



sons in the application of modern war technique, while Britain and France and other powers generated a smoke-screen of "non-intervention."

When the Italians had 110,000 soldiers in Spain, British politicians in the House of Commons were making speeches saying that "we have no proof of the presence of Italians in Franco's armies." Every correspondent in Rome and Berlin, every British and French Intelligence officer inside and outside Spain, knew what had happened and what was to come and wrote and reported the truth, but the politicians wouldn't listen.

The Sarajevo that was to have precipitated the second world war had occurred when they found Calvo Sotello's body in the Retiro. In thirty-two months of fighting in Spain at least 500,000 men and women and children died. Some place the total of dead, wounded, starved and executed at two millions, almost one tenth of the entire population of Spain. At Sarajevo it was a series of shots from a Luger. They were "heard 'round the world." Nobody heard the scream of violent steel in Spain.

And it was March who master-minded the financing of the war that began the new and bigger war and this is how he did it:

In Fenchurch Street, E.C.3 London, at Number 19, there is a brokerage office whose gold-lettered sign reads:

tempt and is now holding the bag somewhere in Italy.

Throughout the fratricidal phase of the second world war March guaranteed innumerable financial transactions whereby Franco obtained supplies. As he occupied territory Franco issued decrees practically confiscating the securities, bonds and personal fortunes of Spaniards residing in those areas. He obtained about \$50,000,000 that way.

As they turned over their securities the Spaniards signed power of attorney enabling the Spanish Nationalist Government to sell or otherwise hypothecate the shares or stocks involved. These operations were carried out by the London firm through banks in Amsterdam, Geneva, and Buenos Aires.

An Agreement for "Gentlemen"

Typical stocks included United States Government three-per-cent bonds, Swiss Federal Railways, Uruguayan 3 and 3½ percenters, Argentina Sterlings, French Government Treasury bonds and the kind of gilt-edged stuff rich Spaniards acquired abroad and deposited, usually, in foreign banks or with foreign brokers.

March—don't smile—had a "gentleman's agreement" with Franco. There was nothing in writing. The deal was simply that March should help Franco to the limit of his financial ability in return for which Franco would "take care" of March at the end of the war.



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Chick is the dream of every manager — young . . . ambitious . . . hard-working. A timely hitter—a top-notch fielder, Chick really earns his salary. But he's not a man who lets success turn his head. He knows that "big money" in baseball doesn't last forever. And so, Chick has planned ahead and is using his present salary to make sure his wife will always have the security and protection of the life insurance he can afford today . . .

What life insurance program for a man whose "big money" years are limited?

Chick Mead is not a real person, but he is typical of thousands of men in the many professions and trades where the period of large earnings is apt to be limited. If you, too, are in a "young man's" business, then your life insurance problem is probably similar to Chick Mead's — you want insurance designed so that the protection you need can be completely paid for during the years when your earning power is high. For men like you, The Prudential offers what are known as Limited-Payment Life policies.

Q: What is a Limited-Payment Life policy?

A: It is a policy on which you pay premiums for only a limited number of years, but which gives you protection during your entire lifetime.

Q: For how many years do you pay premiums

when you take out this kind of policy?

A: In The Prudential you have a wide choice of Limited-Payment Life policies. You may take out a policy which becomes fully paid up after 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, or 30 years.

Q: For whom are such policies most suitable?

A: If you are in a "young man's" business, this type of policy may be particularly desirable because it makes it possible for you to pay up your life insurance completely during the years when your earnings are high.

Q: What happens if you are disabled and can no longer pay premiums?

A: If total and permanent disability, as defined in your policy, occurs before age 60, then the insurance remains in force without any further

premiums being paid during such disability.

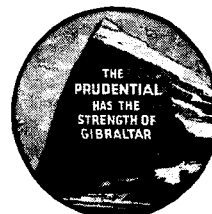
Q: What other provisions do these Limited-Payment Life policies have?

A: They provide for cash and loan values, dividends, extended insurance, reduced paid-up insurance, and give you a choice of 4 different ways to leave your life insurance money to your beneficiary.

Limited-Payment Life policies are one of the many types of Prudential Life Insurance policies designed for particular situations. There is a Prudential policy to fit every life insurance need . . . and a Prudential premium-payment plan to fit every purse. For further information on how your particular life insurance problem can be solved, see your local Prudential representative, or write to the Home Office.

The Prudential

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, N. J.



INSURANCE COMPANY
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Very Smart

Continued from page 19



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**GLOVER'S
MANGE MEDICINE**

impatiently warming up his motor and looking very comfortable in a dab of jersey that just covers a strip between his shoulder blades and a bit of his manly chest.

The other chap that Ed is taking along is named Bill Anderson. He is a tough-looking old bird, who has a wild-looking gleam in his eye as he peers along the horizon; just like a shipwrecked man on a raft looking for signs of land. George afterward learns that all tuna fanatics get this Ancient Mariner gleam in their eyes when they start out from the dock to locate a school of tuna.

They are out probably a couple of miles when Ed turns his wide grin on George and says, "I must warn you, Young, that I'm a wild man to go fishing with. If you hook a tuna, you'll probably hear plenty from me. I make a lot of noise but it doesn't mean anything."

JUST then Bill Anderson lets out a scream that lifts George at least two feet off the seat. Bill is pointing a bony finger off to the left and is yelling, "There they are! Over there."

George looks out but can see nothing but more water that is perhaps a little wilder than the stuff immediately surrounding them. But evidently Ed sees what Bill is pointing at, because he swings the nose of the boat around and heads in that direction, with his chin thrust forward and his eyes gleaming.

Suddenly he snaps, "Get those baits over the stern. And remember, if one of you gets a strike, the other guy reels in at once."

Their bait is a defunct mackerel that has had its backbone removed so that in the water it will have the hip action of a rumba dancer. This fish is at the end of a long steel leader that is attached to what looks like a mile of linen line. Said line is wound around what Ed calls a reel but which looks to George like a chrome-plated snare drum with a crank on it. All this is fastened onto a hickory pole that George imagines might do in a pinch to carry a sail.

What makes George more nervous is the rig in which he is sitting. It is like an office chair on a swivel that is clamped to the deck. His feet are in stirrups and he has enough harness on his shoulders to rig out a span of circus horses, and on the edge of the seat is an iron socket into which the butt of the rod fits. The rod is attached to the harness with a big steel snap.

George lets the mackerel trail out behind. Pretty soon, something that looks like a green torpedo comes up out of the sea and stands on its tail with Bill's mackerel in its mouth. After waving the mackerel at the boat, it reverses ends and dives as though its home were on the sea bottom and it's in a hurry to get back to Mrs. Tuna and the kids.

Bill humps back into his harness, his rod trying to outline a circle, and his reel begins to scream like a chorus of soprano imps.

George starts to reel in as fast as he can work the crank. He thinks he is doing all right till a yell behind him lifts the hat off his head. The yell made words. "Reel in. Reel in, you—" The words which he calls George aren't the kind of words I could repeat.

As George reels in he learns that all the yelling is coming out of the throat of Ed Walker. And, with George reeled in, Ed turns his vocabulary on Bill Anderson.

From what George tells, it is something of a vocabulary. And he has heard some nice ones in his time. In fact, he says he has heard only one guy who is

in the same class with Ed Walker. That guy was a mule skinner that George once heard down in Arizona. And, according to George, it's a tossup between the two. The mule skinner was louder, maybe, but Ed Walker knows more words.

Bill Anderson's battle with the tuna and Ed's running fire of comment, invective and abuse runs concurrently with little repetition. And, at the end, Ed is just a little hoarse, but still going strong.

The tuna that Bill takes is close to seven hundred pounds. Once it is boated, Ed is most apologetic. His good-natured grin comes back as he says, "It's something I can't help. When anybody hooks a tuna aboard my boat I get so excited that I just pop off naturally. Of course, it doesn't mean anything and I hope you don't take any offense."

But, at that, it takes Bill Anderson all the rest of the day to get over his mad. Some of the remarks passed by Ed burn as long as spilled acid.

However, since they catch no more fish that day, Bill is okay by the time they start for home. Naturally he is more than a little pleased with his catch. And, by the time the photographers get his picture with his big fish he is slapping Ed on the back as if Ed had never said a word of any kind.

But George now has a most wonderful idea. He can see at last how he can make Ed as popular with the Collins family as a python in a penthouse.

He doesn't say anything to Ed about it. He goes directly to work on old man Collins, raving to him over dinner about the incomparable thrill of tuna fishing. By the time dinner is over he has the old man trembling around the jowls with eagerness. And, when Ed shows that evening, old man Collins goes after him with all the finesse of the tuna hitting that mackerel bait.

George can see that Ed is ducking and understands why. But he isn't letting Ed pull his neck out of the snare he has set for him. So he goes over and adds his bit to old man Collins' persuasion. It is all fixed up that the old man will go aboard the cruiser at the pearling of the east and go out after his first tuna.

George rises that morning with as great alacrity as he has ever known when rising from his bed. He downs his ham and eggs and cocoons himself in his sweaters with the same eager zest, and heads for the boat.

AT THE head of the dock he halts. Not only is old man Collins aboard, but also Joan. Ed is trying to convince Joan that this is no trip for her to take. But, knowing Joan, George is confident that Ed is merely wasting his breath.

George ducks behind a fish house and peels the sweaters. He then goes down to the boat in a sports coat, worn with what he hopes is a most nonchalant air, as if he merely wishes to look well and doesn't give a shiver for the salt-edged wind that is drawing in from the ocean.

By the time George gets aboard, Joan has won her point and the cruiser leaves the dock and chugs out toward the open sea with her as the third passenger. Nothing, thinks George, could be more perfect. It is an angle that he had thought of himself but which he had not dared to broach, lest he should seem to be tempting Lady Luck too far.

About eleven o'clock Ed suddenly whoops like an Apache as he points to the south and yells, "There they are! Thousands of them. Get your bait over the stern, Mr. Collins. I'm going to tie you into a tuna."

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The old man's jaw sets as he drops his mackerel over the stern and rips off some line. Even George can see the tuna now. The water ahead is boiling with them.

When the tuna hits old man Collins' bait it looks to George as though a U-boat has risen to the lure. Like the one Bill Anderson had caught the day before, this one comes clean out of the water on the strike.

Old man Collins' eyes bug out an inch as he sees what he is tied into. Then he braces his feet in the stirrups and starts to grind at the reel as the tuna rips off about three hundred yards of line as fast as you could dive out a window at the sound of the patrol wagon approaching.

George takes a look at Ed and feels his heart sink. For George can spot a shut mouth when he sees one. Ed has his lips clamped shut. His jaw is rigid with muscles and his eyes have a glint of steel in them.

Once Ed opens his mouth as though he is going to cut loose and George begins to hope. Then Ed takes a look at Joan and his mouth snaps shut, and George's hopes take another dive.

For an hour and a half old man Collins fights the fish. And in all this time, Ed has not opened his mouth.

Now, during this time they have been running west along the coast. It is about the end of the second hour that George sees the gray cutter ahead of them. A man in a uniform, trimmed with lots of gold and brass buttons, is yelling and waving his arms.

George turns to take a look at Ed and feels his heart do a flip-flop. Ed's face is purple. Something is swelling inside him and is about to bust.

And bust it does as they come opposite the cutter with the officer frantically waving them back.

Ed lets out a roar like a megaphone: "Why, you gold-trimmed hunk of veal!" He points to the tuna that is ripping out a fresh supply of line at fifty miles an hour, and screams, "You putty-headed bunch of red tape, we've got a tuna hooked." Then he proceeds to tell the Coast Guard officer in meticulous detail just exactly what he thinks of him and his antecedents, his co-officers and the service in which he bungles his way. He is most luridly explicit as to where the officer can go and whom he can take with him.

At this point George steals a look at Joan and is most pleased at what he sees. There is an odd, shocked look on Joan's face as she stares at Ed.

But Ed isn't considering her any more. He turns on old man Collins. "As for

you, you pot-bellied old sea cow, it's about time you put your back into that harness. What in holy blazes do you think you're doing, anyway, fishing for shiners with a bent pin? You're hooked into a tuna, you tub-pudding old grease ball. So put your back into it! Put your back into it and look less like a statue of ineptitude carved out of suet."

Old man Collins stares at him. "Why, you—you—you—" he puffs. But he hasn't the wind for it.

Ed bellows, "Shut up, you bloated old walrus! Shut up and stop looking like an escaped inmate of an institute for the feeble-minded. Try to forget for a minute that you are nothing more than wind in a bladder and put your back into that harness."

ABOUT this time George hears something overhead that makes him forget his joy at Ed's eruption. The thing that passes overhead has a scream that lifts the hair on his head. The scream ends in a roar and a column of water shoots up out of the sea farther out.

George jumps up, yelling, "It's shell fire! We're under fire!"

"Sit down," Ed roars, "you cheap imitation of a tailor's dummy. Sit down!"

George sits down abruptly just as old man Collins throws a scared glance over one shoulder as the next shell screams like a banshee over their heads.

Ed bellows, "Keep your hands on that tackle, you lily-livered old lump!"

By this time the Coast Guard boat is on their tail. The officer is up in the bow with a megaphone and he is trying to tell Ed what is going to happen to him when he gets ashore.

George claims that for the next two hours Ed fights a running battle with the U. S. Coast Guard. George claims that Ed wears out the officer and two of the most eloquent of the crew, while he continues to tear the hide off old man Collins in strips. In between Ed maneuvers the boat, helping the old man in his battle with the big fish. And the old man is beginning to need help. He is folding at the joints and leaking out through his shoes. He couldn't have answered Ed if he wanted to by this time, on account of his tongue is hanging down on his chest.

Ed never lets up. He takes a look ahead and yells at Collins, "Hump into it! Hump into it and you'll lick that damned fish. He's almost done now. You lose him and I'll personally make you wish that a shell had hit you."

The tuna is slowing down about this time. With Ed's tongue lashing him, the old man gets his second wind and ties into the tuna with everything he

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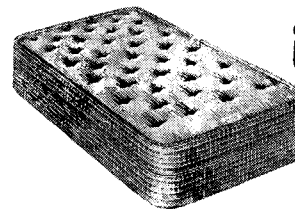
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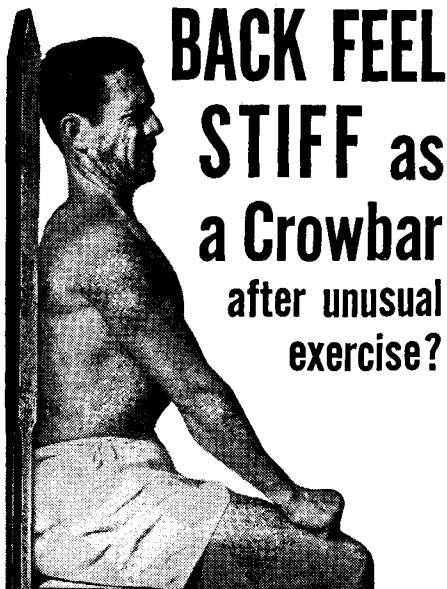
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has. It takes another hour or so, five hours in all since the old man first hooked the tuna, before the big fish comes up to the boat, rolling over to show its mother-of-pearl belly, and Ed gives it the gaff.

They boat the tuna, which is really a monster. Then old man Collins takes a long breath and turns on Ed. "Now, you damned young, loose-tongued, hammer-headed son of a—"

George can see that the old man is due to make verbal history. But he never really gets going. The Coast Guard boat slides alongside just then and a couple of sailors grapple the little cruiser with boat hooks while the officer comes aboard.

His face is a deep pink and he takes right hold where the old man left off. "Now, you windy so-and-so, I'll show you whether you can drag your stinking tub across the range when the coast artillery is practicing."

Ed starts to open his mouth, but the officer yells, "Shut up! You're under arrest, you bleating billy goat."

Ed goes aboard the Coast Guard boat as meekly as a lamb, leaving Joan staring after him with a look on her face that George can't quite figure out; while old man Collins is purple from the strain of holding in what he wants to say.

The Coast Guard boat fastens a line onto the cruiser and starts towing it into Portland.

George thinks that this is a very opportune time, indeed, to speak a few words to Joan. So he edges up to her and says gently, "I'm sorry, Joan. I had no idea that Ed was the sort of chap who would use such language in front of a lady."

Joan just looks at him and says, "Shut up!"

George shuts up, figuring that everybody is going the same way, since Ed has set the standard.

It is a very glum trip into Portland. The Coast Guard boat lands them at a dock and hustles Ed off to headquarters. Old man Collins rushes around to find somebody to unload and weigh his tuna and then he starts for headquarters.

The old man tunes up on the clerk who tries to stall him. His voice rises like an air-raid alarm in a black-out. "I want to see the officer in charge. I'm not going to be sidetracked by any wet-eared young pip-squeak."

After the windows have rattled for a while, an officer comes out to try and calm old man Collins. But there is no calming possible. The old man bellows, "I'll have your hide for this. I'll wire my senator. I'll go straight to the Secretary of the Navy. I'll turn Washington upside down."

THE officer says soothingly, "Everything is going to be ironed out, Mr. Collins. We have nothing against you. The whole fault is obviously that of the boat owner, Mr. Walker. He is with the commanding officer now."

"He's hiding from me," old man Collins screamed. "He is skulking behind that officer. I demand that you produce that half-baked young son—"

Joan says soothingly, "Now, Father. Now, Father, don't get yourself excited."

"Excited, is it?" the old man yelps. "You heard him. You heard what he said to me. No man can talk to Eberfield Collins like that and get away with it. I'll show him."

The officer looks pained and weary as he says, "Mr. Walker will be out in a few minutes. When he does come out, will you please take him a long way from here to continue your—ah—conversation?"

Another officer comes out about then and whispers to the first one. The guy grins slowly, then says to old man Collins, "Mr. Walker has left by the rear entrance."

Old man Collins' bellow sounds like a wounded buffalo. "The blasted yellow-bellied, loudmouthed—"

He leaves the officer with a blue cloud enveloping him. Behind him is Joan, who is trying to get a word in edgewise. And, behind Joan is George, who is indulging in a lovely gloat. His scheme has worked better than he'd hoped.

The old man heads right for the boat. As they approach, George can see Ed Walker pretending to be very busy with the motor.

The old man stands on the edge of the dock and starts right in where he left off in the Coast Guard office. But, George says that after Ed's exhibition the old man is strictly anticlimax.

It seems to George that even the old man realizes this, for he slowly bogs down into sputtering. All this time, George is shocked to note, Joan is smiling. In fact, she looks to George as though she were beginning to enjoy the whole thing. Which worries George no little. There is no doubt but what Ed is feeling very low.

When the old man pauses for breath, Ed remarks, "That is a record fish you took, Mr. Collins. I have just got the figures on its weight. It runs over 850 pounds, which is a record for Maine and very close to a world's record."

The old man scowls. "Huh. Say that again," he says.

When Ed repeats it, the old man leaps down into the boat and begins to pump Ed's hand, puffing. "It was the most thrilling experience I have ever known. Tomorrow, my boy, we will go out and catch a bigger one. We will keep on as long as the tuna season lasts. We will show people the kind of tuna fishermen we are."

George is back on his heels, but not nearly so far back as is Ed, who looks as though he can't figure it out. "But, Mr. Collins," he said, "I thought you were good and mad. I thought you wouldn't want to see me again."

"Stuff and nonsense," old man Collins blusters. "My boy, it was a pleasure. It has always been my theory that a little tongue-lashing often brings out the very best in a man. I have tried it in my business at times," he says, with a dirty look at George, "but I am surrounded by a pack of yes men on whom my eloquence is wasted."

"My boy," he continues, "it was a deep pleasure. For thirty years I have

been wishing that someone would talk to me as you have talked today. I am fed to the ears with yes men."

Then Joan goes aboard. Ed turns to her and says humbly, "Miss Collins, I cannot find words to apologize to you. It is just that I get so excited when someone hooks a tuna on my boat that I cannot control myself."

To George's horror, Joan smiles and says, "Don't apologize, Ed. Dad blows up the same way. And I know he is an old darling. I believe that it is his safety valve through which he harmlessly gets rid of the poison in his system."

Her smile becomes actually brilliant. "And all my life I have been waiting for someone to come along and give Dad a dose of his own medicine. Ed, today has been one which I shall never forget. And I intend to go out every day with you and Dad. I shall go, praying that Dad hooks a tuna and gets another installment of today's rating."

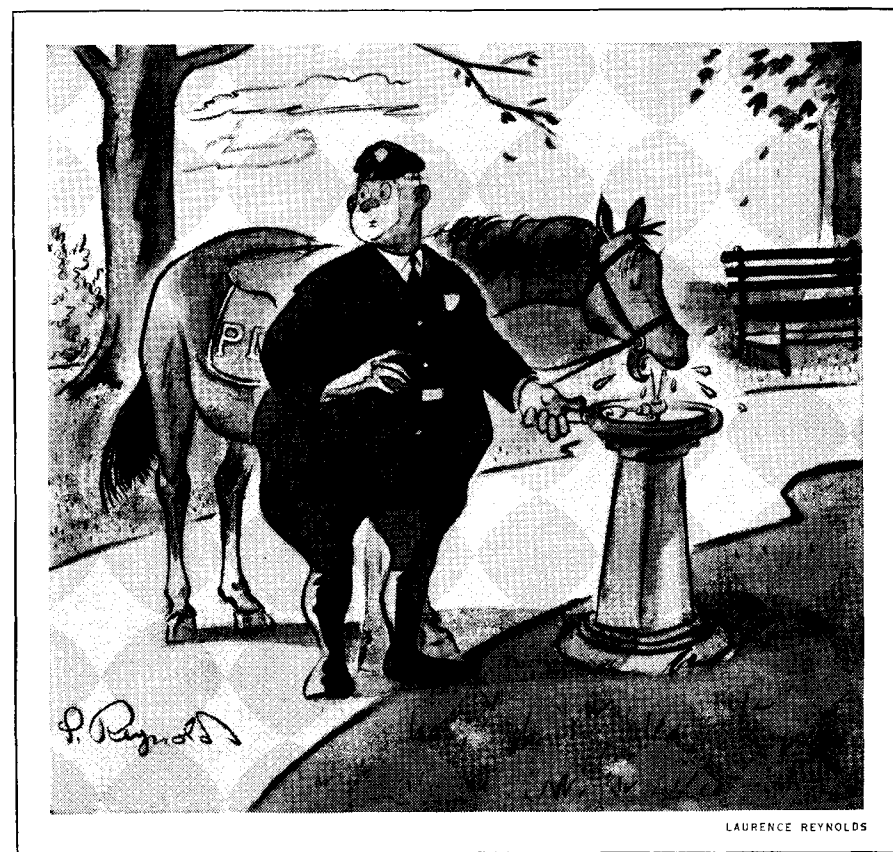
ED LOOKS at Joan, kind of stunned, as old man Collins says, "Every day as long as the tuna run lasts, my boy. Every day, rain or shine."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Collins," Ed says. "I'll be delighted to go out with you every day as long as I can stay. But that'll be only another week. Then I must go back to work. I have a job to hold down."

"Send them a telegram," the old man huffs. "Wire in your resignation. You're too good a man for that piddling agency anyway. I have the job for you. I have an executive position that has been waiting for a man like you to come along. So, wire in your resignation and stay right here with me till the tuna run is finished. After that we will go back to work together."

George catches Joan looking at Ed eagerly; and Ed begins to smile at her. Then George very sadly goes aboard the boat and sits down away aft where he will be out of the way.

Therefore, should you know a firm that is looking for a smart young executive, I wish you would put in a word for George Young. Any firm could do worse than employ a smart young fellow like George. He will be especially valuable since he has learned his bitter lesson. It's quite possible that he may now be able to hand out the kind of bawling-out that marks a good executive. At least he has had his great example.

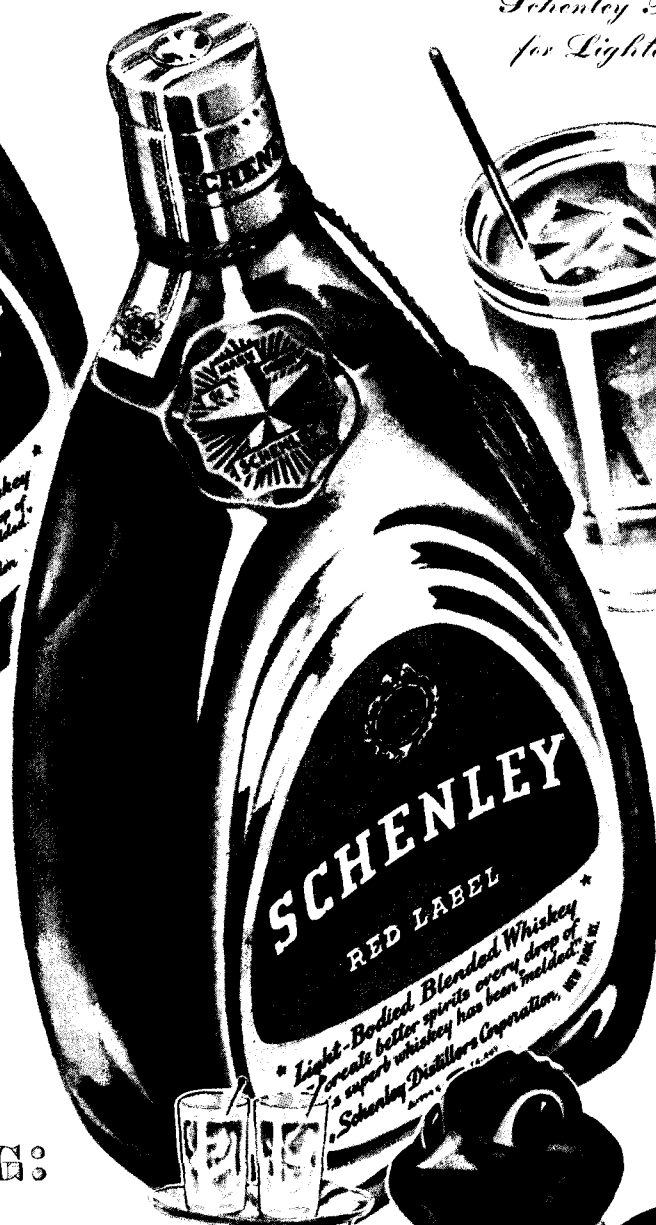


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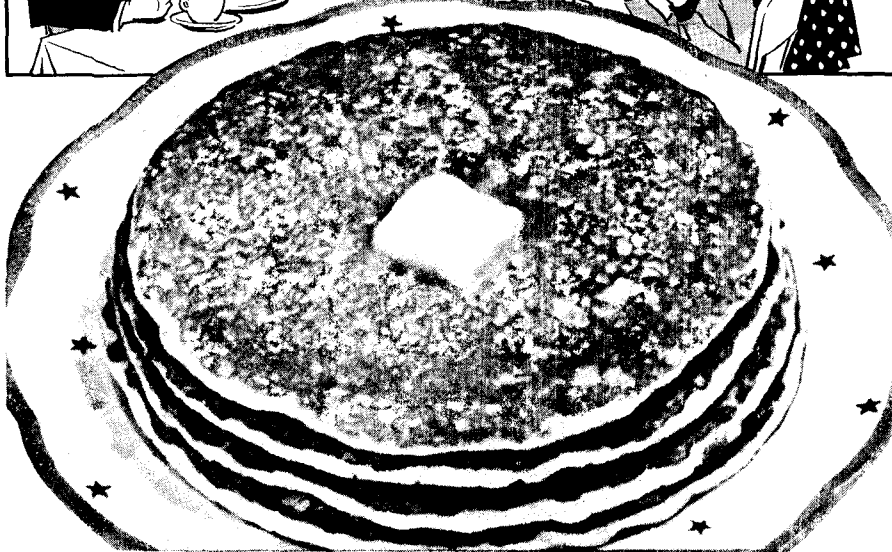


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Thunder of Hoofs

Continued from page 22



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Comanches and their neighbors were nations on horseback. By the early 1700's the Pawnees had passed from the pedestrian to the equestrian life. Not many years later the Poncas obtained their first mounts (from the Comanches, according to their own tradition) and probably by the middle 1700's the Omahas, Arapahoes, Kiowas and Cheyennes were in the saddle.

So farther and farther northward the great awakening spread from red nation to red nation.

All this while, on the prairies of Dakota the Sioux were waiting, ignorant of the mighty thing that was drawing nearer every day, looking not to the south whence destiny would come but gazing fearfully to the north in dread of the Chippewa of the northern forest, their most terrible enemy.

EXACTLY when the great change came to the Sioux cannot be told with certainty. It came long before Red Cloud's day. Probably at about the time when the American colonists on the Atlantic coast were dumping King George's tea overboard and getting ready for Bunker Hill, a mustang stallion led his herd of mares up from the south and out upon the prairies of Dakota—the first of the wild horses to reach the northern plains.

It was, if you look at it rightly across the panorama of the years, the end of a long, long journey. In the veins of that stallion and his mares flowed the fine Arab-Barb blood that the desert sheiks had developed long before the birth of Christ. Already it had awakened half a continent. From the Rio Grande to the Platte, from the Missouri to the Sierra Nevada, it had called sleeping nations to life. Now on the prairies of Dakota it was to work the most dramatic transformation of all.

For the awakening of the Sioux was the climax of that great continental awakening. When the Sioux first beheld the new strange animals, they called them "divine dogs" or "divining dogs," believing that they had been sent by the all-powerful deity, Wakanda.

Something sprang to life in them then that must have been latent in them all the while. As more and more of the "divine dogs" appeared on the Dakota prairies, and as those which had been captured bred and multiplied, the whole nation leaped to the saddle. Soon some of the Sioux clans had from forty to eighty and sometimes one hundred horses to each lodge; so many that a warrior in love with a pretty girl might send twenty fine ones to her tepee or trade forty for one medicine pipe. With thousands of mounts the Sioux in their heyday were probably the finest cavalry on earth.

Nothing could stand against them. Sweeping westward and southward, they drove even the warlike Cheyennes, Kiowas and Crows before them, forcing them into the mountains or far down upon the southern prairies. Strong in numbers and physically and mentally among the ablest of the red peoples, the Sioux became the most powerful nation of the West, masters of the greatest buffalo herds on the continent, lords of all the vast region between Minnesota and the Rockies and between Yellowstone and the Platte.

Later, when the American white frontier reached the plains, Sioux was the most famous and the most dreaded name from Texas to the borders of Canada. To them and to the "divine dogs" that had transformed them—the horse of Allah that became the horse of Wakanda—is due most of the mane-

tossing, hoof-hammering drama of the Wild West of American song and story.

Red Cloud comes as the climax of it all. As the Sioux represent the culmination of that great awakening that is the most dramatic thing in the story of the West, so Red Cloud represents the culmination of the Sioux.

The blue-coated troopers of Fort Laramie didn't know much about him at first. Gold in fabulous quantities had been discovered in Montana and the rush to the new El Dorado had begun. They were there—the soldiers at Fort Laramie—to open a road through the Powder River country to the Montana gold regions; and this Chief Red Cloud, this Makhpia-luta as the Sioux called him, had declared that the road should not be made.

They held a council at Fort Laramie in the last days of June to try to win him over—the commissioners sent from Washington and the army officers at the post. He came with his escort of sinewy Oglalla horsemen, the principal clan of the Teton Sioux, and listened gravely. Then he rose to speak. He said that there was already a safe way for the white men to reach Montana—by going around the country of the Sioux through South Pass and thence northward along the Continental Divide. He said that if a great emigrant road protected by forts were opened through the Powder River region, the heart of the Sioux domain, it would save the horde of white gold-seekers many miles, but it would violate the white man's word pledged in a solemn treaty and it would be the ruin of the Sioux.

This was the truth and all knew it. Red Cloud didn't know, or perhaps was unwilling to believe, that when gold is the lure, treaties become "scraps of paper." But he was soon to learn. Even as he was speaking, a bugle sounded outside and he saw through the open window rank after rank of blue-coated troopers riding in through the gates of the fort. This, they told him sardonically, was the army of General Carrington sent by the "Great White Father" at Washington to reinforce the Laramie troops and open the Montana road.

It must have been a great moment. For the purposes of drama it was perfectly timed—the bugle blast interrupting Red Cloud's speech, the sudden clatter of hoofs and rattle of sabers in the parade ground, the flags arrogant in the bright June sun.

RED CLOUD, erect, poised, motionless as a bronze statue, was the focus of all eyes. He turned slowly toward the commissioners and the officers where they sat watching him. In spite of its deliberateness, the movement was somehow like that of a tiger. What he said to them in that last defiance is not recorded, and perhaps it is just as well. Outside, his warriors awaited him, reining in their lean, spirited horses, restive at the sight of the flags and guns. He flung himself on his mount and rode away. Red Cloud's war against the United States had begun. According to another account, the council was being held on a platform in the parade ground when General Carrington and his escort arrived in advance of his main force.

The war deserves to be remembered. It was the year 1866. Chancellorsville, Antietam, Gettysburg lay just behind; an army that had known such battles as those should make short work of Red Cloud's barbaric horsemen. "Give me eighty men," said Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Fetterman of Carrington's command, "and I'll ride through the whole

Sioux nation." One of his captains, F. H. Brown, a fearless officer, announced his intention to take the scalp of Red Cloud himself.

So the army marched into the Powder River country. It rebuilt and garrisoned Fort Reno, 167 miles in, pushed on and built Fort Phil Kearney at the mouth of the Little Piney, sent a detachment ninety-two miles ahead to build Fort C. F. Smith. Red Cloud let troops come far in. Then he began to fight.

Around Fort Phil Kearney, the principal post, he flung two thousand horsemen. He did not attack the fort itself, but the prairie swarmed with his warriors, the surrounding hills were red with them in their war paint and their crimson Nor'west blankets. Carrington, compelled in spite of his cannon to stand on the defensive, was harassed almost to distraction.

Squadrons of painted warriors wheeled and maneuvered on the plain, flourishing their lances, daring the soldiers to come out. Detachments sent to the wooded hills nearby to get logs for the post buildings were ambushed and rescued with difficulty. Within twelve days five wagon trains, attempting to reach the fort along the new road, were turned back with a loss of fifteen men.

THEN came disaster. A wood-cutting detachment was surrounded a short distance from the fort but beyond howitzer range, and Colonel Fetterman and Captain Brown dashed out to the rescue with eighty-two men, almost the exact number with which Fetterman had said that he could ride through the whole Sioux nation.

Not one of the eighty-four ever returned. Lured skillfully into an ambush out of sight but within hearing of the fort, they were wiped out in charge after charge of the red horsemen.

Five days later Fort Buford was attacked and, still later, Fort C. F. Smith. For months the troops along the line of the new road had actually to fight for their wood and water; and at least once another real disaster was narrowly averted when Red Cloud cut off a second detachment from Fort Phil Kearney under Major Powell.

Powell had prepared a strong corral of stout wagon beds; within this defense, his men, equipped with rapid-fire breech-loading rifles and seven thousand rounds of ammunition, fought exceedingly well. Again and again the red horsemen, most of them armed only with bows and lances and led, it is said,

by Red Cloud in person and Crazy Horse, charged the wagon-box fort in the face of a terrific fire. For three hours they launched charge after charge. Then, when their scouts reported a relief column coming from Fort Phil Kearney, they drew off to mourn their dead.

This was defeat, but it did not end the war. "Good shots, good riders, and the best fighters the sun ever shone on"—so General Benteen described the Indians, while Colonel Dodge called them "the finest natural soldiers in the world." Red Cloud, declaring that he was fighting only to save his country for his people, fought on; fought on so effectively that from the summer of 1866, when hostilities began, to the fall of 1867, not one wagon train was able to pass over the new road. Then, in 1868, when the war had lasted nearly two years, came the stern chief's triumph.

From the beginning his position had not varied one iota. Evacuation of the forts, abandonment of the Montana road, retreat of the white man's forces from the Sioux country—these were his terms. In the spring of 1868 the United States signed a treaty of peace accepting these terms in toto. Red Cloud, as his exultant warriors burned the abandoned forts, could claim a unique distinction, a distinction that still stands. He is the only man in history who ever won a war against the United States.

With this let the story end. Later, of course—eight years later—that treaty, too, became a scrap of paper when gold was discovered in the Sioux country itself; but in the fatal war that followed, Red Cloud, who saw the hopelessness of it and urged peace, had no part.

All that has been told here is one drama, one great, uninterrupted panorama which began to unfold long centuries ago on the Arabian deserts, leaped the ocean to America, swept northward across the plains with the wild horses—a tide of tossing manes and hammering hoofs—to rouse the red nations from their long lethargy and bring that Great Awakening of the West that was one of the mightiest events in our history because it made the West what it was.

It is—and Red Cloud with it—a true American epic that, most strangely, has not been "discovered" and remains as yet uncelebrated in print or film. When, some day, that dramatic and momentous sequence is pictured, as surely it will be, the war in which Red Cloud led his wild cavalry of the plains to victory will be its culminating scene.



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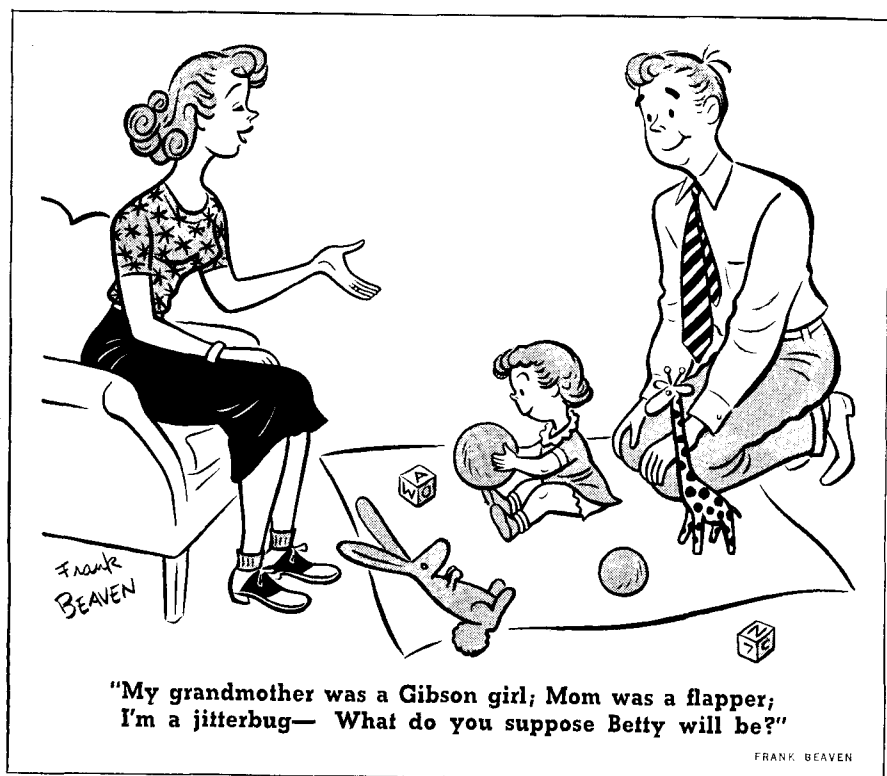
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FRANK BEAVEN

Iron Man Stunt

Continued from page 15



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LOOK FOR THE CIRCULAR TRADE-MARK

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You hate to get chased on opening day. It's bad enough any time, but on opening day it's double bad.

"Your pal's out there now," Murtha said. "I guess Bill figures he can't be any worse than you or me."

"Walt'll stop 'em," I said. "Maybe," said Murtha. "An' maybe he'll be joinin' us in the bath any minute. The Sox got their hittin' suits on today."

But Walt didn't join us. I'd had a shower and a rubdown and got all dressed, and he still was out there. So I ducked into the tunnel and went back to the dugout. Walt was out on the mound when I got there.

"WHAT'S the score?" I said to Craig, one of our utility infielders. I had a feeling it might be about 10-0 and that Bill was letting Walt stay out there and take his lumps, figuring the game for lost, anyhow.

"4-2," Craig said. "Beginnin' of the seventh."

"You mean Walt got out o' that hole in the second?"

"Struck out the first two men he faced," Craig said. "The fans nearly died laughin' when he began, but—" he looked out to the mound where Walt was rearing back to deliver—"they ain't laughin' now."

In fact, a roar went up from the stands just then as Foxx trickled a roller back to the mound.

"That's what they've been doin' since he went in," Craig said. "Dribblin' back to the hill or poppin' up or whiffin'. They're just a bunch o' sherberts to Bixby."

Bill looked up from the bench. "Hello, Walter Johnson," he said, sarcastic.

"I'm not Johnson," I said, laughing. "Johnson's out there on the rubber."

"He's got a pocketful o' horseshoes," Bill said. "Besides, how can the Sox hit when they're doubled up with laughin'?" Cronin popped to short.

"Maybe Cronin's laughin'," I said, "but from here it looks like he's dancin' with tears in his eyes."

We got three runs in the last of the eighth and finished up on the long end of a 5-4 count. Everybody on the team slapped Walt on the back as he came to the dugout after fanning the last man to end the argument. Even Bill said, "Nice goin', kid," but not too enthusiastic.

"Well, Walt," I said, "how does it feel to win your first big-league game?"

"Gosh, it feels swell," he said, beaming like a technicolor sunset. "I sure wish Bonnie'd been here."

"Maybe she heard it on the radio," I said.

"Gee, do you think so?" "They got radios in Bixby Corners, ain't they?" I said.

Bill cut in. "Come on, kid," he said. "Get to the showers. You don't want your arm to stiffen up, do you?"

"Well, whadda ya know!" I said, giving Bill the business. "The Master Mind's gone out on the limb an' admitted that you got a arm!"

But Bill went further than that. Before the season was a couple of weeks old he'd promoted Walt to a starting spot. There was no sense in keeping a pitcher like him in the bullpen just to rush in and try to save games other guys had blown, when he could be out there winning them himself. But it wasn't just a question of winning games. The fans were crazy about Walt. Everywhere we played they went for him big. They started off by laughing at his crazy

wind-up, but before many innings were over they were beating their flippers and begging for more. Bill couldn't've kept Walt off the hill if he'd wanted to. The fans and the front office wouldn't've let him.

By the middle of June Walt had won ten and lost two, and nobody showed much sign of savvy'ing him. He had an earned-run record of about 1.80, and, in case you're not good at arithmetic, that's pitching. But, as far as he was concerned, life was just twenty-four hours of something between letters.

We got back from a road trip the last week in June, and as soon as we got to the hotel Walt sprinted up to the desk to see if there was a letter from Bonnie. There was. Even if I hadn't seen the clerk slip it to him, I'd've known there was one as soon as I got a load of Walt's face. Just getting his hands on some of Bonnie's stationery was enough to make him glow like a potbellied stove with all the drafts open.

When we got to our room he plopped on the bed and began to read the letter before he did anything else. He had just got started when he let out a yip.

"She's comin'!" he yelled. "Bonnie's comin' down to see me pitch next Thursday!"

"That's fine," I said.

"Fine!" he said, looking at me like I'd short-changed him. "It's wonderful! ... Gee!"

He fell back on the bed and stared at the ceiling. Then all of a sudden he sat up, and all the joy was gone out of his face.

"But Thursday's not my turn to pitch," he said. "I go on Wednesday."

I laughed. The way he looked you'd think he was tied down to pitching on Wednesday by the law of the land.

"We're playin' a double-header with the A's on Thursday," I said. "You speak to Bill an' he'll move you up an' give you a crack at one of them games."

"Do you think so?" he said, hopeful. "Sure," I said. "Just speak up an' tell him you want to go on Thursday."

Well, that was Monday, and all I heard for the next three days was Bonnie, Bonnie, Bonnie. She was getting into town on the 12:45 bus. ... Did I think she'd be able to find the stadium? ... Was it too dangerous to have her sit in a box right behind our dugout? ... Gee, suppose it rained Thursday! ... He found more darned things to stew about.

WEDNESDAY night I tied into a heap of seafood that must've died a natural death, because Thursday morning I woke up with a swell case of what felt like ptomaine.

I didn't get much sympathy from Walt. He was too excited about Bonnie's coming.

"Too bad," he said, when I took time off between moans to tell him what was ailing me. "I sure hope Bonnie don't have trouble findin' the stadium."

"Here I am dyin'," I said, "an' you're worryin' about a dame findin' a place that holds eighty thousand!"

"She's never been to New York before," he said.

"Go 'way," I said, "an' leave me die." "I sure wish I could meet her at the bus," he said. "I'd feel a lot better."

I was glad when he left. Ptomaine is one misery that don't love company. I buried my head in the pillow and went to sleep.

After I'd slept a couple of hours I felt better. It was about two then and I got up and turned on the radio and tuned to the station that carries our games.



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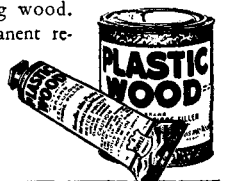
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"With a six-run lead," the announcer said, "Walt Bixby oughtn't to have anything to worry about. But then, as the chicken said when she hatched a brood of ducks, you never can tell."

That was the end of the third, and Walt not only held the lead, but he set the A's down one, two, three for the next four innings. When the eighth began, the announcer said, "Can he do it, folks? Can Walt Bixby, in his first year in the majors, join the immortals? That's what forty-five thousand fans are wondering as the sensational rookie goes out to face the A's to start the eighth. So far only one man has reached first off his delivery—that was Johnson, who walked—and only six outs now stand between him and the Hall of Fame."

I swore. The surest way to kill a no-hitter is to mention it. It's bad even to think about it. And here this announcer was talking about it over the radio.

I began to sweat as I lay there on the bed. I couldn't've worked harder if I'd been out there tossing 'em up myself. Of course, I know a no-hitter is strictly a freak—you got to be good, sure, but you got to be plenty lucky, too—but just the same you get a great kick out of throwing one. I was pulling for Walt to make it. With Bonnie in the stands, he couldn't ask for a better spot to pitch a perfect game.

I sat on the edge of the bed and said, "Come on, Walt. . . . Come on, Walt."

He got by the eighth, and the noise that went up from the stands as he headed for the dugout practically ruined the radio. It was like the roar that used to go up when the old Babe parked one.

I THINK I lost five pounds during the ninth. The score was 11-0, and the A's were just playing out the string. A hit wouldn't mean a thing to them, but that's always the time when some dub that can't hit the size of his hat steps in and connects.

One out. "Come on, Walt!" Then two. "Come on, Walt!" I felt as if I were riding with every pitch. The announcer sounded as if he felt the same. Not a sound but his hoarse voice came through the loud-speaker. The fans weren't breathing, it seemed like.

The last man was a pinch hitter, and Walt worked the count to 2 and 2. The announcer was just mumbling the bare details. And then in the silence I could hear the crack of the bat against the ball. It sounded like a clap of thunder.

The announcer babbled: "It's all over, folks! Bixby's done it! Bixby pitched a no-hitter! Chapman, batting for Babich, has just lined out!"

I turned off the radio and lay back. I was all played out. But I was happy for Walt. And for his girl Bonnie. What a show the kid had put on for her! It was story-book stuff!

I waited till I figured Bill had time to get to his office in the clubhouse. Then I called him on the phone. I got an attendant, but a minute later Bill was on the wire.

"Bill," I said, "this is Tom. I just called you to wish you a merry nyah-nyah! You sure know pitchers when you see 'em."

He laughed, good-natured. "I was hopin' the ptomaine'd get you before you got a chance to needle me," he said.

I meant to listen to the second game, but I fell asleep and didn't wake up again till I heard someone come into the room. I opened my eyes. It was Walt. "Gee, Tom," he said, "I didn't mean to wake you."

"Forget it," I said. "I was only dozin', an' anyhow—"

"I brought Bonnie to see you," he said. "Is it all right for her to come in?"

"Sure. Only—"

He went to the door and came back with the cutest pint-size you ever seen.

"OH, MR. PARKER!" this girl said. "I'm so sorry to hear you're sick! Walt's written to me about you so much—how good you were to him and how much you helped him—that I feel I almost know you."

"I guess that's mutual," I said. "Walt even talks about you in his sleep."

She blushed, and that made her cheeks even redder and shinier.

"An' what do you think o' your boy friend after what he done out there today?" I said.

"Oh, Mr. Parker, I was so proud I could've cried!" she said. She gave me a shy smile. "To tell the truth, I did cry a little when all those people were cheering him. It was so thrilling, I just couldn't help it. I only wish I'd got there in time to see the first game, but I missed the bus and didn't get to the stadium till it was all over."

"You mean you missed Walt's no-hitter?" I said.

"The first one," she said.

"The first one!" I must've yelled, because she jumped a little. "Whadda you mean, the first one?"

Walt was embarrassed. "Well," he mumbled, "I was kinda broken up on account o' Bonnie not gettin' there, an' when I found out she'd finally got there I asked Bill—"

"You asked Bill what?"

"To start the second game. He didn't want to do it at first, but after I told him about Bonnie comin' all the way from Bixby Corners just to see me—"

"Wait a minute," I said, sinking back. "You mean you pitched the second game too?"

"Oh, he did, Mr. Parker!" Bonnie said. "And a man sitting next to me said he was even better in the second, and that it was the first time in the history of baseball—"

"Shh!" I said. "Remember my condition." I looked at Walt. "Walt," I said, "you wouldn't kid a sick man, would you?"

"Gee, Tom, you know I wouldn't!"

"You really pitched the second game?"

"Sure, Tom."

My voice was low and weak: "You didn't . . . by any chance . . . pitch another . . . no-hitter?"

"But he did, Mr. Parker!" Bonnie chirped. "He truly did!"

"Tell me, Walt," I said, ignoring her. "Well, gee, Tom," he stammered, "I figured—"

"You figured what?"

" . . . if I could pitch a no-hitter for a bunch o' strangers . . ."

"Go on," I said with what was probably my dying breath.

" . . . well," he finished, "I couldn't do no less with Bonnie there watchin' me, could I?"

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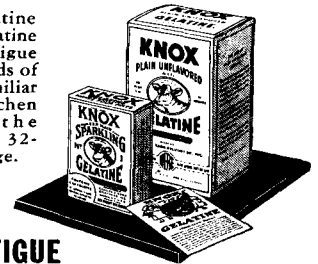
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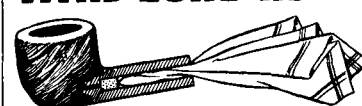


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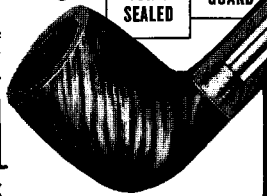


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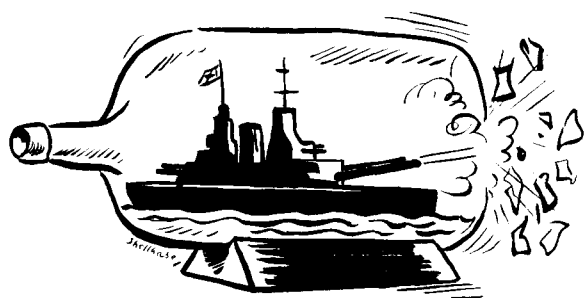
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Where Do We Go From Here?

WE FOUND and still find ourselves in a peculiar position mentally regarding the President's payment of 50 U. S. Navy destroyers to Britain for leases on various Atlantic air and naval bases.

We're as pro-Ally as almost anybody we know of. Any real help to the British at that particular time seemed to us about the finest thing that could happen. We can't honestly say we're sorry the British got those 50 over-age destroyers, assuming our Navy really could spare them.

We certainly aren't sorry the United States got a 99-year lien on a steel belt for our entire Atlantic coast, the Gulf of Mexico and the Panama Canal.

We aren't even worried, as some are, over the prospect of closer and closer American-British co-operation as time goes by.

But we were much worried by the way the 50-destroyer deal was accomplished, and we still are worried.

If you recall, the President simply notified Congress on Sept. 3d that the thing had been done. An opinion by Attorney General Robert H. Jackson went along with the notice to Congress, certifying to the deal's legality. Congress was casually and cavalierly told that no action on its part was needed to complete the transaction. To state it in another way,

Congress was told to take it, like it and keep its mouth shut.

Shortly before the destroyer deal was announced (at a press conference on August 17th, to be exact), the President admitted that the United States was discussing air and naval bases and Western Hemisphere defense with Great Britain and Canada. But he "went to unusual lengths," according to reliable correspondents, to emphasize that release of these destroyers was not involved in these discussions, and he denied published reports that the Attorney General had certified to the legality of such a transfer.

These Roosevelt assurances convinced Congressional leaders that no early action on destroyers was in prospect. Thereby, any serious Congressional consideration of the matter was averted.

Grant that the deal might not have passed Congress, or might not have passed Congress fast enough to do the hard-pressed British any good. Grant that American majority opinion favored all-out help to Britain, short of war. Nevertheless, the fact remains that this job was done in a way a European dictator would have done it. It was not done in the American democratic way—though, again, we're glad it was done somehow.

What worries us is this question: Where

do we go from this first real act of one-man rule on the part of President Franklin D. Roosevelt?

If the President gets away unscathed and unscorched with this act of absolute power, there need be no end to such acts, by him or by later Presidents. Human nature and the love of power being intertwined as they are, there will almost certainly be no end to such acts unless a halt is called now.

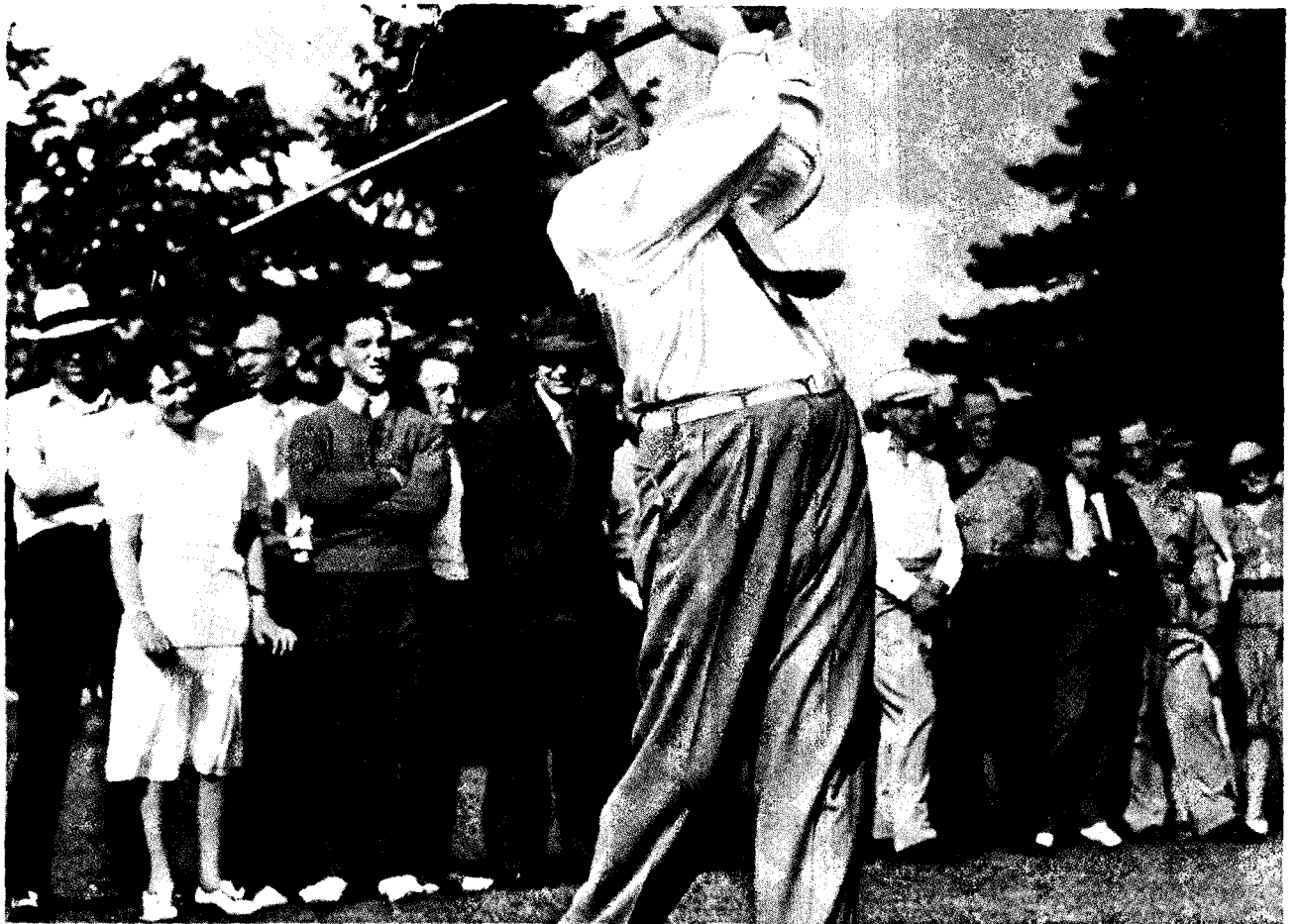
Pass this one without objection, and there can be more and more "emergencies" in which time will be lacking to consult Congress. The end of it will be that nobody but the President will be wise enough to tell us what we may do, eat, wear, say, think. He, of course, will have to be backed by secret police, a private army, and adequate concentration-camp and firing-squad facilities. And, of course, the mass of us won't be wise enough to elect our Presidents any more. We'll just have to accept any and every strong man who can muscle himself into the White House—take him, like him and keep our mouths shut.

That is what this Rooseveltian act can lead to logically, if we let it.

Unless ways can be found to restore the constitutional limits to the powers and ambitions of the executive branch of government, democracy in the United States is on the skids.

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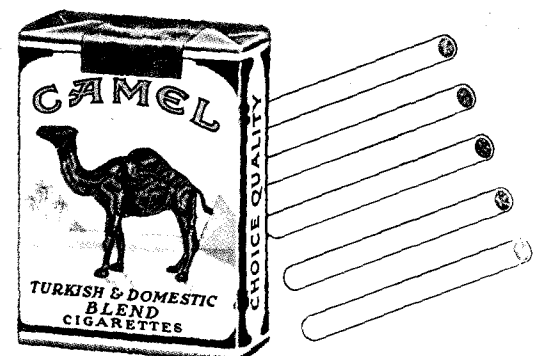
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**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**

WATCH OUT, PAR—here comes *Little*! No, Lawson Little is never content unless he can better par... in his golf... in his cigarette. "I want *all* the mildness I can get in my cigarette," he says. "Camels burn slower and give me extra mildness. And Camels also give me something else I never found before—flavor that doesn't tire my taste."

Yes, Camels give all the qualities you want in a cigarette plus an extra measure of each. The extra flavor of costlier tobaccos preserved by slower burning. The natural mildness and coolness of costlier tobaccos plus freedom from the excess heat and irritating qualities of too-fast burning. And on top of all that *extra pleasure*—Camels also give extra value (see panel at right).

GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS



Highly praised by
GOOD
of fine bourbon

You'll look a long time before you discover another whiskey as highly esteemed as Old Taylor. And you'll find it even more difficult to match the distinctive flavor of this magnificent bourbon. That's been true for more than fifty years, ever since the day a master distiller, the late Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr., selected Old Taylor as his prize whiskey and proudly signed the label with his name.

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